

# MUSEUM

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*Voyage dans la Macédoine, contenant des Recherches sur l'Histoire, la Géographie, et les Antiquités de ce Pays.* Par M. E. M. Cousinery, ancien Consul-Général à Salonique, Membre de l'Institut, &c. 2 vols. 4to. Paris: 1831.

EUROPEAN Turkey is as yet but very imperfectly known. The north-eastern provinces, between Constantinople and the Danube, have been lately visited by various travellers, as well as by the Russian armies; but there is still a dense mass of country between the Adriatic, the river Save, the Western Balkan, and the Aegean Sea, and extending from the 40th to the 45th degrees of north latitude, which is yet almost wholly unexplored by foreigners. Bosnia, Turkish Croatia, and Herzegovina, Northern Albania, Western Roumelia, and Macedonia,—these are provinces equal to kingdoms, intersected by mountains, forests, and rivers, inhabited by numerous and fierce populations, mostly of Slavonian or Illyrian races. The Selavonian subjects or tributaries of the Porte, including the Servians, cannot be estimated at less than five millions, the Albanians at another million and a half.

Of these provinces Macedonia is to us the most interesting. An ancient kingdom of the older Greek or Pelasgic origin, its history and geography have been comparatively neglected for those of Southern Hellas. And yet it was from Macedonia that the conquerors issued who changed the destinies of Asia; it was the hard-fought conquest of Macedonia that established the Roman power in the East; in was in the plains of the same country that the fate of the Roman republic was sealed. The country is strewed with memorials of its own kings, of Greek and Roman colonies, of the Caesars of Byzantine empire, of the early Christian Churches, of the Crusaders, and of the Turkish conquerors. In its natural advantages it is no less favoured. Vast and fertile plains, watered by noble rivers, forming numerous lakes, a long line of coast, with magnificent bays and natural harbours, lofty mountains covered with forests, and abounding in mines of the various metals:—such are the principal features of the country. The work before us comes opportunely to fill up a great void in modern geography. M. Cousinery is a conscientious, enlightened, sound-headed writer, and we can safely trust his statements as to actual facts and localities, although we may not choose always to follow him in his antiquarian speculations.

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He was consul-general of France at Saloniki previous to the revolution of 1793, which cost him his place, and France most of her factories in the Levant. After the restoration of 1814, M. Cousinery was again sent to Saloniki by Louis XVIII., when he revisited the scenes of his former researches. The present work is the result of his observations and inquiries at both periods.

Macedonia is inhabited by many races. The Greeks and the Bulgarians are the most numerous. The Bulgarians came from Scythia, and conquered many provinces of the Byzantine empire, in the 10th century. Both have been subjugated since by the Turks, and yet, although the Bulgarians have adopted the religion of the Greeks, the two races maintain their line of separation. The Greeks still occupy the same forests and mountains where they took shelter at the time of the Bulgarian invasion, and the Bulgarians live in other mountains, or in the plains where they settled themselves as conquerors, and where the Turks have allowed them to remain as cultivators of the soil. The country east of Saloniki, the province of Chalcidice especially, is entirely inhabited by Greeks, while in the districts to the west of that city, in the plains watered by the Axios, the country population is wholly Bulgarian; again, in the woods and mountains beyond those plains, the Greeks re-appear. In the towns, Greeks and Bulgarians are now mixed together, and more amalgamated by dress, language, and religion, yet they seldom intermarry or associate in common. In the country they live altogether separate, and each race retains its own language and dress. The Bulgarian, as if still proud of the tradition of his conquest, drives his plough dressed in his white cotton shirt, his braided waistcoat, and ample breeches, a costume always very clean, and even elegant. The Greek, who is reduced to poorer lands, wears garments less ample, and less clean, and without any ornaments. Both however wear black shoes or boots, the use of the yellow and red leather being monopolized by the Turkish conquerors. The Bulgarian peasant girls hire themselves, by whole troops, as harvest women, all over Macedonia, and lead generally a licentious life until they get married. In Roumelia the Greeks in the country speak Bulgarian from their childhood; but in the towns they retain their own language, and call the others barbarians.

Another interesting race, called Vlaki by the Greeks, is very numerous in Macedonia, as well

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as in other provinces of European Turkey. They are unquestionably the descendants of the numerous colonies planted by the Romans in these countries, and of which there were five in Macedonia, besides Thessalonica, and they are all five ruined, namely, Dium, Cassandra, Peila, Philippi, and Stobi. During the convulsions of the 10th and 11th centuries, the Roman colonists were obliged to leave the towns, and took refuge in the neighbouring mountains of Epirus and Macedonia Illyria, especially in Mount Pindus. In the latter mountain they are still in great numbers; they speak a corrupt Latin, and call themselves Romoony (Romans.) Most of them follow the vocation of shepherds. Others built the town of Voscopolis, which rose at one time to considerable prosperity by its trade, until a pacha of Albania attacked and plundered it; the inhabitants then dispersed themselves, some in Hungary and the Bannat, and the rest in Macedonia, and especially at Serres. The Valachians of Macedonia are quite different from those who inhabit the province of Wallachia, although both speak a corrupt Latin. The former are remarkably fine men, and retain much of the pride as well as the courage of their Roman ancestors; they are always chosen to lead the van of the caravans in dangerous passages; they are all armed alike, and wear a high cap covered with black wool. There are other Valachians also in the Morea, in the mountains of Argos; all the three races profess the Greek faith, but their language, dress, and appearance, are quite distinct from those of the Greeks.

The Albanians form another of the races scattered over Macedonia. Some of them are Christians, others Mussulmans. In winter, they descend from the mountains, with their numerous flocks, which find pasture in the plains of Saloniki. They make their folds of canes, with their long leaves, which the marshy banks of the rivers furnish in abundance. These canes, fixed closely in rows, shelter the flocks and the shepherds against the north winds. In the spring, after selling the disposable part of their lambs or sheep to the Turks, the shepherds return to their mountains. But besides this migratory population, many Albanians fix themselves in Macedonia, either as servants to the landed proprietors, or artizans, or as bath-keepers in the towns; numbers of them also enlist as soldiers in the service of the Porte, or of the local Beys. The Mahomedan Albanians are considered by the Turks as only half Mussulmans. It is the same with their neighbours the Bosniacs, who often, when seriously ill, have masses said before the shrine of the Virgin, and send for the priest to be baptized, and have the extreme unction administered.

The Turks reside chiefly in the towns, or in the farms of which they are proprietors; but there are other Turkish tribes called Yoroooks, come from Asia Minor; they live chiefly in the neighbourhood of Saloniki and of Serres; they are cultivators, shepherds, and carriers; they send their flocks in summer to graze on Mount Rhodope; they have a chief or protector, called Yoroook Bey, appointed by the Porte, and who generally resides at Saloniki.

The Jews are very numerous in the towns of Macedonia; at Saloniki alone they amount to 20,000. Many of them are of Spanish extraction. There is in the same city a class of Jews who turned Mussulmans about a century ago, in consequence of a religious schism between their chief

Rabbi and that of Constantinople. They are called *Dumé*, or "false apostates," as they are still believed to follow, in secret, the rites of their former faith. Near the ruins of Stobi, on the banks of Erigonus, there is a race of Mussulmans, who however speak Bulgarian, and are evidently of Bulgarian descent.

But the most curious population is that which inhabits the southernmost ridge of Mount Hæmus, above the plains of Philippi. M. Cousinry sees in them the descendants of the Satræ, an ancient Pelasgic or Thracian race, mentioned by Herodotus. These mountaineers, like the Montenegrins of Dalmatia, have never been totally subjugated, either by the Romans, Greeks, Bulgarians, or Turks. They are spread along the mountains of the Southern Hæmus and Mount Rhodope; they have become Mahomedans, like several other aboriginal races, after the Turkish conquest; their Imams are all foreigners, chiefly from Asia, and they seem to know but little about the Koran—They occasionally infest the roads, especially in times of political commotions. M. C. saw a number of them at the fair of Jenidge, on the eastern side of the river Mettus.

"I had never met, in any of the Ottoman provinces, with men so tall, so robust, or so fierce looking. Each carried a long musket, a pair of pistols, a yatagan, a cartridge box, and a large powder flask. The Porte has no control over them, and no one dares to penetrate into their mountains, except the *Tchinganis* or gipsies, who provide them with iron and tin implements. Every year, in the spring, the young men of each village assemble in arms, and begin their excursions in different directions. They encamp near the villages or farms, whose inhabitants they do not molest, provided they bring them a certain quantity of provisions, especially wine and lambs. They then proceed to the interior of the forests, where they hold their orgies. Each troop is accompanied by a certain number of gipsy girls, either willingly or taken by force."

A Jewish merchant, who was on good terms with one of their chiefs, was invited to one of their feasts, on Mount Symbolos, near Cavalla. The entertainment began by a licentious dance, executed by several gipsy girls, during which the men smoked and drank. The repast followed, served on the heath, at which the dancers however, were not admitted. Afterwards the men fired at a target, and then the dancers began again. At the end of each dance, the performer knelt before the chief guests, who rewarded her with pieces of money. They continue this wandering life for about two months, after which the party separates, each man returns to his home, and the gipsy girls repair to their own tents. M. Cousinry sees in this custom the remains of the worship of Bacchus, which was performed of old in these same mountains.—vol. ii. pp. 77—84.

All these strange, numerous, and many of them warlike, populations, who live in European Turkey, almost in a state of independence, each having its local customs and usages, its elders or chieftains, and with whom the Turks are too proud, too indolent, or too politic to interfere, all acknowledging in some degree the paramount supremacy of the Porte, constitute in fact the only security for the continued existence of that empire. The Asiatic provinces may fall off one after the other, yet European Turkey will continue to hold together. Were even Constantinople taken, and the Sultan deposed, the Albanians, the Bosniacs, the Bulgarians, the Servians, the other Slavonian

races, and all the mountaineers of the *Hæmus*, the *Rhodope*, the *Scardus*, the *Pindus*, the *Olympus*, and their thousand ridges, would never submit to any *European* or other conqueror. They would never submit to any of our regular but grinding systems of administration or financial taxation: a frightful, interminable anarchy would be the consequence.

"The Turkish empire," says a late English traveler, to whose work reference has already been made in this Journal, "was too extended and too diversified in race, language, religion, and interests, to have been held together by the ablest European administration; it has been held together by a weak and profligate administration, which however allowed to opinion, to industry, to commerce, to prejudice, and habit, a freedom and equality which have been very imperfectly felt in Europe. . . . The affections and attachment of the tributary states wait on the *Porte* whenever that government is reduced to the helplessness of being just. The awe imbibed by the rayas with their first milk, the magic of the name, the habit of command and submission, give the Turkish government advantages which, if properly used, are immense. Would a Servian submit to a Greek? Would a Greek admit the supremacy of a son of the *Seythian* race? Would either submit themselves to an *Albanian* or a *Bosniac*, or either of these recognise any authority in one of their former rayas? But all cheerfully support the *Porte*, if it gives a field of exercise to those who bear arms, and ensures tranquillity and non-interference to those who cultivate the soil or who struggle in the busy arena of industry and commerce. I am convinced that the people feel this practically, though they cannot find words or mouths to express now what, if the *Porte* were subverted, bloodshed and anarchy and invasion would cause to ring even in our distant ears."\*

There is much truth in the view here exhibited of the resources of European Turkey, founded on its warlike and heterogeneous population, and the municipal independence to which they have for ages been accustomed under the *Porte*.

"There is centralization of power in Turkey, but not of administration. The population administers itself, each community apportions its own burdens, collects its own taxes, and pays them to the functionaries of the *Porte*."

Saloniki was formerly called *Thermæ*, on account of its mineral springs, which name was changed by *Cassander*, son of *Antipater*, into that of *Thessalonike*, the name of his wife, who was the daughter of *Philip*. Although this city dates of the age of the Macedonian kings, there are no remains of monuments older than the time of the *Romans*. It is traversed from west to east by the *Via Egnatia*, which went from *Appollonia* on the *Adriatic* to *Amphipolis* on the *Aegean Sea*. Two triumphal arches, remains of a circus of the hippodrome, and a pantheon now used as a mosque, are among the Roman monuments. The church of *Santa Sophia*, now also a mosque, is a fine monument of the *Byzantine* epoch. The castle of the *Seven Towers* commands the town, which is built against the base of mount *Corthiat* or *Dy-soros*, facing the sea. Saloniki is the most commercial town of European Turkey next to *Constantinople*, and contains a population of between sixty and seventy thousand inhabitants. Manufactures of carpets, of silk gauzes, and of leather, are still in a state of great activity. The *esnaps*,

or company of tanners, enjoys several privileges. A *Pacha* of two tails commands the *livas* or province of *Saloniki*, which extends from *Caravera* or *Bereia* on the west, to *Cavala*, near *Philippi*, on the east. There are also a *mollah* or judge, and a *mufti* or head of the church. The Greek metropolitan has under him seven bishops of Macedonia. The country about *Saloniki* is hilly, and planted with gardens and vineyards.

The second city of Macedonia is *Serres*, situated in a fine plain, watered by the river *Strymon*, about fifty miles N. E. of *Saloniki*. The road to it leads through the mountains of *Bisaltia*, through a little town called *Soho*. *Serres* is the centre of a considerable commerce, especially in cotton, the produce of the country, which is purchased either by Greek and Turkish merchants, and exported into Germany, or by the *Europeans* of *Saloniki*; the former import, in exchange, chiefly *German* and *Belgian* woollen cloths. The population of *Serres* is reckoned at between twenty and thirty thousand. *Serres* is not within the jurisdiction of any *Pacha*, but is under a sort of feudal government, of which *Ismail Bey*, and after him his son *Jussuf*, have long been at the head. The latter being made a *Pacha* against his will by the present *Sultan*, was obliged to leave his hereditary government, and was sent first to *Patras*, which he defended against the *Greeks*, and afterwards to *Varna*, where he capitulated to the *Russians*.

*M. Cousinry* was personally acquainted with both father and son, and dwelt at some length on the magnificence of their palace and establishment, which was in the real feudal style, and on the benefits which *Ismail* conferred upon this district, after he had usurped the supreme authority over the other *Bey*s. The family of *Ismail* is still possessed of great wealth and property. The fiscal or domanial lands in the province of *Serres*, as well as those of other districts, are divided between four bodies, 1st, the *Mosques* or *Ulemas*; 2d, the *Timars* or cavalry corps; 3d, the *Zaimis* or military feudatories of the first order; and 4th, several corporations. As in Europe in the middle ages, the great feudatories have usurped the property, and made it hereditary in their families. One hardly knows which is worse, the *Pacha*, who purchases of the *Porte* the right of squeezing a province for a certain number of years, or the hereditary *Bey*, who enjoys that privilege by inheritance, and for life. It is true that some of these feudal chieftains, like *Ismail Bey*, of *Serres*, and *Kara Osman Oglou*, of *Asia Minor*, proved the benefactors of their respective districts, and that the transfer of their authority to a mercenary *Pacha* is an evil; but the benefit of the administration of the former depended so entirely on the individual character of the chief, that we doubt whether *Sultan Mahmoud* deserves to be blamed for attempting to abolish this feudal power in his dominions.

The *Bey*s of *Albania* and the famous *Ali Pacha* afford glaring instances of its gross abuse. Were *Mahmoud* to make the governors of provinces and the other servants of the state responsible officers, regularly paid, and having no discretionary powers, and to leave the local municipalities undisturbed, he might consolidate the authority of the *Porte* for ages to come.

*M. Cousinry's* book is full of classical and anti-querian lore, but it does not neglect contemporary history. It makes us familiar with several distinguished *Turkish* characters of our age, some of

whom are found to improve upon acquaintance. In one of his earlier excursions to Cavalla, a seaport near Philippi, where the French then had a factory, M. Cousinerry became acquainted with Toosoon Aga, the mussellim or governor of the place, a man much esteemed for his honourable and kind disposition, but who was afterwards treacherously put to death through the envy and covetousness of a neighbouring Bey, who wished to possess himself of his wealth. Toosoon Aga had a nephew, a promising young man, who used to accompany him in his visits to the French factory, and who, on the death of his uncle and the confiscation of his property, left Cavalla, his native place, to seek his fortune in the army. This nephew is no other than Mehemet Ali, the present Viceroy of Egypt. M. Lion, the French commercial agent at Cavalla, lost, by the death of Toosoon Aga, a considerable sum of money. Many years had passed over when M. Lion, who was then living at Marseilles, was surprised by an invitation from Mehemet, (who had not forgotten his old acquaintance through all the vicissitudes of his proud career,) to come and settle in Egypt, with a promise of his protection. M. Lion accepted the offer, and had made his preparations for departure, when death arrested him. When the Pacha was informed of the event, he expressed his regret, and sent M. Lion's family a present of 10,000 francs.

M. Cousinerry has added to his work several catalogues of curious coins found on mount Pangaeus, and in the island of Thasos; and a series of medals of Alexander the Great, of various epochs. M. Cousinerry's skill and deep research as a medallist are well known. A map of that part of Macedonia which he has personally visited, and several views of particular monuments and scenery, accompany the work.

From the same.

*Memoires sur la Revolution d'Italie en 1831.* Par Henri Misley. 8vo. Paris.

ACCIDENTAL CIRCUMSTANCES have thrown into our hands the first nine sheets of a work under the above title, which was preparing for publication at Paris, but whose further progress the French government took effectual measures to stop, by the expulsion of the author from the country. From the minute details which these sheets contain, there is no doubt that it would have excited a good deal of interest in the political world. Mr. Misley was, for several years, at the head of a conspiracy, tending to unite the whole of Italy under one sceptre, that of the Duke of Modena, whom he considered as the most advantageously connected, the richest and ablest prince in the peninsula, and whom, it appears, he induced to give a certain countenance to his plans. His views happened to fall in with those of some of the agents, whom Russia, at that time, had, amongst her preparations of war against Turkey, sent to agitate Italy, Hungary and Galicia, for the purpose of diverting the attention of Austria from the East. Yielding to the solicitations of one of these agents, he went to Geneva to confer with Capo d'Istria on the assistance which Russia should furnish; and in the sequel he made no less than seven journeys to different parts of Europe,

to mature his plans. On his return, he set to work to get the co-operation of the Italian patriots; and as those of the interior refused to come forward from fear of falling into a snare, he exerted himself so much with some of the refugees in England and France, that he at last induced them to try a negotiation. Committees were then formed in London and Paris; the conditions on which they should recommend the duke to their countrymen were agreed upon; and a Modenese exile was deputed, with the duke's consent, to carry them to Modena. Whilst the plot was thus fast advancing to its maturity, the treaty of peace, which the Russian successes compelled the Turks to sign at Adrianople, suddenly disconcerted it all. The Duke of Modena hastened to Vienna to set himself right with Metternich; and Mr. Misley returned to Paris in search of other combinations. The French patriots were then preparing to resist the encroachments which they expected the Polignac ministry would soon attempt upon their liberties. Some were endeavouring to bring about a republic; others, to preserve the monarchical government, raising the Duke of Orleans to the throne. As the object of the latter was so analogous with his own, Mr. Misley formed an alliance with their party. In compliance with his wishes, MM. Felix Lepelletier and De Schonen were about to proceed to Italy in order to have some interviews with the Duke of Modena; but the sudden publication of the ordinances, and the consequent elevation of Louis Philippe, caused them to give up the journey. After some attempts to induce the citizen-king and his ministers to make common cause with Italy, he went back to Modena himself. He found the duke extremely incensed against Louis Philippe and the French cabinet, saying they had basely betrayed the secret to Metternich, and declaring that he would have nothing more to do with the conspiracy. Misley's endeavours to calm the duke and to bring him back to their former engagements were completely unsuccessful. He then resolved to dissemble and to proceed without him; and leaving Cyrus Mennotti to watch his movements, as well as to make the last arrangements for the insurrection, he returned to France to inform his friends of the change, and to request their assistance in the blow which he meditated immediately to strike. Having taken every possible precaution, including private and public assurances from Louis Philippe, his ministers, and the leading members of the Chamber of Deputies, the Italian patriots effected the revolution of central Italy. Every one knows how the Austrians advanced to put it down, and how the statesmen of France shrank from the consequences of the principle of non-intervention, which they had so boastfully proclaimed.

Mr. Misley was now condemned to death and to the confiscation of his property, by the same prince whom he had so assiduously laboured to make king of all Italy; but he was fortunate enough not to fall into his hands. In his exile, he resumed with the pen his warfare against the oppressors of his country; and aiming the first blow at the most terrible of them all, he published his work on the Austrian dominion in Italy, which will be found noticed at page 352 *ante*. He next attempted to bring out the present *Memoirs*, in which Louis Philippe, and several of his ministers, do not appear in the most favourable light; but the French police, as we said above, defeated his plan, by sending him out of the country.

The following account of the unsuccessful attempt at insurrection made by Menotti and his accomplices at Modena, drawn up by one of the parties, who was fortunate enough to make his escape afterwards, strikes us as one of the most interesting passages of the narrative.

"The police seemed to have been for some time acquainted with the proceedings of the liberals, with the plans they were forming, and with the fact that public opinion declared an insurrection to be at hand. The correspondence and interviews of suspected persons were watched with the greatest care. It was already reported that a very long list of arrests had passed in succession from the hands of the duke to those of Prince Canosa, and from the latter to the governor. It was added that these arrests would have the effect of paralysing all the schemes of the revolutionists. The duke had just sent the Marquis Taccoli secretly and in great haste to Rome and Naples, only allowing him six days to perform his duty and return. He had also sent Doctor Cimbardi, with Grillo, his own valet de chambre, to Milan. Most of the citizens who were engaged in preparing our future destinies no longer slept at home, not considering themselves sufficiently secure. Cyrus Menotti, who knew that a revolution in Italy was on the point of breaking out, was also aware that, if a number of arrests were allowed to take place at Modena, it would deprive that city of any chance of performing its own part, for it was the most influential persons, and those in whom the greatest public confidence was placed, who would have been selected. In consequence of this, he had made up his mind, and had informed his adherents, that if the government did not allow the time to arrive in which Modena was to act in concert with the other cities, the first arrest made or attempted, of any citizen noted for his liberalism, should be the signal of the projected insurrection.

"On the morning of the 3d of February, Nicholas Fabrizi, a young man, who was known to be in Menotti's confidence, and warmly attached to liberal opinions, was arrested by the duke's orders. Every one saw in his imprisonment the commencement of the repressive measures with which the patriots had been threatened; Menotti immediately made arrangements in order that the rising should take place the same day at midnight. He despatched couriers to Finale, Carpi, Mirandola, Sassuolo, and other places, inviting the liberals to disarm the duke's troops, take possession of the towns, and proclaim their independence. He sent to the neighbouring villages and territory, ordering such citizens as were appointed for that purpose, to assemble all their disposable force, and march upon Modena so as to arrive there at midnight. He requested all the young men, who were to act at Modena, to meet at his house in the course of the evening; and it was settled that at midnight one party should attack the guard in the square, another the ducal palace, and a third the gates of the city, in order to open them to their friends on the outside.

The Duke of Modena, on his part, was not idle. He concentrated in the city the different brigades of his dragoons, which were quartered in the surrounding country; he barricaded the gates of his palace, and took every necessary precaution to repel an attack. But all this was done with the greatest secrecy; and of all these acts, which were known after his departure, the only one that came to the ears of the public, was the order he gave to Generals Fontanelli and Zucchi to quit his territory before nightfall.

"It was eight o'clock in the evening, and some of us were already assembled at Menotti's, where we expected the rest of our comrades. We employed our-

selves in preparing tricoloured flags, and in loading the firearms which we had secretly carried there during the day. There were thirty-five of us; fifteen young men of good family, and the rest workmen and peasants. One of Menotti's servants came and told him that a squadron of dragoons was drawn up before his door, and seemed disposed to enter the court-yard, and that, as the door was open, there was nothing to prevent their entrance. Menotti ordered that they should be allowed to enter, and that the hall door should be opened to them, intending then to shut them in and make them prisoners, as he did not think they were numerous enough to defend themselves. At this moment another servant came to inform him that the corps of pioneers was forming in order of battle in front of the house, and immediately afterwards word was brought that other troops were marching to the same point. Menotti then changed his plans. He gave orders to open the door to no one, distributed arms among us, and encouraged us to resist, if we were attacked, till midnight, anticipating that at that hour our friends on the outside would, by a diversion, divide the forces of the duke, and enable us to make a sortie.

"The detachment of dragoons, which had entered, now ascended the staircase, and knocked violently at the door of the lodging. Menotti demanded who was there, and what they wanted. The commanding officer summoned him in the duke's name to open the door, saying that he had orders to search the house. Menotti replied that he would not open it. The officer then said he would force the door, and the dragoons immediately broke it open with the butt-ends of their muskets. Menotti then drew the first trigger, and we followed his example by a general discharge of firearms. A reinforcement of dragoons and pioneers now arrived. There was a battle in the house between a portion of its defenders and the soldiers who invaded it, while the rest of the young men fired from the windows on the duke's troops, who were now placed all around the house, as well as posted at the opposite windows, from which they returned our fire. After two hours fighting, the death of several of the soldiers who tried to enter the lodging, put their comrades to flight. They retreated in such confusion, that they did not even carry off their wounded. This check, together with the ravages made by our well-directed fire in the ranks which crowded the street, made the officers determine to leave off firing, in order that we should do the same. Not one of us had been wounded.

"The rattling peal of musketry was followed by a deep silence, which was only broken by the groans of some wounded soldiers. The young men in the house congratulated themselves on what they had done, but were not the less convinced that they should hardly be able to stand a second attack, unless they were assisted by their friends from without. In the mean time, after placing sentinels at all the outlets of the house, one part of them were busied in getting fresh arms ready, some took a little refreshment, and the most careless went to sleep. They waited for midnight with the most intense anxiety; it struck twelve, but the wished-for tocsin was not yet heard. No voice broke a silence which began to grow fearful, and at half past twelve no commotion had taken place. More than a thousand soldiers were drawn up round the house, and a sortie was impossible, because our muskets had no bayonets. In the mean time Menotti had disappeared, for reasons which I shall state presently.

"At one o'clock, A. M., a cannon-ball made the house shake, and beat down part of the wall. This shot was followed by a second, and then by a dis-

charge of grape-shot. A part of the front of the house had given way to the cannon, and the young men, being unable to resist this kind of attack, resolved to bury themselves under the ruins of the house. It is impossible for me to describe the state of those persons who inhabited the different floors, and who were strangers to Menotti's family. They were in the greatest consternation: the women and children uttered cries of despair, implored the pity of the besieged, whom they entreated not to expose them to certain death by a defence which was now useless. At this moment, Colonel Stanzani entered the court, and cried out "Surrender, or I will batter down the house." The cries and supplications were then redoubled, and compassion induced us to yield.

"We were ordered to descend, for the soldiers were afraid to enter the house. We obeyed, and they made us assemble in a sort of corridor at the foot of the stairs. The smallness of our number excited the surprise and rage of the soldiers to such a pitch that they wanted to butcher us. The colonel resolutely opposed this, but participating in the general error, asked why the others did not descend, and summoned them to do so with horrible threats. It was not until they were well assured that the house contained no other defenders than those before their eyes, that they had the courage to search it.

"During the time we were kept in this place, waiting for superior orders, great was the curiosity to see us, and the disposition to insult us. The colonel had much difficulty in preventing the soldiers, and especially the officers, who were even more furious, from wreaking their vengeance on prisoners and unarmed men.

"General Guicciardi came to see us, and ordered that we should be taken to the ducal palace. The first person who presented himself to his view was Silvestro Castiglioni, a young man whom he knew, and with whose family he had been long intimate. He loaded him with abuse, tried to pluck out his mustachios, and finished by spitting in his face. Silvestro's countenance only expressed dignity and contempt. The general then addressed some insulting observations to the rest of us, and went away. This was his first campaign and first achievement.

"This conduct was a fresh excitement to the soldiery, and the colonel cried in vain, 'Respect them, they are prisoners.' We were knocked about, insulted and wounded. The colonel resolved to send us to our place of destination, assigning to each of us a corporal and six soldiers. On our way the soldiers rushed upon us, struck us with the butt-ends of their muskets, tore our clothes, rifled our pockets, robbed us, and in a word, spared us no kind of outrage. The officers, however, surpassed them: they amused themselves by pricking us with their swords, or causing us to be goaded with bayonets. We all received injuries, many were seriously wounded, and one was left dead on the spot. We preserved these recollections with our scars.

"When we reached the palace, we were put into a narrow place where we could barely stand upright, and where the heat was suffocating. Here we found a great number of citizens who had been arrested, and it was then we learnt how our friends had been prevented from coming to our assistance. More than four hundred suspected persons were in prison. An immense number of patrols paraded the city, and would not allow any persons to meet and speak to each other. Every one was obliged to go home, under pain of being arrested. No one had been able to run to the gates, which were guarded by numerous sentinels, and the keys consigned to the hands of the duke. De-

tachments of cavalry scourred the suburbs of the city to disperse the assembling people. The clappers had been removed from the bells in all the churches.

"The night was spent in registering the names of the persons arrested, and sending them to prison. There we found Menotti, who had been imprisoned before us, and learned from him the result of his attempt after his disappearance, and the particulars of his capture. Seeing the absolute necessity of a diversion, he resolved to produce or secure one, either by putting himself at the head of any of his partisans he might meet with, and attacking the disordered troops, or, if that did not succeed, by setting fire to some part of the city, in order to divide the attention of the authorities. He had endeavoured to leave his house, and reach a back street by getting over the roofs of the adjoining houses. He had already got on the top of a little chapel of no great height, when he was espied by the dragoons who were there on duty. They challenged him to surrender; and, on his refusal to do so, fired at him. Being struck by a ball on the shoulder, he fell from the roof to the ground, and, although half senseless, was pinioned, taken to the palace, and from thence to prison.

"We were all tried and condemned to death. The priest had already entered the prison, and the executioner had arrived in the city. The sentence was on the point of being carried into execution, when the news of the revolution at Bologna, and the insurrection of the neighbouring country, made the duke afraid of being blockaded and taken prisoner. This apprehension made him resolve to retire with his troops, and he took refuge in Mantua, carrying Menotti along with him, and confining him in an Austrian prison. As for us, the people set us at liberty, and a new government was established."

We have given the details of this notable plan of revolution nearly as they are stated by Mr. Misley himself. We have already, in the fifth article of the present number, expressed our opinion of the folly and utter hopelessness of all such attempts, and shall only here add, that if any thing were required to add tenfold strength to our convictions, Mr. Misley's *Memoirs* would furnish it.

From the same.

*Souvenirs d'un Sexagenaire. Par A. V. Arnault, de l'Academie Francaise. 4 vols. Paris. 1833.*

HERE, at last, we have something genuine; and after the long series of *fabricated memoirs* with which the Parisian press has so impudently and dishonestly wearied and cheated the public, we meet with some degree of satisfaction a work of this class, which is really what it professes to be. The praise of *not* being a fraud is but small; and yet we can say little more in recommendation of these volumes. The substantive matter is trivial, the facts are few and inaccurately stated, the opinions are strongly marked with prejudice and partiality, the style is laboured and affected; and, on the whole, we are obliged to pronounce these to be, of genuine memoirs, the very worst we have met. M. Arnault himself is a very uninteresting personage: at two or three periods of his life he contrived to obtain a temporary celebrity; but, except some retired actor of the *old Theatre Francais*, or some surviving twaddler of the *Cafe Procope*, we doubt whether any one can have the least curiosity about M. Arnault. He, indeed,

seems to have had some suspicion of this sort, for he takes merit to himself for affixing to his work the humble character of *Souvenirs* rather than the more important and responsible title of *Memoirs*. The distinction is correct enough, and his practice follows his theory. *Memoirs* imply an account of the *dicta et gesta* of the writer himself; while the wider scope of *Souvenirs*—Reminiscences—enables the author to swell out his volumes into a history, private, political, and literary, of all that has passed in the world since his own birth—with descriptions of all the places he may have ever visited—and biographical characters of every man he has ever chanced to see, coloured or discoloured according to his own passions or partialities. M. Arnault's *Memoirs* could hardly have occupied a single volume, while the *Souvenirs* of the earlier half of his life have already filled four octavos, and the sequel bids fair, at his rate of going, to fill six or eight more.

M. Arnault is justly indignant against modern memoir-writers, who, as he says, 'make a traffic of *self*, and sell themselves and their names to book-makers;' and he tells us, with some indignation, that

'One of the most accredited editors of those *romances*, which are now published daily under the title of *mémoirs*,—after buying the manuscript of an author who, having brought a history *self* into the market, expressed a desire to revise his own work—replied, "That's *my* affair—leave it to me—I'll arrange all that—I'll do for you what I do for the others; for between ourselves, my friend, as to memoirs, I publish none that I don't *make*." '—p. vi.

Our reviews of the *soi-disant* *Memoirs* of Louis XVIII. and *Le Vasseur*\* have already let our readers into this secret, and have, we have reason to hope, checked, not only in England, but even in France, this disreputable manufacture, or at least (which is eventually the same thing) diminished its profits; and we are not sorry to have, from M. Arnault, additional evidence of the audacity of this system of fabrication. We are tempted on this subject to relate an anecdote:—Soon after our review of the *Memoirs* of Louis XVIII. reached Paris, a literary friend wrote to say that he wondered we should have taken so much pains to expose an imposture which *tout le monde* (at Paris) *avait déjà apprécie*. This induced us to look a little closer to the fact, and we found that if *tout le monde* had indeed discovered the work to be a forgery, *tout le monde* had obligingly held his tongue till four *livraisons* (of two volumes each) had plundered the pockets of *tout le monde*. Nay, we know that M. de Talleyrand—who is, we suppose, no insignificant component part of *tout le monde*—was, up to the publication of our review, quoted as an authority for the authenticity of the Royal *Memoirs*; and the work was proceeding, full swing, without having produced from the Parisian literary world anything like doubt or contradiction. And even now, although the circulation has been absolutely stopped in England, and checked in all well-informed circles on the continent, we believe that the authors and editors, though they have not ventured to say a word in their defence, *ne se tiennent pas pour battus*, and are still busy with similar manufactures. We shall not be inattentive to their proceedings, and shall again endeavour, whenever

the occasion shall present itself, to save our readers, and the Parisian *tout le monde*, from paying tribute to the audacious cupidity of those 'accredited editors who publish no *mémoirs* but what they themselves manufacture.'\*

But while we cordially agree with M. Arnault in censuring this disgraceful traffic, we cannot think that his own course is altogether blameless; for, as we have hinted, three at least of his volumes are mere catchpennies; and—under the title of his *Souvenirs*—he had inveigled us into the purchase of a mass of old newspaper criticisms on departed plays, stale anecdotes from all the *Biographies Modernes*, and tedious accounts of his travels, extracted from road-books and local *Guides*. We have also to complain, that he has, in another particular, imitated the objects of his censure—by publishing not a complete work, but merely *livraisons* of a work, of which the extent and expense are indefinite. This is another trick of the Parisian trade, against which we warn our readers. One is content to give a dozen francs for a couple of volumes of *Le Vasseur*, or of the Duchess of Abrantes, or of Louis XVIII., or even of M. Arnault, but when you have bought them you find these two to be only the preludes to *two more*: well, you are unwilling to have an incomplete book, however worthless—you buy the second *livraison*; then comes another and another, and you are still tempted to 'throw good money after bad,' as the saying is, till at last you find yourself involved to the extent of eight, ten, or twelve volumes, really not worth binding. We therefore earnestly press upon our readers the prudence of suspending the purchases of such works till they shall be completed—a course which, if generally adopted, would have two excellent effects: it would oblige the Parisian publishers to let us have the whole work at once; and it would force the authors or editors to compress their information into reasonable compass. Eight or ten, or a dozen volumes, and an expense of two or three pounds, would be abridged to two volumes and a cost of ten shillings, not only without any sacrifice, but even with improvement, of the merit of the works.

Now for M. Arnault personally. We remember hearing Madame de Staél say, in her epigrammatic way, '*L'Etranger est la posterie contemporaine*:' this mot we believe she borrowed from Desmoulins—for, rich as she was in *bon-mots*, she frequently condescended to borrow—particularly *chez l'étranger*; but whether the phrase be hers or his—Corinne's or Camille's—it gives M. Arnault but a short prospect of posthumous fame; for we verily believe that, beyond the exterior Boulevard of Paris, he is scarcely remembered as an author, and that none of his works ever passed

\*We hardly think it worth while to bestow even a note upon a specimen of this sort of manufacture which has been placed on our table as we write: it is entitled '*Soirées d'Abbotsford, Chroniques et Nouvelles, recueillies dans les salons de Walter Scott. Paris. Librairie de Dumont. 1834.*' Svo. pp. 344. The preface contains a minute description of Sir W. Scott and his house, which shows that the writer never conversed with the one nor entered the other; and as to the '*Chroniques*,' &c. they are—what English reader would have believed such impudence to be possible?—they are, without exception, paltry scraps of fiction, translated from the London Annals of the last three or four years—'The Gem'—'The Bijou'—'The Forget-Me-Not,' &c. &c. In short, the whole affair is a stupid lie.

\*See Quarterly Review, Nos. XCVI. Art. VII.; and XCVII. Art. II.

the Rhine, the Alps, the Pyrenees, or the Channel. Accordingly, his personal and literary story will be soon told. He was born in 1766; his father, and subsequently he himself, had purchased offices in the household of the French princes—Arnault's being in that of Monsieur, afterwards Louis XVIII. Arnault's liberal spirit confesses this with evident reluctance, and describes his office by studied periphrases. 'His duty was, he says, 'to supply, for six weeks in the year, the place of the Comte d'Avaray, who was about Monsieur what the Duke of Liancourt was about the king.'—p. 164. This lucid explanation, *ignotum per ignotius*, is all that M. Arnault affords us; though he is minute enough upon other points, he leaves his reader quite in the dark as to what his official duties and title were. 'We are sorry, however, to be obliged to confess our mortifying suspicion that he was neither more nor less than a kind of *valet*; and still more sorry to say, that the art with which he disfigures this fact gives no favourable impression of his candour. Who would not believe, from his expressions, that he and M. d'Avaray performed, in each other's absence, the same duties to Monsieur, that the Duke de Liancourt performed for the king—and that he and M. d'Avaray were equals, or, at worst, that he was M. d'Avaray's deputy? Now, if we are not misinformed, it was no such thing: the Duke de Liancourt was *Grande Maître de la garderobe du Roi*, (grand master of the wardrobe,) and M. d'Avaray was *maître de la garderobe de Monsieur*, and relieved each other in the tour of duty—while poor little Arnault was, as we have heard and believe, in the *very subordinate* station of *valet de la garderobe*; and if he ever replaced M. d'Avaray in his absence, it must have been as a corporal replaces a captain in the command of a company, when all the other officers happen to be out of the way. O fie, M. Arnault!—a *liberal* should not be ashamed of his proper calling; an honest autobiographer ought not to involve his first step in life in studied obscurity; and above all, he should not, for the sake of a little paltry vanity, make an elaborate *falsification of a fact*.

In the winter of 1790, while he was still in the service of Monsieur, he produced his first and best-known work, the tragedy of 'Marius a Mirtunes.' The Revolution had already gotten possession of the stage, and the Roman names and republican sentiments which naturally entered into the subject, contributed, no doubt, to the short popularity of this piece. But this literary success was soon counterbalanced, and his prospects were sadly clouded by Monsieur's emigration, which left Arnault without office or salary; and as he had spent most of his patrimony in the purchase of this little place, the loss was very severe to him; indeed, he seems, as we shall see, never to have forgiven the innocent cause of his disaster, and throughout his whole book aims many poor sarcasms and revives many atrocious slanders against his old master. Arnault admits that he was at first awkward in the performance of his service, but that Monsieur—'to do him justice, never showed the least impatience of his maladresses—but neither,' (complains the mortified ex-valet,) 'did he show any satisfaction when by practice I had learned to do better. Indeed, he was a real *idol*, that never showed either dissatisfaction or pleasure at being better or worse served by its ministers. Once, and once only, he departed from the sys-

tem of moderation he had prescribed to himself. One of his *valets de chambre*, named Durufle, a literary man of some distinction and who had even obtained a prize from the Academy, having hurt the prince while drawing on his stocking, he exclaimed, "What a fool!" "I did not think," replied the other, "that one was a fool for not knowing how to put on Monsieur's stocking." "One is a fool," rejoined the prince, "who has no sense enough to do properly what he undertakes to do."—vol. i. p. 166.

*Pas si bête*, as honest Figaro says—Monsieur at least was no fool. Indeed, M. Arnault admits that he was a 'gargon d'esprit,' and though he evidently has a spite against him, and endeavours by a hundred little sneers and some very calumnious insinuations to lower his character, the foregoing anecdote is the most serious offence which he specifically alleges. We guess, however, that this offence may have been more serious in Arnault's eyes than it appears at first sight, as there is reason to suspect that it was *Arnault himself*, not Durufle, who received the reprimand.

M. Arnault's politics were not as yet, he tells us, very decided; though it is evident that he was on the *liberal* side; but the massacres of September gave a pretty strong hint, that Paris was no longer an eligible residence for any person—however *liberal* his sentiments might be—who had been in the service of the royal family; accordingly, on the 5th September, 1792, M. Arnault left Paris, and after many difficulties escaped from Boulogne to England. He spent about six weeks in London; and as the most he can say of his acquaintance with our language is, that he knew *quelque mots d'Anglais*, we are not surprised to find that he has little to say about us, and that, in saying that little he has made some ridiculous mistakes,—such as designating *Ancient Pistol* in *Henry V.* as *Le Vieux Pistol*,—but we cannot so easily forgive him one or two deliberate misrepresentations—as when he tells us that he saw, in the same play, the French scene, between Catharine and her attendant, acted at Drury Lane in all the grossness of the original language. Now, Drury Lane theatre was pulled down in 1791, and not re-opened till 1794; as, however, he might have seen the Drury Lane company at the Opera House, we forgive that inaccuracy: but he adds, that he was 'very much surprised at hearing in an English playhouse an entire scene which he perfectly understood.' This is a fact about which there could be no mistake: he might have forgotten the name of a play, or of the theatre, or of the actors, but there could be no mistake when he recollects the extraordinary occurrence of a whole French scene, and a scene so very remarkable. Now, we think we may assert that this cannot be true: 'Henry V.' was indeed played at the Haymarket in the autumn of 1792; but as to the *French scene*, M. Arnault most certainly did not see it. There is, as everybody knows, such a scene in the *printed* play, but everybody equally well knows that it never was acted in modern times. These are small matters,

\* A small but curious proof of the virulent fanaticism with which every thing that had any connexion, however slight, with royalty, was persecuted in those days, has fallen under our notice as we are writing this article. Having had occasion to consult the *Almanach Royal* for 1790, we happened to procure a copy handsomely bound—but the red morocco and gilding had not prevented the prudence of some former owner from cutting out from the title on the back of the volume, the word 'Royal.'

but as tests of veracity they are just as good as more serious affairs; and we confess that we are compelled by a variety of such circumstances to repeat our doubts of M. Arnault's general accuracy.

M. Arnault's emigration may have been mainly decided by the influence of fear, or, as he expresses it, 'by his horror of blood,' but we see cause to surmise that there was a little of another kind of prudence in it. The advance of the allies into France made it probable, in September, 1792, that the royal cause was about to triumph,—and in that case a little tour to London would have been an irresistible claim to restoration, if not to promotion, in the royal household: we are led to this suspicion by M. Arnault's avowal, that

'after the retreat of the Prussians, the successes of the French, and *après le train que prenaient les choses*, the prolongation of his visit to England had no longer any reasonable motive, but might even be seriously injurious.'—vol. i. p. 393.

and so he returned to France; where, unfortunately, the reign of blood was not only not passed, but had taken a course wider, deeper, better organized, and more demoniacal, than even the mob massacres of September.

Two or three anecdotes relative to those days of terror we think worth preserving; the first is truly characteristic of a French *savant*—

'I have made,' said La Grange, 'a statement of the mortality in Paris during the years 1793 and 1794, and on comparing them with the preceding years, I do not find that the establishment of the Revolutionary Tribunal made any great difference. Deduct from the number of the victims those who would have died from old age, sickness, or accident, and you will find that the influence of this tribunal on the mortality of the capital is reduced to almost nothing.'—vol. iv. p. 316.

Now, this calculation of the *bonhomme* La Grange (as Arnault strangely calls him) is not more atrocious in morals than erroneous in statistics—as discreditable to the mathematician as to the man. In the first place, the population of Paris had been enormously diminished—every one who could possibly quit that hell upon earth having done so—that if the mortality in the diminished numbers had only equalled the natural mortality of former years, it would have proved a vast increase on the proportionable number of deaths. Again, begging the philosopher's pardon, we think that, even if the number of deaths had been the same, some little difference might be suggested between dying in one's bed, and being mangled on a scaffold. And again, did not this learned gentleman see that his calculation supposes that the guillotine was peculiarly active with those who were the least possible of being guilty of any offence—the old and the ailing? But above all, since his calculation was founded on the returns of the mortality, what was the use of the *calculation* at all? If the returns were accurate, they must have specified how many were executed. Why then does he not tell us *that* number? Why proceed with circuitous trouble to produce a vague result, instead of the certainty which he must have possessed, and which he chooses to conceal? This was the same savant who, when 'Napoleon, who liked that folks should believe in a God,' (vol. iv. p. 317,) asked him 'what he thought of God,' replied, 'A pretty theory—it explains a great many things.' 'Zolie hypothèse!' (the philosopher lisped,) 'elle explique bien de sozes.' La Grange's science seems to us quite on a par with the feeling of one

Artaud, who, a few days after the execution of Camille Desmoulins, said, with a sentimental sigh, 'One cannot mow the harvest without cutting down some flowers.'—(ib.)

M. Arnault, by his intimacy with the infamous Chenier and some other notorious Jacobins, fell under the imputation of having belonged to that party; and an attempted defence of Chenier in these volumes seems to give additional countenance to that opinion; but, to do him justice, we must express our belief that such suspicions were groundless; at least we may confidently say that of the three greatest infamies of that period—the murders of the innocent and patriot-king, of the innocent and heroic queen, of the innocent and angelic Elizabeth—he *now* speaks with proper feeling; and with regard to that one of these illustrious victims against whom the most violent *acharnement* of the Jacobins had been directed—the Queen—he speaks, not merely with pity, but with respect and admiration, creditable both to his feelings and his understanding. He attributes the death of the king to the *audacity* of the *Mountain* and the *lachete* of the Girondins; and he states, very truly, that the *people* were so little in favour of the execution, that Louis would probably have been rescued, but for the adroit manœuvre of the faction of blood, which—by calling out the National Guard on that day, and keeping them in military order and activity—prevented the union of those who, if at liberty, would have, no doubt, made some effort to save their innocent and still beloved sovereign. 'He carried,' says M. Arnault, 'the quality of passive courage even to sublimity, and died like a martyr.'—(vol. ii. p. 6.) We know not how, with such sentiments, M. Arnault could have been suspected of having contributed to the king's death; but he states that he was so, and he attributes the exile to which he was doomed, after the Hundred Days, to that unfounded imputation.

'The death of the king might have had a political object;' but he adds, in an obvious imitation of Mr. Burke, 'what excuse can be made for that of the queen—for dragging to the scaffold all that mankind ought to reverence and honour—beauty, grace, dignity, goodness?

'That woman whom I had seen at Versailles resplendent with majesty and happiness—throwing into the shade by her *personal qualities* that most brilliant court and the youngest and most beautiful of those who adorned it—that woman whom nature had made a grace, fortune a queen, enthusiasm a divinity, and revolutionary madness a heroine!—I saw her again on the 16th Oct. 1793, dragged in a common cart, dressed in mean clothes borrowed for the occasion, and under which her arms were pinioned—I saw her dragged—widow of the king and of the kingdom—to the scaffold, still red with the blood of her husband. It was while I was accidentally crossing a street that leads from the *Halles* to the Rue de la Ferronnerie, that I saw—involuntarily and at a distance—this frightful procession. In half an hour she was no more, and the blood of Maria Theresa was mingled with that of Henry IV. and St. Louis.'—vol. ii. p. 88.

The guillotine never rested from its labour—'even Sunday shone no sabbath-day to it';—one holiday it however had—the day of Robespierre's celebrated 'Feast of the Supreme Being.' Yet even that day revived, by a strange incident, the recollections of its bloody predecessors. In a car drawn by twelve bullocks, appeared some deified prostitute, whom Robespierre followed, at the head of a procession of the National Convention.

When they came to the site of the guillotine—although the place had been carefully washed, and covered with a thick coat of gravel—the poor beasts stopped suddenly, and exhibited such marks of horror, that it was not without great difficulty and severe goading that they were at last driven forward.—(vol. ii. p. 90.)

Much as he detested these *scenes of blood*, Arnault's *curiosity* induced him to witness the execution of both Danton and Robespierre. He met, he says by accident, the fatal car which carried the former and his associates to that very scaffold to which they had sent so many others. It is well known, but never can be too often repeated, that the Revolutionary Tribunal which condemned him, Danton himself had instituted!—the atrocious violence which stifled his defence, Danton himself had enacted! During the fatal procession, Danton was calm, seated between Camille Desmoulins, who was ranting, and Fabre d'Eglantine, who appeared stupefied. Camille fancied himself a martyr to his new-born humanity—for *he grew humane when he found he was himself in danger*; but Fabre, more just, was overwhelmed with remorse and shame. Another person attracted notice in this batch of monsters—it was *Hérault de Séchelles*. The mild tranquillity that reigned on the handsome and interesting countenance of this man (who had been in high legal office under the crown before the revolution, and was an eminent *law reformer* in his day) was of another kind from the stern calm of Danton. Danton showed no signs of terror, but Hérault exhibited as tranquil an air and as lively a colour as if he were going out to a dinner. Every spectator was interested by his appearance, and inquired with emotion the name of that amiable person; but when it was told—when the inquirer heard it was *Hérault de Séchelles*—the interest vanished, and no one bestow'd a second thought on the *selfish apostate*.

It was but a few weeks before his own exhibition on the same stage, that Hérault had happened to meet the cart conveying Herbert, Cloots, and others of his former associates to execution. 'It was by chance,' he afterwards said, 'that I met them; I was not looking for them, but I am not sorry to have seen them—it was *refreshing*! This Arnault relishes with just indignation; yet when he—a *tragedian*, be it remembered, by trade—met this batch of victims, he exclaimed, 'Here is a *tragedy* well begun, let us see the last act!'; and he followed it to the Place de la Revolution. We think that *his* exclamation is well worthy a place beside Hérault's.

Of this *batch*—as it was commonly called—Danton died last: it was growing dark—at the foot of the horrible statue (a colossal effigy of Liberty, in plaster-of-Paris, erected on the pedestal of the equestrian statue of Louis XV.) which looked black against the sky, the dark figure of Danton rose, defined rather than illuminated by the dying sun. His air was audacious, his attitude formidable, and that head *about to fall* had still, says M. Arnault, an air of authority and dictation. His last words addressed to the executioner, were—'Don't forget to show my head to the people; 'tis worth looking at.' Danton is a kind of hero with the Liberals now-a-days, just because Robespierre survived him; as Brissot and Vergniaud are still greater favourites and have their statues on bridges and in palaces, merely because Danton and Robespierre put them to death. In this there is a kind of injustice—they were *all alike* villains;

and if they had all perished on the 31st of May, Marat, and Herbert, and Danton, and Robespierre, would have been universally lamented as more innocent at that period than the Brissotins! It was only by living a little longer that the Mountain attained its 'bad pre-eminence'—he that lived longest had most scope for his natural ferocity; and Robespierre is become the scape-goat by which the reputations of all the rest are to be purified, because he happened to have better luck or more talents than the rest, and to have maintained his power a little longer. If one could make distinctions in *extreme* cases, we should, after a most attentive, and we might almost say personal, observation of the whole course of the Revolution, venture to pronounce that Robespierre, monster as he was, was not *originally* and *substantially* a worse man than Brissot, Louvet, Desmoulins, Danton, and fifty others, whom it is now the fashion to consider as comparatively innocent victims of the atrocities of which they were the prime inventors and hottest instigators. Robespierre fell, not because he carried those atrocities farther than his predecessors, but because he was suspected of a vague intention of putting a stop to them.

Amidst all these bloodstained anecdotes Arnault mingles, with the most Parisian indifference, the trash of his own little pursuits and the gossip of the theatres. When he followed Danton to the scaffold, he was within a moment of being too late, because he just looked in on Mehul, the musical composer, to say three words about one of his operas; and Mehul would have accompanied him to the *'last act of the tragedy'*, but that he happened to be in his night-gown and slippers. In such a state of society and feeling we are not surprised that one of the favourite exclamations of the Parisian public—who must always have a '*vive*' something or other—was '*Vive la mort!*'

Trembling, scribbling—shuddering, singing—vibrating between the *coulisse* and the scaffold, the cafe and the guillotine, Arnault contrived to carry his head on his own shoulders, through the reign of terror; and when Bonaparte began to take the lead, he, by the help of Regnault (nicknamed *de St. Jean d'Angely*), his brother-in-law, made some advances in the good graces of the Corsican conqueror, by whom he was entrusted with a mission to the Ionian islands, which he abandoned (we do not quite understand why) to make a tour in Italy; and this tour, in the dullest style of a *guide*, occupies about a volume of M. Arnault's *Mémoirs*. The only thing remarkable in this portion of the work is the proof it affords of the bold and pertinacious mendacity with which Bonaparte afterwards belied his own proper name. When Arnault visits Vesuvius, he inscribed some lines in an album which is kept there:—

'Soldat' (which he was not) 'du fier Bonaparte,  
Avec l'altier panache ou resplendit sa gloire,  
Au sommet du Vesuve, aujourd'hui j'ai porté  
Les trois couleurs de la Victoire.'—vol. iii. p. 127.

The rhyme here puts the Italian pronunciation beyond all doubt; yet read the series of petty falsehoods which Bonaparte thought it worth while to dictate at St. Helena, in contradiction of this notorious fact. See also our former contradictions\* of

\*Quart. Rev., Vol. XII. p. 239; and Vol. XXVIII. p. 254.

this falsehood—one which we cannot think trivial when we see what strenuous efforts Bonaparte made to give it vogue.

Arnault was one of the *savans* selected to accompany Bonaparte to Egypt, and he embarked with him in *L'Orient*. He however went no farther than Malta, where he, in a rather unceremonious manner, *deserted*, as Bonaparte afterwards reproached him. We shall select a few anecdotes of the passage from Toulon to Malta.

Poor Arnault, being only a *pekin*—civilian—underwent great contempt, and consequently suffered many hardships. The military men shoved him to the far end of the dinner table, seized his cabin, unslung his cot, and left him to sleep upon the bare deck. This ill-treatment, however, and an extra glass of punch, saved, in fact, *L'Orient*, the fleet, the expedition, and the embryo-emperor. Troubled with *insomnie* and indigestion, Arnault arose one night from his hard pallet, and went to the upper deck, where his experienced eyes beheld what the naval officers of the watch had not seen—that the ship was nearly ashore. He gave the alarm—like the goose of the Capitol—and the world was saved. But the French are not so grateful as the Romans; the latter almost deified their saviour geese—Bonaparte told his goose to hold his tongue; the matter was hushed up, and is now only told when there is no one to contradict it, or, may we add, to believe it. The secret was so well kept, says our goose, that, ten years after, Ganthaume (the admiral, in whose ear Arnault says he cackled his alarm) forgot and denied it.

To alleviate the tedium of the voyage, Bonaparte used to hold, in the evenings, what he called an *Institute* in the great cabin, at which the *savans* and followers, and naval and military officers were expected, that is, ordered, to attend. There Bonaparte, seated on a kind of throne, would give a theme for discussion. It is evident that he was already—indeed he had been from an early stage of his Italian successes—playing the autocrat.

'*Deja Napoleon percait sous Bonaparte.*'

These formal discussions were clearly intended to relieve the haughty general from the indignity of taking a share in the social amusements—from that *equality* which stood at the head of all his public acts, but never entered into his presence; but they were dreadfully dull to all but the great man and the *savans*. The members of the *Institute* sat round a table covered with a green cloth, at the head of which sat Bonaparte, as president; the military myrmidons were placed on back seats round the cabin. Junot, very ill-bred, very unlettered, but giddy and candid, could not abide these sermons, and often disturbed them. One evening he insisted that *Lannes*—just as illiterate as himself, but a graver personage, who had the fear of the general ever before his eyes—was entitled to a seat at the green table—'his very name' (*P'ane*), says Junot, proclaims him to be of the *Institute*. This passed off, and the debate continued. By-and-by it was interrupted by a loud snoring, which drowned the voice of the speaker. 'Who is that?' exclaimed the General, indignantly, 'who snores here?'—'Tis Junot,' replied Lannes, taking his revenge for the late joke. 'Wake him,' ordered the commander-in-chief: but a moment after the snoring began louder than ever. 'Wake him,

I say,' and then, with a tone of impatience, 'why do you snore here at such a rate?'—'General,' answered the barebrained Junot (who was always half mad, and died wholly so.) 'tis your *sacre ficheu* Institute, which sets every body asleep but yourself.'—'Go, then, and sleep in your bed.' 'That's all I want,' rejoined Junot; who immediately departed and was no more pressed to assist at the sittings of the *Institute*.

Arnault next gives us a specimen of Bonaparte's taste and temper, which from so devoted a worshipper, is of some little value towards estimating the real talents and character of that emperor of mountebanks. One day during the voyage, he summoned Arnault to read to him:

'*Arn.* What will you have me read—philosophy—politics—poetry? *Bon.* Poetry.—*Arn.* Choose. *Bon.* What you will. *Arn.* Shall it be Homer, the father of all poets? *Bon.* Homer let it be. *Arn.* The Iliad, the Odyssey, or the Batrachomyomachia? *Bon.* (evidently puzzled) What's that you say? *Arn.* The Battle of the Frogs and Mice, the War of Troy, or the Travels of Ulysses? *Bon.* No battles just now; we are on a voyage, let us have the *voyage*—besides, I know little of the Odyssey, let us read the *Odyssey*.'—*Nov.* iv. p. 38.

Now it is quite clear, from Arnault's being obliged to explain the subject of the *Iliad* as well as the *Odyssey*, that the hero knew as much about the one as about the other—that is to say, just nothing at all; which, as we shall see presently, did not prevent his giving a very decided critical opinion 'on the father of poetry.' Arnault was despatched to fetch—a French translation, no doubt, of—the *Odyssey*, and when he returned, Bonaparte rang the bell for Durac, and gave him orders not to let any one come in, and not to come himself till called. Then began the reading; but after Arnault had read a few lines, describing the feasts of the Suitors, Bonaparte burst out into ridicule of those ancient manners:—'That's what you call fine!' he cried; 'these *heroes* are nothing but marauders, scullions, and kitchen-pilfers: if our army cooks were to be guilty of such conduct, I should order them to be shot.' In vain did Arnault endeavour in measured phrases to correct this style of criticism—he seems ashamed of it; and indeed we think, for mingled absurdity, ignorance, and stupidity, it exceeds any thing we have ever read—the mistake of the *Suitors* for the *heroes* of the piece—the confounding the merits of a description with the nature of the thing described—the overlooking the higher qualities of the poem for the inferior accidents—neglecting the countenance of the Apollo to examine his sandal—and measuring the manners of the mythological ages, by the standard of the settlers and provost-marsals of the army of Italy—with fifty other corollaries which could be deduced from this short text, are, we think, wholly unparalleled, and only faintly shadowed, in the description of that other great military critic—*Ensign Northerton* in *Tom Jones*, who 'damned Homo' upon about the same degree of acquaintance, and with as much good sense, as Napoleon the Great. 'That's what you call sublimity,' added he—but how different is *Ossian* from your Homer! and taking up a volume of *Ossian* which lay on his table, says Arnault 'like Homer, by the bedside of Alexander—he began to read or rather to recite' his favourite poem of *Te-mora*.

The education of this imperial Zoilus had been,

however, somewhat neglected; every body knows that he could scarcely *write* or *spell*—Arnault lets us into the secret that he could scarcely *read*—hence we suppose it is that we find in all the Memoirs about him, that he was generally, if not always *read to*. But we shall give the curious passage in Arnault's own words:—

"He began to read or rather *recite* Temora. Now he was very far from *setting off* (*faire valoir*) what he read. For want of practice in reading aloud, his tongue would make many slips (*lui tournait souvent*.) Sometimes by reading a *t* instead of an *s*, and again, an *s* instead of a *t*—he would make *liaisons*, which one might well call *dangereuses*—disfiguring the words—(*estropiant les mots*)—and sometimes putting one word for another—the effect of a hurry, which gave a character rather *burlesque* than *epic* to his Ossianic enthusiasm and the swollen emphasis with which he uttered his text."—vol. iv. p. 85.

Here is a perfect description of a clever child endeavouring to follow in print the lesson which he had already learned by rote. We always knew that Bonaparte was almost illiterate; but of so serious a deficiency in the mechanical art of reading we were not before aware.† Now that the fact comes out, it explains to us a variety of little personal circumstances, which before passed unobserved in the various Memoirs of his life. While, however, he was thus delighting himself, and boring the obsequious Arnault, by calling Macpherson a sublime genius, and '*Homer a dotard*'—the door opened—it was Duroc.

"What's the matter?" asked Bonaparte with a frown. "I have not called—I have not rung." "General," answered Duroc, "as the squadron is *lying-to*, General Kleber (the second in command) has taken the favourable opportunity of coming on board to see you—he is in the outer cabin." Bon.—"Did I not tell you to wait till I should ring—have I rung—why have you dared to disobey my orders?" Duroc—I thought, General, that the peculiarity of the circumstance—Bon.—"You thought wrong—nothing justifies your disobedience—begone, and don't return till I call you—begone!"—vol. iv. p. 86.

Duroc retired disconcerted and mortified—Arnault was little less so—at such a specimen of rigorous despotism, which would have been brutal anywhere, but was absolutely absurd at sea—in a fleet—and when the report to be made was of an unexpected event, the lying-to of the fleet—and the arrival of the second in command, who took advantage of an opportunity which might not occur again during the voyage, and which might not itself last five minutes! and while, as Arnault says, Kleber might have thought the great man was busied in arranging the affairs of the world, he was only stammering out Macpherson's fustian, and calling '*Homer a dotard*.' But we think (although it seems to have escaped Arnault) that we can—(not excuse, but)—explain this burst of brutality, that seems at first sight so unaccountable. Bonaparte, conscious of the little defect we have just alluded to, knew, or fancied, that others might suspect it, and he was enraged that Duroc's intrusion should discover him *taking his reading lesson* from his (perhaps unconscious) preceptor! All

the circumstances corroborate this suspicion—the sending Arnault (in order to conceal the real object) for a book, of which ten lines were not read—the strict orders not to be interrupted—the taking up the other book which *lay ready* on the table—(aboard-ship, books do not lie about accidentally)—the reading to the man, who had been summoned to read to him, and the (on any other hypothesis unaccountable) rage at being discovered at these studies—all these circumstances satisfy us that our solution is the true one; and it is by such accidental traits that we are enabled to pierce through the cloud of flattery and falsehood with which Bonaparte took such incessant and infinite pains to surround, and to magnify, by obscuring it, his real character.

Arnault, as we have said, left the expedition at Malta, and on his return to France, was captured in the *Sensible* frigate by H. M. S. *Seahorse*. He gives a very fair narrative of the action and the results; and we are glad to find that M. Arnault's story not merely corroborates, but adds something to the short and modest account which Captain Foote officially gave of his victory. Captain Foote's letter in the 'Gazette' gives 18 killed and 37 wounded—total 55; while Arnault states the total at 60, of which 15 were killed; the difference of the numbers of the killed was probably that three of the French died of their wounds after the prisoners had been removed. M. Arnault speaks with admiration of the beautiful order in which he finds the English vessel after the action, though she had been two years at sea—and with becoming gratitude of the generous and delicate attentions which he personally, as well as all his companions in misfortune, received from Capt. Foote and his officers. The prisoners were released under a special cartel, at Cagliari, and Arnault finds his way back to Paris, where he resumes the very unimportant story of his literary life and society. In 1799 he produced his tragedy of the *Venetians*, which had considerable success. On Bonaparte's return, after a slight sneer at Arnault's *desertion*—which would probably have been more serious had not Bonaparte been so recently guilty of a still more heinous *desertion*—he was again taken into a kind of subordinate confidence, through the influence, we suspect, of his brother-in-law, Regnault, who now became the chief of Bonaparte's literary clique.

In the 18th of Brumaire, Arnault was, he tells us, one of the conspirators—"how we apples swim!"—He was desired, it seems, to write articles in the journals, and was even entrusted with the composition of a song which was to rally the troops and the populace round the new standard; he was also employed to carry messages and to do other little jobs connected with the plot; and from what he then knew, and what all the world has since known, he has compiled an account of that affair, which, however, has little or no novelty. One episode, which has something dramatic, we shall endeavour to abridge.

The *affair*, which had been frequently postponed, appeared at last definitively fixed for the 16th Brumaire; and, on the evening of the 15th all seemed ready. Talleyrand, Rœderer, Regnault, and Arnault, were assembled at Talleyrand's house, waiting the word of command—but it did not come. Arnault, as least liable to be suspected, was sent to inquire of Bonaparte whether the affair stood for the morrow. In the meanwhile, Ber-

\*See Quarterly Review, Vol. XIV. p. 77.

†L'Abbe de Pradt pronounced him to be '*profoundly ignorant*.' (See Quarterly Review, Vol. XIV. p. 91.) We take the liberty of referring to that article for a character of Bonaparte, which every subsequent work published about him seems to confirm.

trand-Talleyrand,\* to deceive any one who might chance to call in, made his rubber of whist, and Raton-Arnault was on his return, to make a sign, to be understood only by the initiated. Arnault, on arriving at Bonaparte's,

"Found his saloon full of every body of every fashion—generals, legislators, jacobins, royalists, lawyers, abbes—a minister, a *director*, nay, the *President of the Directory* himself, against whom the plot was laid; and it seemed as if all parties knew what was going on—and as if they were all conspirators. To see the superiority of Bonaparte's air in this motley assemblage, one would have said that they were all in his confidence."—vol. iv. p. 354.

While Raton was waiting to deliver his message, he witnessed a curious scene. The President of the Directory, honest Gohier, was sitting on a sofa with Madame Bonaparte, when Fouché, the minister of police, came in, and took, by invitation, his seat on the same sofa. 'Well, what news, citizen-minister?' asked the citizen-president, sipping his tea with a satisfied pomposity very comic under all the circumstances. 'News? nothing at all!' replied Fouché; 'only the usual gossip.' 'What about?'—'Oh, of course, the *conspiracy*.' 'The *conspiracy*!' exclaimed Josephine, in a tone of alarm. 'The *conspiracy*!' repeated the good president, incredulously shrugging up his shoulders. 'Yes,' said Fouché, smiling, 'the *conspiracy*—but I know all about it. Give yourself no trouble, citizen-president; trust me, I am not the man to be caught napping. If there had been a *conspiracy*, I promise you that you should, before this, have had evidence of it on the Place de la Révolution (the site of the guillotine), or the Plain de Greneille' (the scene of military execution); and he burst into a loud laugh. 'Fie, citizen Fouché!' said Josephine, 'how can you laugh at such things?' 'Citoyenne,' replied the imperturbable Gohier—who thought it gallant to say something to quiet the evident alarm of the lady, of the *real* source of which, however, he had evidently not the most remote idea—'Citoyenne, the minister knows what he is about. Be at your ease; when one talks of such extreme measures before ladies, 'tis a proof that there is no occasion for them. *Do as the government does—laugh at such rumours and sleep in peace!*' After this singular conversation, which Bonaparte, who was standing by, heard with a smile, the guests retired, and Arnault had an opportunity of delivering his message. 'The *affair*', replied the general, 'is adjourned to the 18th. I leave *them* time to ascertain that I can do without *them*, what however I am willing to do with *them*'. *Them*, no doubt, meant the two councils, which Napoleon and Lucien were endeavouring to dupe, buy, or intimidate. Arnault returned to Talleyrand's, whom he found at his whist with Madame Grant, (not yet Madame de Talleyrand,) Madame de Cambis, and Regnault. After reporting the results of his mission, Arnault and Regnault stole away to an obscure printing-house to correct the proofs of the proclamation which was to announce the new revolution. The rest is known. Poor Gohier, who *slept but too sound*, was awakened by the guard which took him into custody. The councils were removed to St. Cloud; the Five Hundred were dispersed as the Long Parliament was, and

*as all similar assemblies must eventually be; Bonaparte became sole governor of France; and when Regnault and Arnault waited on him in the evening to congratulate him, he replied—*

'If within one month we have not a general peace, in four we shall be on the Adige. In any case it is *peace—peace*—that this day has won. That is what must be announced to-night at all the theatres—that is what must be published to-morrow in all the journals—that is what must be repeated in prose and in verse, and even in songs—and that's your affair, (addressing Arnault;) all variety of means must be used to fit the variety of tastes and intellects.'—vol. iv. p. 380.

Fifteen years of *war—war*—the bloodiest, the most extensive, the most aggressive, and the most unprincipled—are the best commentary on Bonaparte's pretended anxiety for *peace*; his intended peace was indeed fit only to be announced on buffoon stages, and promised to the world in the street songs of hired ballad-singers.

Here M. Arnault closes the fourth of his volumes; the whole pith and substance of which might, as we stated in the outset, be comprised in one. He concludes by saying that 'he has now to tell the story of his former associates and friends—become emperors, kings, dukes, marshals, what not—shall he have,' he asks, 'leisure and time to tell it?' We are not so inhuman as to reply, we hope not; but we may venture to express a wish that, if he does 'pursue the swelling theme,' he may be less diffuse, less trivial, less partial; and rather more solicitous to amuse or inform his readers, than to increase, by every artifice of amplification, the bulk of his volumes, and the consequent amount of his copyright.

From the same.

*Memoirs of the Emperor Jahangueir, written by himself; and translated from a Persian Manuscript.* By Major David Price, of the Bombay Army; Member of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland; of the Oriental Translation Committee; and of the Royal Society of Literature. 4to. pp. 141. London: 1829.

It seems to be even as yet hardly known to the public at large, that a committee of persons of great learning and eminence, most of them members of the Royal Asiatic Society, have been engaged during the last four or five years, in giving to the world English and French translations from manuscripts in the Arabian, Persian, Cingalese, and other oriental languages. Supported by a list of subscribers, which, though not as numerous as we could wish, comprises the names of several individuals of the highest distinction in the country, they have been already enabled to produce upwards of thirty volumes connected with some branches of science, and almost every department of literature. We have treatises on algebra and geography, narratives of travels, memoirs, histories, romances, tragedies, epic and lyric poems, sketches of national customs, and precepts of religion and morality. Whatever may be thought of the intrinsic value of some of these publications, it cannot be doubted that the zeal and liberality of the gentlemen, by whose exertions they have been collected and printed, are deserving of unqualified praise. Though hitherto uncheered even by the barren reward of popularity, Lord Munster

\*Every body knows that the chief success of M. Scribe's comedy 'Bertrand and Raton,' arises from the resemblance which the Parisians see between Talleyrand and Bertrand.

and his colleagues have steadily persevered in the execution of an enterprise, which cannot ultimately fail to promote the interests of sound knowledge, and to reflect honour upon the national character.

The stores of Eastern literature, which are deposited in public and private libraries in England and France, and in the hands of Arabian, Hindoo, and Persian families, may be said, without exaggeration, to be inexhaustible. They are of course of various degrees of merit: but, excluding works on astronomy, mathematics, and medicine, which the greater progress of Europe in those sciences has rendered obsolete, it is known that there are amongst those manuscript collections many compositions of considerable interest and importance. Accomplished scholars and travelers, who have had access to those treasures, report that they comprehend volumes on ecclesiastical history and divinity, written by the fathers of the Syrian and Arabian churches, which illustrate the progress of Christianity during the earlier centuries of its existence; that they also include some valuable disquisitions on grammar and rhetoric—and numerous works of fiction, not excelled by those of a similar class which have been already rendered familiar to us in every polished language of Europe. Histories of the Crusades, exhibiting minute details of wars, which, however mistaken in their origin, will never cease to captivate the attention of mankind, are also said to abound in the East, and to be well entitled to a wider sphere of celebrity. The treatise of Apollonius Pergaeus, on conic sections, which was brought to Europe by Golius, and translated by Halley, was preserved from the ruins of Greek literature by a learned Arabian, who was employed for the purpose by the court of Bagdad. It is not, perhaps, visionary to suppose that some others of the long-lost works of ancient Greece may yet be found among the versions which are known to have been executed under the protection of the same authority during the enlightened and memorable period of the Caliphate.

To explore these sources of literature and science, and to render them available to the civilized world, is the very laudable ambition of the committee appointed to manage the subscriptions which are contributed to the Oriental Fund. This country ought to feel particularly interested in the results of their labours from the intimate and most momentous connexion which it has with more than a hundred millions of the Asiatic people. We have, by the prowess of our arms and the moral transcendence of our reputation for enterprise and good faith, extended our sway from an insignificant factory over the fairest portion of India. The vast communities living within our dominions have been committed to our care by Providence; we are responsible for their education, their gradual enlightenment in the duties of religion, their political safety, and the amelioration of their personal condition. But the benefits which we can confer upon them must necessarily be very limited, until we become more generally acquainted with their various dialects, and the productions of their own authors, whom they hold in universal esteem. We possess facilities, it is needless to say, for the acquisition of the Asiatic languages, as well as of the works which they contain, that belong to no other nation. Of these facilities it is our duty, and it ought to be our pride, to make a generous use; it is a stain upon

the literary character of our country, that, in a public point of view, we have so long treated them with neglect—a stain, however, which the Oriental Fund committee will, we trust, eventually remove. They hold out suitable rewards to translators, and we are particularly pleased to observe that, in some instances, they propose to give the original text, with a view to furnish students, at a moderate price, with copies of the best Asiatic productions, to which they might not otherwise have access. Nor do the committee limit their researches to the languages which we have above mentioned; their operations extend also to the Sanscrit, the Chinese, Pali, Burmese, to the tongues of Thibet, Tartary, and Turkey, the Malayan and other dialects of the Eastern archipelago, as well as to those of Hindostan, and the southern peninsula of India.

We are not surprised at the comparative indifference with which the publications of the committee have been hitherto received by all our reading classes of society, as we cannot but be aware that, notwithstanding all the efforts which have been made since the time of Sir William Jones, both at home and abroad, for the purpose of soliciting attention to the beauties of Oriental composition, there is not, even now, any very general relish in this country for that species of literature. It should, however, be observed that with the exception of papers communicated to the Asiatic and other societies, and printed among their *Transactions*—of which the public in general have no knowledge whatever—the labours of authors who have translated from the Oriental languages, and published at their own risk, were confined principally to poetical pieces which they deemed most likely to prove popular. But these calculations turned out to be erroneous, chiefly because those productions teemed with allusions to systems of religion, in which, from their multiplicity and obscurity, English readers found no sort of interest. They have not yet learned the names of half the gods and goddesses who figure in Hindoo poetry. They feel no desire to gain an accurate acquaintance, even were it possible, with the fabled nations, the alleged respective attributes of those personages, and the infinite variety of rites and ceremonies which are blended with their worship.

The 'Arabian Nights' made their way amongst us at once, because, in addition to stories of enchantment which interest the young, they exhibit a true picture of life and manners which comes home to the bosoms of men in whatever climate they breathe. There is very little of the sectarian peculiarities of religion in those immortal tales. The presiding care of a benevolent Providence they uniformly acknowledge; they treat as an opposing and formidable power the spirit of evil, and they assign to both subordinate agents, who, under the forms of propitious or malignant genii, manage all the affairs of the world. This is a system easily comprehended, and the exciting character of the incidents constituting a majority of these stories easily reconciles us to the marvellous machinery by which they are conducted. But the poetry of Persia and India, so far at least as it has been made known to this country by private translators, is full of a race of deities for whom we have neither love nor fear. The style in which the original compositions are framed is so florid, that even the best versions of them are mere paraphrases, our language not supplying

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the materials for such exaggerated and perpetual decoration. Their addresses to our fancy seldom kindle the imagination; their appeals to our passions still more rarely touch the heart. We have on a former occasion, however, entered so largely into this subject, that we need not resume it here.

The Oriental Committee have had the good taste to avoid as much as it was possible productions overladen with exotics, which are not likely to live in our climate. There are at least a few of their publications to which we should wish to invite the attention of our readers, under the hope that we may assist the committee in dispelling the prejudices which at present prevail in the public mind against Eastern literature. Of these works, two were briefly analyzed in a late number of our Journal—but that now before us, entitled 'Memoirs of the Emperor Jahangueir,' or Jhangire as he is called by Dow, is perhaps the most curious one of the collection. It is unfortunately but a fragment, relating only to thirteen out of the twenty-two years during which that prince held the sceptre of India; but as far as it goes, it is highly characteristic of the writer. It is no modern discovery. Its existence was known to Dow, who, however, seems to have made no use of it in his valuable and often elegant translation of the History of Hindostan. In alluding to this composition he says very truly, though somewhat quaintly, that the emperor 'was a man of science and literary abilities, and that the memoirs of his life, which he penned himself, do him more honour as a good writer, than the matter as a great monarch.'

Few eastern princes ever ascended a throne under more auspicious circumstances than Jhangire. He was the great grandson of Baber the restorer of the dynasty of Timur, and the son of the renowned Akbar, by whose chivalrous valour in the field the twenty-two provinces,\* then composing the empire of India, were firmly subdued and tranquillized. Like the 'Swedish Charles,' Akbar gained important victories by surprising rapidity and boldness of movement, attended frequently by little more than an ordinary guard of his followers. But by his extraordinary wisdom as a statesman during his lengthened reign of fifty-one years, he secured and consolidated the conquests which he had achieved as a soldier. Assisted by his celebrated minister, Abul Fazel, he completed the well-known survey of his empire called the 'Ayeen Akberry,' a very valuable work, which comprises a full account of everything connected with his government and the productions of the different provinces. At the period of his death, which occurred in the latter part of the year 1605, the ordinary annual revenue of the empire, including the average amount of presents made to the sovereign, and of the estates of his officers which reverted to him at their death, is estimated by Dow at the sum of fifty-two millions of our money. His standing army consisted of three hundred thousand horse, and as many foot; and the civil as well as the military departments of his administration were based upon a system of wonderful regularity.

'The arts of civilized life,' says Dow, 'began to in-

\*These were Kandahar, Ghizni, Cabul, Cashmire, Lahore, Moultan, Outch, Sind, Ajmere, Sirhind, Delhi, Doab, Agra Allahabad, Oude, Behar, Bengal, Orissa, Malava, Berar, Chandesh, and Guzerat, to which was added a small portion of the Deccan.

crease and flourish among a people naturally industrious and ingenious. The splendour of the court, the wealth of individuals, created a general taste for pomp and magnificence; and the crowded levees of the great, where all endeavoured to excel in the arts of pleasing, rendered the Indians equal in politeness to the nations of Europe. Learning was not unknown, if we exclude the abstruse sciences. The Arabian and Bramin systems of philosophy were studied; and the powers of the mind were generally cultivated and improved.'

It was quite in keeping with every part of the new monarch's character, that, upon succeeding to the empire, he should have changed his original name of Selim to that of Jhangire-shah, which signifies 'the world-subduing king,' and that he directed a legend to be stamped upon the current coin, proclaiming himself the 'sovereign splendour of the faith,' and the 'safeguard of the world.' He inherited the literary talents of Baber, mingled with the fantastic tastes of Humaioun; but in his love of extravagant ostentation in dress and household ornament, he surpassed both his Mogul and Patan predecessors. He constantly boasts, throughout his memoirs, of his boundless wealth and of his munificence to his favourite servants. He reveals, though not always without reserve, his daily occupations, especially when connected with the proceedings of his government, his sumptuous amusements, and the homage paid to him by the princes under his sway. The business of war always appears burdensome to his mind; but he describes a splendid dress decorated with precious stones, with all the man-milliner minuteness of a Pepys. His effeminacy upon this point, his extreme fondness for the tricks practised by jugglers, his habit of escaping from the palace at night, and mixing with the lowest of his subjects at the punch-houses, and his violent attachments easily changed into sudden indifference and even into hostility, betray an infirmity of character bordering on insanity. It is said, indeed, that his mother introduced a tincture of madness into his blood, and he confesses himself that he was much addicted to the use of wine, (and he might have added, of opium,) which sometimes inflamed to frenzy the natural fever of his mind.

Nevertheless, it is impossible to read these Memoirs, without concluding that the errors of Jhangire, enormous as they were in some instances, had their main source in the circumstances of his position, rather than in a bad heart. He was warmly attached to his children, faithful to his bosom friends—and generally mild towards his enemies, and inexorable in enforcing the execution of impartial justice. When his own passions were interested, however, he seemed to recognise no restraint in divine or human law. He was upon these occasions the Eastern despot to the full extent of that pregnant phrase. He concerted his measures for the assassination of any person who stood in the way of his designs, with as much coolness as if he were only transcribing a couplet. If thwarted in his nefarious operations, he persevered with all the treachery of the tiger, but without a particle of his fierceness. This insensibility to crime he no doubt partly derived from his Tartar origin, but it seemed also to be aggravated by that indifference with respect to religion, which he inherited from his father. Strange to say, with all this callousness of conscience he combined a tenderness of heart that often, when his affections were awakened, melted into tears. A woman in

his passion for jewellery, he was all energy in the suppression of turbulence; a man of pleasure by habit, he was in his cups a philosopher; and though in principle, as well as in practice, a cold deist, a little opium transformed him into a trembling devotee.

An ill-managed intrigue for changing the succession, which was detected and defeated a short time before his father's death, sowed the seeds of jealousy between Jehangire and his eldest son Chusero, who occupies a prominent place in these Memoirs. Yet he commences his journal without any reference to this circumstance, being much more intent on describing the gorgeous decorations of the throne of which he had just taken possession, and of the diadem which, in the presence of his assembled ameirs, he placed upon his head. If we are to credit the account which he gives, we must believe that the former was worth one million eight hundred thousand pounds of our money, and that the value of the latter exceeded two millions! For forty days and nights the great imperial drum struck up, without ceasing, the sounds of joy and triumph. The ground, to a considerable extent around his throne, was spread with the most costly brocades and gold-embroidered carpets:—

'Censers of gold and silver,' adds the imperial author, 'were disposed in different directions for the purpose of burning odoriferous drugs; and nearly three thousand camphorated wax lights, three cubits in length, in branches of gold and silver, perfumed with ambergris, illuminated the scene from night till morning. Numbers of blooming youths, beautiful as young Joseph in the pavilions of Egypt, clad in dresses of the most costly materials, woven in silk and gold, with zones and amulets, sparkling with the lustre of the diamond, the emerald, the sapphire, and the ruby, awaited my commands, rank after rank, and in attitude most respectful. And finally, the ameirs of the empire, from the captain of five hundred, to the commander of five thousand horse, and to the number of nine individuals, covered from head to foot in gold and jewels, and shoulder to shoulder, stood round in brilliant array, also waiting for the commands of their sovereign. For forty days and forty nights, did I keep open to the world these scenes of festivity and splendour, furnishing altogether an example of imperial magnificence seldom paralleled in this stage of earthly existence.'—p. 3.

Amongst the numerous regulations, many of them highly meritorious, which Jehangire promulgated on his accession to the throne, was one strictly forbidding the manufacture or sale of wine, or of any other intoxicating liquor within his dominions. But as he was conscious that he exhibited in his own proper person an example rather inconsistent with the doctrine which he enforced by law, he deemed it necessary to enter into the following curious explanation of his motives.

I undertook to institute this regulation, although it is sufficiently notorious, that I have myself the strongest inclination for wine, in which, from the age of sixteen, I liberally indulged. And in very truth, encompassed as I was with youthful associates of congenial minds, breathing the air of a delicious climate—ranging through lofty and splendid saloons, every part of which was decorated with all the graces of painting and sculpture, and the floors bespread with the richest carpets of silk and gold, would it not have been a species of folly to have rejected the aid of an exhilarating cordial—and what cordial can surpass the juice of the grape?

'For myself, I cannot but acknowledge that such was the excess to which I had carried my indulgence, that my usual daily allowance extended to twenty, and sometimes to more than twenty cups, each cup containing half a seir, (about six ounces,) and eight cups being equal to a man of Irak (about three pounds.) So far, indeed, was this baneful propensity carried, that if I were but an hour without my beverage, my hands began to shake, and I was unable to sit at rest. Convinced by these symptoms, that if the habit gained upon me in this proportion, my situation must soon become one of the utmost peril, I felt it full time to devise some expedient to abate the evil; and in six months I accordingly succeeded in reducing my quantity gradually from twenty to five cups—(at entertainments I continued, however, to indulge in a cup or two more)—and on most occasions I made it a rule never to commence my indulgence until about two hours before the close of the day. But now that the affairs of the empire demand my utmost vigilance and attention, my potations do not commence until after the hour of evening prayer, my quantity never exceeding five cups on any occasion; neither would more than that quantity suit the state of my stomach. Once a day I take my regular meal, and once a day seems quite sufficient to assuage my appetite for wine; but as drink seems no less necessary than meat for the sustenance of man, it appears very difficult, if not impossible, for me to discontinue altogether the use of wine. Nevertheless, I bear in mind, and I trust in heaven, that, like my grandfather Humaoon, who succeeded in divesting himself of the habit before he attained to the age of forty-five, I also may be supported in my resolution, *sometime or other*, to abandon the pernicious practice altogether. "In a point where in God has pronounced his sure displeasure, let the creature exert himself ever so little towards amendment, and it may prove in no small degree the means of eternal salvation." '—pp. 6, 7.

Jehangire informs us very minutely of the characters and merits of different persons whom he promoted to dignity and wealth. Amongst these he mentions, in terms of peculiar affection, the son of a portrait-painter, to whom he had been much attached from infancy. But eminent above all the other persons whom he enumerates, as having been distinguished by his favours, stand the prime minister, Chaja Aias, and his bewitching daughter, the celebrated Noor-Mahil. The fortunes of this family are still remembered in the East, as presenting an extraordinary instance of elevation from extreme poverty to unbounded power.

It was about twenty years before the death of Akbar that Chaja Aias quitted his native home in western Tartary, with a view to improve his wretched condition in the then flourishing empire of India. The settlement of the Mogul dynasty on the throne naturally attracted around it many of the Tartar chieftains, and their kinsmen and dependents, to the lowest degree, as naturally sought, from time to time, to profit by the patronage of their leaders. Aias had received a superior education—it was all his poor but noble parents could bestow upon him. He was of a rigorous, enthusiastic mind, well skilled in arithmetic, an elegant writer in prose and verse, and critically acquainted with the literary productions of former ages, which he quoted with facility, and recited in a graceful and engaging manner. His heart was captivated by the charms of a village girl, whom he married. The prospect of an approaching increase in his family compelled him to take a determined resolution in order to provide for them; and

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having converted into money the few effects that formed his household, he purchased a half-starved horse, placed his wife upon it, and, walking by her side, set out in this gypsy style for the distant capital of India.

The small store of money which the adventurers had raised soon disappeared. They had recourse to charity; but the assistance which they thus obtained failed them upon reaching the vast solitudes which separate Tartary from Hindostan. Day after day passed, and no traveller came in sight to whom they could apply for succour. At length they both sank upon the earth from exhaustion, and in this miserable state the wife gave birth to a daughter, for whom she had neither clothing nor subsistence. Their desperate condition awakened such energies as they could have possessed after having taken no food for three days; and Aias, replacing the mother upon the horse, endeavoured to carry the babe in his arms, but failed from want of strength. The mother was still less able, in her condition, to bear the weight of the infant, and they were obliged to abandon it in the desert. But before they quitted the child, they contrived to deposit it under a tree, and to cover it with leaves. They then renewed their journey, bathed in bitter tears.

The mother, as she departed, kept her eyes fixed upon the tree, beneath which she had thus been constrained to leave the precious fruit of her womb. She bore her grief in silence until that beacon began to fade on her sight, and then she could no longer suppress the voice of nature.—'My child! my child!' she exclaimed, in agony, throwing herself from the palfrey, and attempting to return to her infant; but she could not move. Aias, pierced to the heart, tottered back for the child; but what was his horror on approaching the tree to behold an immense black snake coiled round the babe, and preparing to devour it? The shouts of the father frightened the reptile, which fled into a hollow part of the tree, and he succeeded in restoring the innocent safe to her mother's arms. A few hours afterwards travellers appeared within the horizon, from whom they received a supply of necessities. Eventually they made their way to the city of Lahore, where Akbar then held his court.

Aias in a short time became secretary to Asiph Chan, a kinsman of his, who was then one of Akbar's omrahs. Having by his abilities in his office attracted the notice of the emperor, he was gradually promoted to the appointment of high treasurer, and thus became, from a poor adventurer, one of the first subjects in the empire. His daughter—who from her extraordinary beauty was at first called Mher-ul-Nissa, 'The Sun of Women'—received the best education that could be obtained for her. In music, dancing, and poetry, she was eminently accomplished—in painting she had no equal among her own sex. She was in the early bloom of her beauty when Jahangire (then Selim) was in the heyday of his youth. Being invited one day to her father's, he remained after the public banquet was over, and all but the principal guests had withdrawn, when, according to custom, wine was brought, and the ladies of the family made their appearance veiled. Mher-ul-Nissa's graceful figure at once attracted the attention of the young prince. She sang—her voice touched his very soul: she danced—he followed all her movements with expressions of rapture that could hardly be restrained within becoming bounds.

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In the midst of this excitement the fair enchantress, turning towards Selim, accidentally dropped her veil. He was completely taken in the toils which her ambition had designedly spread for him, although she was already betrothed to Shere Afkun, a Turcomanian nobleman of distinguished character. Selim demanded from his father a dissolution of this contract, but Akbar honourably refused to perpetrate so gross an injustice, and she was married to Shere Afkun at the appointed time.

When Selim succeeded to the throne, one of his first objects was to obtain possession of the woman to whom he had been so violently attached. But he durst not venture to use open force, as Shere Afkun was one of the most popular chieftains in the empire. Having attempted various modes for destroying him, which are related in the East with the exaggerations usually invented in favour of an injured hero, Jahangire at length succeeded in his atrocious purpose. Shere Afkun was assassinated by a band of armed men employed for the purpose, by Kuttub, then Suba of Bengal, one of the emperor's most devoted adherents. But before the victim died, he slew the ruffian who had lent himself to the passions of the despot.

Whether Jahangire was really shocked and disturbed by these incidents, or only wished to allow some time to pass away before he took possession of the blood-bought prize, in order to induce the people to suppose that he had no hand in the murder of her husband, we have no means of ascertaining. It appears, however, that for four years the matchless beauty remained shut up in the worst apartment which his harem afforded, without once seeing the emperor. She endured her fate not only with resignation, but cheerfulness, still sustained by the hope that accident would one day enable her to overrule the resolutions of Jahangire, from whatever source they sprung. She was allowed a miserable stipend, of about two shillings of our money per day, for the support of herself and her female slaves. But her spirit rose with her difficulties. She employed herself and her attendants in working pieces of tapestry and embroidery, in painting silks, and inventing and executing female ornaments of every description. Her various manufactures were finished with so much delicacy and skill, that they were bought up with the greatest avidity, and became the models of fashion at Delhi and Agra. She was in this way enabled to repair and decorate her residence, and to clothe her slaves in the richest garments, but she spent no part of her newly acquired wealth upon herself; she continued to dress in the plainest style, as most suitable to her then personal condition.

The emperor heard of her fame in every quarter, and at length he was tempted by curiosity, if not by passion, to visit her. He entered her apartment suddenly, and was surprised to find her half reclining on an embroidered sofa, dressed in a plain muslin robe, her slaves, attired in splendid brocades, sitting around her, and all industriously employed. The magnificence of the chamber astonished him, as well as the exquisite taste with which it was fitted up. Without losing her presence of mind for a moment, the fair forlorn rose slowly from the couch, and, without uttering a word, made the usual obeisance, touching first the ground, and then her forehead, with her right hand. The emperor also remained silent, the tide of former passion rushing upon him while he once

more gazed upon her beauty, and above all, admired that indescribable mien by which her charms were rendered irresistible. The result was as she had foreseen. Jehangire folded her in his arms; and the next day orders were given for the celebration of their nuptials. Her name was changed by an imperial edict to Noor-Mahil,—'Light of the Seraglio.'—and she thenceforth held undivided sway over her husband, yielding to her father the real government of the empire. Many members of her family were raised to posts of eminence, to which they proved themselves entitled by their integrity and talents; and their names, especially that of Chaja Aias, are still remembered with honour by the natives of India.

In mentioning this family, Jehangire is lavish of his praises. At the period when he wrote his memoirs, he had changed the name of Noor-Mahil to that of Noorjahaun—'Light of the Empire,' a title indicative of the unbounded influence which she had obtained over him. Upon Chaja Aias he had conferred the dignity of Ettemaud-ud-Doulah; and it is worth noticing, in passing, with what consummate plausibility and coolness he touches upon the transactions that led to his marriage with the object of his lawless passion:—

'Etemaud-ud-Doulah, it is almost superfluous to observe, is the father of my consort, Nourjahaun Begum, and of Asof Khan, whom I have appointed my lieutenant-general, with the rank of a commander of five thousand. On Nourjahaun, however, who is the superior of the four hundred inmates of my harem, I have conferred the rank of thirty thousand. In the whole empire there is scarcely a city in which this princess has not left some lofty structure, some spacious garden, as a splendid monument of her taste and munificence. As I had then no intention of marriage, she did not originally come into my family, but was betrothed in the time of my father to Shere Atkun; but when that chief was killed (!) I sent for the Kauzy, and contracted a regular marriage with her, assigning for her dowry the sum of eighty laks of ashrefies of five methkals,\* which sum she requested, as indispensable for the purchase of jewels, and I granted it without a murmur. I presented her, moreover, with a necklace of pearl, containing forty beads, each of which had cost me separately the sum of forty thousand rupees. (160,000). At the period in which this is written, I may say that the whole concern of my household, whether gold or jewels, is under her sole and entire management. Of my unreserved confidence, indeed, this princess is in entire possession; and I may allege, without a fallacy, that the whole fortune of my empire has been consigned to the disposal of this highly endowed family; the father being my diwan, the son my lieutenant-general, with unlimited powers, and the daughter the inseparable companion of all my cares.'—p. 27.

It is creditable to Jehangire that he took an early opportunity on his accession to power, to mitigate, as far as he could, the barbarous and absurd custom which unfortunately still lingers amongst the Hindoos, of sacrificing the widows upon the death of their husbands. He directed that no mother should be thus permitted to die; and that in no case should compulsion be used for the purpose of prevailing on widows who were not parents to ascend the fatal pile. But although he interfered with the religious rites of the Hindoos in this respect, he professes the utmost liberality towards

their faith in every other, remarking, that as they composed five-ninths of the whole population under his rule, and the whole of the concerns of trade and manufacture were under their management, he could not convert them to the true faith, without destroying millions of men.

'Attached as they thus are to their religion, such as it is, they will,' he adroitly observes, 'be snared in the web of their own inventions; they cannot escape the retribution prepared for them; but the massacre of a whole people can never be any business of mine.'

To the assassination of individuals, however, Jehangire had no objection, as we have already seen. We now come to the avowal of another murder, made in terms the most explicit, without the appearance of even the slightest symptom of remorse on the part of the criminal. Abul Fazel, the great historian of India, and one of the most able and enlightened ministers who have ever wielded the destinies of that country, was recalled from the Deccan by Akbar in the year 1602. Dow relates, that on his journey he was attacked near Narwar by a body of banditti under the command of Orcha Rajaput, a notorious robber, who cut him off, together with a part of his retinue. Their object is said to have been exclusively plunder, and care is taken to deny, as a gross calumny of some writers, the assertion, that the prince Danial had any hand in this execrable deed. Danial was a son of Akbar, and a great profligate, who died of a debauch in the city of Burhampoor, in the Deccan, in the year 1605. Mark how calmly Jehangire points out the real murderer, and with what ingenuity he invents reasons (not unacceptable to Mahometans) for this cold-blooded proceeding!

'I shall here record the elevation by me, to the dignity of a commander of 2000 horse, of Sheikh Abdurrahman, the son of Abul Fazel, although the father was well known to me as a man of profligate principles. For towards the close of my father's reign, availing himself of the influence which, by some means or other, he had acquired, he so wrought upon the mind of his master, as to instil into him the belief that the seal and asylum of prophecy, to whom the devotion of a thousand lives such as mine would be a sacrifice too inadequate to speak of, was no more to be thought of than as an Arab of singular eloquence; and that the sacred inspirations in the Koran were nothing else but fabrications invented by the ever-blessed Mahomed. Actuated by these reasons, it was that I employed the man who killed Abul Fazul and brought his head to me, and for this it was that I incurred my father's deep displeasure.'—pp. 32, 33.

The fact was, that Jehangire believed Abul Fazel to have been at the bottom of the intrigue already mentioned for placing Chusero upon the throne to his own exclusion. All this talk about the imputed irreligion of that accomplished minister is mere rhetorical invention, intended to cover under the specious cloak of patriotism and piety one of the most infamous deeds that stain the memory of the author.

Jehangire devotes several pages of his journal to the exploits of his father, which he relates with natural filial pride, and an energy of style that sometimes rises into eloquence. He details also in a clear and forcible style the transactions connected with the rebellion of his son Chusero, 700 of whose followers were impaled alive in the bed of the Rauvy at Lahore. Severities of this description were a part of his system of government, and he thus attempts to justify it upon the ground of necessity:—

\*That is to say, 7,200,000.—'One of those enormous sums,' observes the translator, 'which startle belief!'

'The shedding of so much human blood must ever be extremely painful; but until some other resource is discovered, it is unavoidable. Unhappily, the functions of government cannot be carried on without severity, and occasional extinction of human life; for without something of the kind, some species of coercion and chastisement, the world would soon exhibit the horrid spectacle of mankind, like wild beasts, worrying each other to death with no other motive than rapacity and revenge. *God* is witness that there is no repose for crowned heads!—There is no pain or anxiety equal to that which attends the possession of sovereign power, for to the possessor there is not in this world a moment's rest. Care and anxiety must ever be the lot of kings, for of an instant's inattention to the duties of their trust a thousand evils may be the result. Even sleep itself furnishes no repose for monarchs, the adversary being ever at work for the accomplishment of his designs.'—p. 95.

The imperial autobiographer then proceeds to give a moral portrait of himself, drawn, it must be supposed, when he was in a melancholy mood—'While I am upon this subject, I cannot but consider that he to whom *God* hath assigned the pomp and splendour of imperial power, with a sacred and awful character in the eyes of his creatures, must, as he hopes for stability to his throne and length of days, in no way suffer oppression to approach the people intrusted to his care. For my own part, I can with truth assert, that I have never so far lent myself to the indulgence of the world's pleasures as to forget that, however sweet to the appetite, they are more bitter in the issue than the most deadly poisons. Alas! for the jewels of this world which have been poured in such profusion upon my head; they bear no longer any value in my sight, neither do I feel any longer the slightest inclination to possess them. Have I ever contemplated with delight the graces of youth and beauty? The gratification is extinguished, it no longer exists in my nature. The enjoyments of hunting and of social mirth have too frequently been the source of pain and regret. The finger of old age has been held out to indicate that retirement must be my greatest solace, my surest resource, and from thence must be derived my highest advantages. In short, there neither is nor can be in this world any permanent state of repose or happiness; all is fleeting, vain, and perishable. In the twinkling of an eye shall we see the enchantress, which enslaves the world and its votaries, seize the throat of another and another victim; and so exposed is man to be trodden down by the calamities of life, that one might almost be persuaded to affirm that he never had existence. That world, the end of which is destined to be thus miserable, can scarcely be worth the risk of so much useless violence.'

'If indeed, in contemplation of future contingencies, I have been sometimes led to deal with thieves and robbers with indiscriminate severity, whether during my minority or since my accession to the throne, never have I been actuated by motives of private interest or general ambition. The treachery and inconstancy of the world are to me as clear as the light of day. Of all that could be thought necessary to the enjoyment of life, I have been singularly fortunate in the possession. In gold, and jewels, and sumptuous wardrobes, and in the choicest beauties the sun ever shone upon, what man has ever surpassed me? And had I then conducted myself without the strictest regard to the honor and happiness of God's creatures consigned to my care, I should have been the basest of oppressors.'—pp. 95, 96.

If Jahangire did not on all occasions do what or cauldron, and filling it partly with water, they

was right, we may see from this remarkable passage that he did not err at least from an ignorance of his duties. No monarch has ever declaimed more plausibly upon religious and moral topics than he, and yet we have seen that he could put to death without hesitation any man who stood in the way of his ambition, or indeed any other passion. His character presents the strangest compound we have ever met of a really enlightened mind, mixed with vices and frailties that place him before us sometimes as a most cool and atrocious criminal, sometimes as little better than an idiot.

The author makes a characteristic transition from the grave subject on which he had been just engaged, to an account of the feats of some Bengal jugglers, which cannot, he thinks, but be considered among the most surprising circumstances of the age. The description of the operations of these men is, however, in itself by no means unworthy of attention, inasmuch as it shows the degree of perfection to which they carried their various contrivances for deceiving the imperial court. Jahangire was so struck with astonishment at the wonders which they wrought, that he ascribes them without hesitation to supernatural power. The jugglers were first desired to produce upon the spot, from the seed, ten mulberry trees. They immediately sowed in separate places, seed in the ground, and in a few minutes after, a mulberry plant was seen springing from each of the seeds, each plant, as it rose in the air, shooting forth leaves and branches, and yielding excellent fruit! In the same manner, and by a similar magical process, apple trees, mangoes, fig trees, almond and walnut trees were created, all producing fruit, which Jahangire assures us, was exquisite to the taste. This, however, he observes, was not all:

'Before the trees were removed there appeared among the foliage birds of such surprising beauty, in colour and shape, and melody of song, as the world never saw before. At the close of the operation, the foliage, as in autumn, was seen to put on its variegated tints, and the trees gradually disappeared into the earth from which they had been made to spring.'

Major Price states, that he has himself witnessed similar operations on the western side of India, but that a sheet was employed to cover the process. 'I have, however,' he adds, 'no conception of the means by which they were accomplished, unless the jugglers had the trees about them, in every stage, from the seedling to the fruit.'

The reader will be amused with the emperor's narrative of some more of these 'specious miracles'—

'One night, and in the very middle of the night, when half this globe was wrapped in darkness, one of these seven men stripped himself almost naked, and having spun himself swiftly round several times, he took a sheet with which he covered himself, and from beneath the sheet drew out a resplendent mirror, by the radiance of which a light so powerful was produced, as to have illuminated the hemisphere to an incredible distance round; to such a distance, indeed, that we have the attestation of travellers to the fact, who declared, that on a particular night, the same night on which the exhibition took place, and at the distance of ten days' journey, they saw the atmosphere so powerfully illuminated, as to exceed the brightness of the brightest day they had ever seen.'

'They placed in my presence a large seething-pot

threw into it eight of the smaller mams of Irak of rice; when without the application of the smallest spark of fire, the cauldron forthwith began to boil; in a little time they took off the lid, and drew from it nearly a hundred platters full, each with a stewed fowl at top!—pp. 97, 98.

But these feats of skill fall into insignificance when compared with the following extraordinary process:—

'They produced a man whom they divided limb from limb, actually severing his head from the body. They scattered these mutilated members along the ground, and in this state they lay for some time. They then extended a sheet or curtain over the spot, and one of the men putting himself under the sheet, in a few minutes came from below, followed by the individual supposed to have been cut into joints, in perfect health and condition, and one might have safely sworn that he had never received wound or injury whatever!—p. 99.

This trick we can easily understand to have been performed by means not unlike those which are resorted to upon our stage, whenever it becomes necessary to hang, draw, and quarter pantaloons in the pantomime. If it be true, as Jehangire relates, that his jugglers also in a moment covered a pond with a mantle of ice, sufficiently strong to bear an elephant—the machinery sent from England to India, some time ago, for freezing water, must have been no novelty in that country. We should much like to know Sir David Brewster's conjectures with respect to the following—which must have been optical deception—and in which we trace a certain similarity to some of the stories so amusingly cleared up in the 'Letters on Natural Magic.'

'They caused two tents to be set up, the one at the distance of a bow-shot from the other, the doors or entrances being placed exactly opposite; they raised the tent walls all around, and desired that it might be particularly observed, that they were entirely empty. Then fixing the tent walls to the ground, two of the seven men entered, one into each tent, none of the other men entering either of the tents. Thus prepared, they said they would undertake to bring out of the tents any animal we chose to mention, whether bird or beast, and set them in conflict with each other. Khaun-e-Jahaun, with a smile of incredulity, required them to show us a battle between two ostriches. In a few minutes two ostriches of the largest size issued, one from either tent, and attacked each other with such fury, that the blood was seen streaming from their heads; they were at the same time so equally matched, that neither could get the better of the other, and they were therefore separated by the men, and conveyed within the tents. In short, they continued to produce from either tent whatever animal we chose to name, and before our eyes set them to fight in the manner I have attempted to describe; and although I have exerted my utmost invention to discover the secret of the contrivance, it has been entirely without success.

'They were furnished with a bow and about fifty steel-pointed arrows. One of the seven men took the bow in hand, and shooting an arrow into the air, the shaft stood fixed at a considerable height; he shot a second arrow, which flew straight to the first, to which it became attached, and so with every one of the remaining arrows to the last of all, which striking the sheaf suspended in the air, the whole immediately broke asunder, and came at once to the earth.

'They produced a chain of fifty cubits in length, and in my presence threw one end of it towards the sky,

where it remained as if fastened to something in the air. A dog was then brought forward, and being placed at the lower end of the chain, immediately ran up, and reaching the other end, immediately disappeared in the air. In the same manner, a hog, a panther, a lion and a tiger, were alternately sent up the chain, and all equally disappeared at the upper end of the chain. At last they took down the chain, and put it into a bag, no one even discovering in what way the different animals were made to vanish into the air, in the mysterious manner above described. This I may venture to affirm was beyond measure strange and surprising.'—pp. 100—103.

As we are dealing with the marvellous, we may as well notice a strange story, somewhat in the style of 'Sindbad the Sailor,' which was related to Jehangire by a native of Arabia. The emperor observing that a stranger who had been presented at his court had only one arm, the other having been lost close to the shoulder, asked him whether he had been born without the limb, or had been deprived of it in battle. The Arabian appeared embarrassed by the question, and answered, that the circumstances attending the calamity which had befallen him, were of so extraordinary a nature, that he feared to mention them, lest he should be thereby exposed to ridicule. Upon being further importuned by the emperor, however, he stated, that when he was about the age of fifteen, he happened to accompany his father on a voyage to India. At the expiration of sixty days, after having wandered over the ocean in different directions, they encountered a terrific storm, which continued three days, and left their vessel almost a ruin on the waters. Just as it was near foundering, they came in sight of a lofty mountain, which they eventually discovered to be an island in the possession of the Portuguese. Upon nearing the shore they were boarded by two Portuguese officers, who directed the ship's company, passengers and all, to be forthwith landed, stating that their object was to discover among them a person suited to a particular but unexplained purpose, whom they must detain—the others should be dismissed in safety. The passengers and crew having been successively stripped naked, and minutely examined by physicians, were all sent about their business with the exception of the Arabian and his brother, both of whom were placed in close confinement, and detained after the departure of the ship, notwithstanding the earnest entreaties of their father. The Arabian then proceeds:—

'The same medical person, on whose report we were detained, now came with ten other Franks to the chamber where my brother was confined, and again stripping him naked, they laid him on his back on a table, where he was exposed to the same manual examination as before. They then left him and came to me; and, stretching me out on a board in the same manner, again examined my body in every part as before. Again they returned to my brother; for from the situation of our prisons, the doors being exactly opposite, I could distinctly observe all that passed. They sent for a large bowl and a knife, and, placing my brother with his head over the bowl, and his cries and supplications all in vain, they struck him over the mouth, and with the knife actually severed his head from the body, both the head and his blood being received in the bowl. When the bleeding had ceased, they took away the bowl of blood, which they immediately poured into the pot of boiling oil brought for the purpose, stirring the whole together with a ladle, until both blood and oil became completely

amalgamated. Will it be believed, that after this they took the head, and again fixing it exactly to the body, they continued to rub the adjoining parts with the mixture of blood and oil until the whole had been applied! They left my brother in this state, closed the door, and went their way.

At the expiration of three days from this, they sent for me from my place of confinement, and telling me that they had obtained, at my brother's expense, all that was necessary to their purpose, they pointed out to me the entrance to a place under ground, which they said was the repository of gold and jewels to an incalculable amount. Thither they informed me I was to descend, and that I might bring away for myself as much of the contents as I had strength to carry. At first I refused all belief to their assertions, conceiving that doubtless they were about to send me where I was to be exposed to some tremendous trial; but as their importunities were too well enforced, I had no alternative but submission.

I entered the opening which led to the passage, and having descended a flight of stairs, about fifty steps, I discovered four separate chambers. In the first chamber, to my utter surprise, I beheld my brother, apparently restored to perfect health. He wore the dress and habiliments of the Ferenguies (Portuguese)—had on his head a cap of the same people, profusely ornamented with pearl and precious stones, a sword set with diamonds by his side, and a staff similarly enriched under his arm. My surprise was not diminished when, the moment he observed me, I saw him turn away from me as if under feelings of the utmost disgust and disdain. I became so alarmed at a reception so strange and unaccountable, that although I saw that it was my own brother, the very marrow in my bones seemed to have been turned into cold water. I ventured, however, to look into the second chamber, and there I beheld heaps upon heaps of diamonds and rubies, and pearls and emeralds, and every other description of precious stones, thrown one on the other in astonishing profusion. The third chamber into which I looked contained, in similar heaps, an immense profusion of gold, and the fourth chamber was strewed middle deep with silver.

I had some difficulty in determining to which of these glittering deposits I should give the preference. At last I recollect that a single diamond was of greater value than all the gold I could gather into my robe, and I accordingly decided on tucking up my skirts and filling them with jewels. I put out my hand in order to take up some of these glittering articles, when from some invisible agent—perhaps it was the effect of some overpowering effluvia—I received a blow so stunning, that I found it impossible to stand in the place any longer. In my retreat it was necessary to pass the chamber in which I had seen my brother. The instant he perceived me about to pass, he drew his sword, and made a furious cut at me. I endeavoured to avoid the stroke by suddenly starting aside, but in vain; the blow took effect, and my right arm dropped from the shoulder-joint. Thus wounded and bleeding, I rushed from this deposit of treasure and horror, and, at the entrance above, found the physician and his associates, who had so mysteriously determined the destiny of my unhappy brother. Some of them went below and brought away my mutilated arm; and having closed up the entrance with stone and mortar, conducted me, together with my arm, all bleeding as I was, to the presence of the Portuguese governor; men and women and children flocking to the doors to behold the extraordinary spectacle.

The wound in my shoulder continued to bleed; but having received from the governor a compensation of

three thousand tomauns, a horse with jewelled caparisons, a number of beautiful female slaves, and many males, with the promise of future favours in reserve, the Portuguese physician was ordered to send for me; and applying some styptic preparation to the wound, it quickly healed, and so perfectly, that it might be said I was thus armless from my birth. I was then dismissed, and having shortly afterwards obtained a passage in another ship, in about a month from my departure reached the port for which I was destined.<sup>1</sup> p. 106-108.

In several passages of these Memoirs the imperial author boasts, in terms that to Europeans must appear ludicrously extravagant, of the riches which he possessed in gold and precious stones of every description. When the province of Berar, in the Deccan, was surrendered to his authority, he assures us that, as a symbol of submission, there were sent to him a train of elephants, four hundred in number, each elephant furnished with caparisons, chains, collars and bells, all of gold, and each laden besides with gold to the value of nearly 9000*l.* of our money! No doubt, however, can be entertained that the wealth of Jehangire was prodigious. He gives a glowing description of a magnificent mausoleum, which was erected by his orders at Secundera, in honour of his imperial father, Akbar. From the account given by the late lamented Heber of this gorgeous pile, it would appear that the sum asserted by the author to have been expended upon it (about 1,800,000*l.*) is not exaggerated. The principal building consists of a tower of polished marble, erected on four lofty arches, terminating in a circular dome, and inlaid with gold and lapis lazuli, from roof to basement. The whole is surrounded by a splendid colonnade, and by gardens planted with cypresses and other trees, and decorated by numerous fountains. The mausoleum has been taken under British protection; and is certainly one of the *most* beautiful pieces of architecture in India. In point of splendour, however, it can hardly be compared to the palace which Jehangire caused to be constructed for himself at Agra. He describes the principal saloon of this edifice as supported by twenty-five pillars, all covered with plates of gold, and all over inlaid with rubies, turquoise, and pearl; the roof on the outside is formed into the shape of a dome, and is also covered with squares of solid gold; the ceiling of the dome within being decorated with the most elaborate figures, of the richest materials and most exquisite workmanship!

When to these ornaments we add a moveable platform of gold, upon which from one thousand to five thousand of the chief officers of the court and nobility took their places on occasions of ceremony, and also a moveable partition of lattice-work, all of gold, both of which articles formed a part of the emperor's equipage wherever he went, we fear that we shall startle the reader's credulity—especially as the author calculates the weight of the precious metal, composing these two pieces of state furniture, at no less than forty-two tons.

These Memoirs terminate abruptly. The last eight years of the emperor's existence were full of vicissitudes, the history of which may be read in Dow. He was governed entirely by Noor-Mahil, who treated him like a child, and estranged from him his best friends. Shah Jehan, the ablest and most enterprising of his sons, waged open war against the authority of the empress, as she was styled; and would probably have succeeded in deposing the emperor, now grown quite imbecile,

from the throne, had not that step been rendered unnecessary by his death, which took place in November, 1627. Noor-Mahil was allowed a splendid residence at Lahore, and a pension of about 25,000*l.* per annum, which she enjoyed without interruption during the remainder of her life. She died in the year 1643.

From the same.

*Note on the article in the May Museum, on the Journal of a West India Proprietor.*

We are extremely sorry for having inserted in this Article, without due inquiry, an extract from a manuscript diary, conveying an unpleasant, and, as must now be evident, a wholly unjust reflection on the character of Mr. Lewis (father to the author of 'The Monk.') We have since received a letter from that gentleman's son-in-law, Sir Henry Lushington, in which he says—"I do not believe there ever existed a more honourable or generous man than the one who has been accused of reducing his son's income one moiety, because that son had not forgotten his duty to his mother. I am fully convinced that Mr. Lewis did not reduce his son's income from any such motive; nor is it likely, that the man of whom Mr. G. Lewis speaks (in a passage quoted by the 'Quarterly Review' itself), 'as one of the most generous persons that ever existed,' could have been influenced by such sentiments. The fact is, Mr. Lewis reduced his son's allowance because his own means were so diminished as to compel him to alter every part of his establishment, even to letting his house, and laying down his carriage: and I can, moreover, state from my personal knowledge, that the allowance Mr. Lewis continued to his son, was actually more than one-half of his own English income." We feel sincerely obliged to Sir H. Lushington for giving us the means of thus correcting the effect of our rash citation.

From the Court Magazine.

#### SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH'S POSTHUMOUS WORK.

IT is a singular coincidence that the two men, best qualified in our time to write a history of the Revolution of 1688, should both have undertaken it, and both have been cut off prematurely before they had brought it to a conclusion. Of these two eminent men, Mr. Fox has been the most fortunate in his editor. No rash attempt was made to complete what he had left imperfect, nothing was prefixed to the historical fragment he had written, but a short account of the researches in which it had engaged him. Sir James Mackintosh has met with a different treatment from the publishers of his posthumous work. To the excellent though unfinished specimen he had left of his intended history of England, they have appended a continuation of nearly equal length, written, not without ability, but in a totally different spirit, and with a manifest disposition to undervalue that great event, and to depreciate the persons who brought it about. In this appendage to the original work the changes effected in 1688 are judged, not by their intrinsic merit, or by the state from which

they delivered us, or even by the consequences to which they led—but by comparison with the demands of public opinion in 1830. Every charge or insinuation against the authors of the revolution is brought forward, and no allowance made for the difficulties with which they were encompassed, or for the prejudices to which they were opposed. William III., instead of appearing as "the deliverer of Holland and the preserver of Europe," is painted as a selfish ambitious hypocrite, who had long projected and at length accomplished, under false pretences, the overthrow of his father-in-law. The hard-hearted unrelenting James is made to call on us for our sympathy and commiseration; and, notwithstanding the persecutions for religion he had sanctioned or approved of, he is represented as a friend of toleration, and converted into a *quasi* martyr for religious liberty. Never was there a book where the concluding part was at such variance with the commencement. It is probably the first time that the continuator of a posthumous work took advantage of his situation to write an answer to the book he was employed to publish, and to incorporate both in the same volume. It reminds us of some Indian or Egyptian idols, where the head is human, and the extremity from some animal hostile to man.

Not content with this offence against propriety, the publishers have prefixed to their book a common-place life of Sir James Mackintosh, of no small dimensions, full of errors and omissions, made up of extracts from his published works and from the reports of his speeches in parliament, interspersed with criticisms on his talents and political character, calculated to lower him in public estimation below the station he deserves to occupy.

For the continuation of his history, had it been written in the same spirit with the original work, there might have been some excuse. The portion left by Sir James Mackintosh was small and incomplete, and some allowance must be made for book-sellers disappointed in their expectation of a larger book. But for the Life there can be no apology. The publishers were aware that a biographical account of Sir James Mackintosh, drawn from his own papers, letters, and journals, was in preparation by his family. To anticipate such a publication was not creditable; and with no original materials in their hands, they could have had no motive for undertaking the Life they have put forth, but to increase the size and enhance the price of their book.

The perusal of Sir James Mackintosh's part of this ponderous volume makes us regret, as much as his book-sellers can have done, that there is not more of it. If, in some respects, it has disappointed, it has, in general, exceeded, our expectations. We had no doubt of his calm and dispassionate investigation of truth—of his candour in estimating characters, and doing justice to those most opposed to him in opinion. We are fully aware of his ardent but enlightened attachment to civil and religious liberty, without distinction of sect or party. We expected in him, as we have found, a generous sympathy for the unfortunate, and a warmth of indignation against cruelty and oppression. But knowing his turn for dissertation and habits of critical disquisition, we were not prepared for the clearness and spirit of his narrative, or for the entertainment, as well as instruction, he affords us by his biographical notices of the individuals who

appear in succession on the scene, few of whom are dismissed without some account of who they were and what became of them, interspersed with anecdotes characteristic of them and of the age in which they lived. His portraits of individuals are drawn with care and discrimination, and with that mixture of light and shade, of strength and weakness, which is always found in real life, though often wanting in the delineations of the closet. Let us take, for example, his character of Lord Sunderland, long the prime minister of James II., and by many regarded as the principal, if not the intentional, instrument of his fall.

"Robert Spencer, Earl of Sunderland, who soon acquired the chief ascendancy in this administration, entered on public life with all the external advantages of birth and fortune. His father fell in the royal army at the battle of Newbury, with those melancholy forebodings of danger from the victory of his own party which filled the breasts of the more generous royalists, and which, on the same occasion, saddened the dying moments of Lord Falkland. His mother was Lady Dorothy Sidney, celebrated by Waller under the name of *Saccharissa*. He was early employed in diplomatic missions, where he acquired the political knowledge, insinuating address, and polished manners, which are learnt in that school, together with the subtlety, dissimulation, flexibility of principle, indifference on questions of constitutional policy, and impatience of the restraints of popular government, which have been sometimes contracted by English ambassadors in the course of a long intercourse with the ministers of absolute princes. A faint and superficial preference of the general principles of civil liberty was blended in a manner not altogether unusual with his diplomatic vices. He seems to have gained the support of the Duchess of Portsmouth to the administration formed by the advice of Sir William Temple, and to have then gained the confidence of that incomparable person, who possessed all the honest arts of a negotiator. He gave an early earnest of the inconstancy of an over-refined character by fluctuating between the exclusion of the Duke of York and the limitation of the royal prerogative. He was removed from the administration for his vote on the Bill of Exclusion. The love of office soon prevailed over his feeble spirit of independence, and he made his peace with the court by the medium of the Duke of York, who had long been well disposed to him, and of the Duchess of Portsmouth, who found no difficulty in reconciling the king to a polished as well as pliant courtier, an accomplished negotiator, and a minister more versed in foreign affairs than any of his colleagues. Negligence and profusion bound him to office by stronger though coarser ties than those of ambition: he lived in an age when a delicate purity in pecuniary matters had not begun to have a general influence on statesmen, and when a sense of personal honour, growing out of long habits of co-operation and friendship, had not yet contributed to secure them against political inconstancy. He was one of the most distinguished of a species of men who perform a part more important than noble in great events; who, by powerful talents, captivating manners, and accommodating opinions; by a quick discernment of critical moments in the rise and fall of parties; by not deserting a cause till the instant before it is universally discovered to be desperate, and by a command of expedients and connexions which render them valuable to every-

new possessor of power, find means to cling to office or to recover it, and who, though they are the natural offspring of quiet and refinement, often creep through stormy revolutions without being crushed. Like the best and most prudent of his class, he appears not to have betrayed the secrets of the friends whom he abandoned, and never to have complied with more evil than was necessary to keep his power. His temper was without rancour; he must be acquitted of prompting, or even preferring, the cruel acts which were perpetrated under his administration; deep designs and pre-meditated treachery were irreconcileable both with his indolence and his impetuosity; and there is some reason to believe, that, in the midst of total indifference about religious opinions, he retained to the end some degree of that preference for civil liberty which he might have derived from the examples of his ancestors, and the sentiments of some of his early connexions."

In the character given by Sir James Mackintosh of Lord Halifax, a man of greater genius than Lord Sunderland, though less qualified to make his way as a politician, we meet with similar traits of the tact and discrimination of his portraits. Lord Halifax had, it seems, in the generous fervour of youth, embraced the opinions of a republican; but finding soon that "his political speculations were incapable of being reduced to practice, he suffered them to melt away in the sunshine of royal favour. The disappointment of visionary hopes led him to despair of great improvements, to despise the moderate service which an individual may render to the community, and to turn with disgust from public principles to the indulgence of his own vanity and ambition. He had a stronger passion for praise than for power, and loved the display of talent more than the possession of authority. The unbridled exercise of his wit exposed him to lasting animosities, and threw a shade of levity over his character. He was too acute in discovering difficulties, too ingenious in devising objections. He had too keen a perception of human weakness and folly not to find many pretexts and temptations for changing his measures and deserting his connexions. The subtlety of his genius tempted him to projects too refined to be understood or supported by numerous bodies of men. His appetite for praise, when sated by the admiration of his friends, was too apt to seek a new and more stimulating gratification in the applauses of his opponents. His weakness and even his talents continued to betray him into inconstancy; which, if not the worst quality of a statesman, is the most fatal to his permanent importance."

Of the brutal Jeffreys he speaks with more unqualified reprobation than of any other person mentioned in his history. Some sentences deserve to be extracted. "The union of a powerful underservant, with boisterous violence, and the basest subserviency, singularly fitted him to be the tool of a tyrant. He wanted, indeed, the aid of hypocrisy, but he was free from its restraints. He had that reputation for boldness which many men preserve as long as they are personally safe, by violence in their counsels and in their language. If he at last feared danger, he never feared shame, which much more frequently restrains the powerful."

But we must have done with quotations. Those we have selected are favourable specimens of Sir James Mackintosh's style and manner of composition. In the latter part of the fragment, there are

many sentences that want the correcting hand of the author. Some are obscure, others ungrammatical, and many might be divided or shortened with advantage. We do not blame the editor for leaving untouched these defects; but, in justice to the author, the publishers ought to have remembered, that he had marked with his own hand on the latter part of his MS., that it required to be revised and corrected before it went to press.

There are several disquisitions of a general nature dispersed through the work. The most important and elaborate is a dissertation on the right of resistance, on the circumstances in which it is justifiable, and on the limitations to which it is subject. At the close of this discussion he examines the question whether a people aggrieved by their own government may call in the aid of foreigners to their assistance. He decides in the affirmative; but considers the policy in most cases doubtful. The case of Holland against Philip of Spain, of England against James II., and of America against George III., are examples of the experiment being made with safety and advantage; but it is too hazardous to be tried unless under very peculiar circumstances.

There is a digression of first-rate excellence on the good and evil produced by the Jesuits, in which the objections to a society of that description, on whatever pretext it may be formed, are stated in the most forcible and convincing manner.

The remarkable calm that preceded the revolution excites the curiosity of Sir James Mackintosh. Some of the reasons he assigns for it may appear fanciful, and others are not in strict accordance with historical truth. But one of the explanations he suggests, if not true, is at least plausible. Popular commotions are commonly preceded by public meetings, or secret assemblies, where the passions of the multitude are excited to violence and turbulence by harangues and exhortations from persons of their own condition. But on this occasion the whole body of the clergy, and all the protestant gentry, were for the first and only time embarked in the popular cause. There was no occasion for demagogues to rouse the multitude; the nation trusted their natural leaders. The people were calm, because those above them were equally alive to their common danger, and equally determined to resist it. "Hence arose the facility of caution and secrecy at one time, of energy and speed at another, of concert and co-operation throughout, which are indispensable in enterprises so perilous."

We are tempted to make one quotation more, on account of its connexion with a prevailing political heresy of our own times. It is not unusual for the declaimers in favour of popular rights to underrate the struggles with the crown in the middle ages, as contests in which the body of the people had no sort of interest. In reference to such opinions Sir James Mackintosh has the following remark: "In a contest between one tyrant and many, where a nation in a state of personal slavery is equally disregarded by both, reason and humanity might be neutral, if reflection did not remind us, that even the contests and factions of a turbulent aristocracy call forth an energy and magnanimity and ability which are extinguished under the quiet and more fatally lasting domination of a single master." So just is this observation, and strongly confirmed by history, that it may truly be said of the convention at Runnemede, that it was the im-

pulse which has guided and directed us ever since. If the barons, who extorted Magna Charta, were to make their appearance before the Reformed House of Commons of 1834, they might say with truth, "If it had not been for us, you would not have been here." The greatest mistake in judging of past times is to estimate the conduct of our ancestors by the standard of our own opinion. The most grievous error in modern legislation is to argue, that an institution must be good at present because it was useful a hundred years ago. We might as well insist on talking the language of Chaucer as maintain that whatever is ancient ought on that account to be preserved. Every thing human is subject to change. Gas lights have superseded whale oil, as the new boroughs have taken place of the old. Let us neither despise our ancestors for having paved their streets, nor refuse to macadamise our own.

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*From Tail's Magazine.*

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH'S HISTORY OF THE REVOLUTION OF 1688.

As soon as Sir James Mackintosh had abjured his early principles, he chose to be considered a Whig of the Revolution; which, now that the old breed of Tories is extinct, the Passive obedience and Divine right men, differs in nothing from a modern Tory, save the letters that compose the word. Sir Robert Peel, and even the member for Oxford University, are exactly Whigs of the Revolution; that first Reform Bill, which established a great Constitutional principle, but bore few fruits in the reform of institutions; and of which the most remarkable consequence as concerned the people, was, that the Whigs ousted the Tories.—The Glorious Revolution of 1688 has been shorn of its beams in these latter days. The Septennial Act alone neutralized its best advantages; as the principle "of cashiering Kings" for misconduct, recognised by the Revolution, is only to be acted upon in extreme cases, and at long intervals, while the power of the people over their representatives, secured by short Parliaments, is the constantly circulating life's blood of liberty. We have recently seen how much more powerful a check the prospect of a speedy day of account with constituents proves, than any other countervailing force whatever. The history of this Revolution forms the ostensible and prominent part of this large quarto volume. It is a fragment of that history of England, for so many years promised by Sir James Mackintosh; and on the faith of which some ill-natured people now say he long drew wind-bills on fame. The fragment, which occupies only about 350 pages of lordly print, or less than a half of the volume, unluckily for "the immortal memory," closes at a very ticklish juncture; as the editor and biographer of Sir James Mackintosh does not sympathize in his unqualified and inordinate admiration of the Prince of Orange.

To the volume is prefixed a life of Sir James Mackintosh, and a notice of his writings and speeches, which will probably be the portion of this expensive work, most generally read. It is well written, in a candid and liberal spirit, and contains a fair and impartial estimate of the man in public and in private life. The notices of a pri-

vate kind are, however, so very meagre, that we feel inclined to increase the amount, though we should travel somewhat out of the record.

The very first sentence assigns the memory of Sir James the exact place it will occupy with posterity. "Sir James Mackintosh will be remembered as a man of letters, and a member of the House of Commons." He held that prominent station in public life, in which a man is sure to be either over-estimated or unduly depreciated, and both, probably, at different periods of his course; and though this quarto is a favourable augury, we should not imagine that his reputation, which, to some extent, was that of society, of juxtaposition, and of *talk*, is likely ever to be much higher than at present. The fervent admirers of Sir James, if the rising generation numbers many, may consider the estimate of his biographer frigid, if not ungenerous, though it will be more difficult to point out inaccuracy either in the facts or reasoning; and the sceptics to the overweening merits ascribed to a Whig oracle of long standing, may conceive the praise tending to excess; leaving the author of the memoir in that *juste milieu*, which is generally as true a position, in a moral sense, as it is equivocal in a political one. The former class cannot say that his summing up and judgments are not candid and impartial; but the latter may object that he throws in too many words for the prisoner.

The most remarkable feature in the public character of Sir James Mackintosh, was, that, though he hung loosely on party, no one ever dreamed of calling him an independent member of Parliament. A very moderate Whig, as we have seen, ever after the unthriving opinions of his youth, he seemed to stand upon neutral ground; but he stood fettered by contingencies, expectations, and the difficulties of his personal affairs. No man in England had set up pretensions to disinterested patriotism, if, like Mackintosh, a political adventurer without fortune, unless he make up his mind, with Andrew Marvel, to live in a garret, and dine on a blade-bone of mutton. There is no disrespect intended in styling Sir James Mackintosh a political adventurer, while the same term is applied to the most distinguished of his contemporaries; the true question being how he and they conducted themselves in the field of adventure open to every man, and not the equipments which graced their entrance.

Sir James Mackintosh was the son of Captain Mackintosh of Killachie, an officer in the army, and the representative of one of the families of the Clan Mackintosh. No Highland gentleman need want a goodly-spread family-tree. Sir James was born to a long pedigree and a narrow patrimony. His mother was named Macgillivray; she was a native of Carolina, and died at Gibraltar, whither she accompanied her husband from Scotland, while her eldest son, James, was still a child. He was born upon the 24th October, 1765, at his grandmother's residence, the farm of Aldourie, a spot of enchanting beauty at that end of Loch Ness which is next the town of Inverness. Sir James discovered that early passion for reading which is the uniform symptom of talent, wherever there is the least opportunity for its development. He was sent to the Grammar School of Fortrose, then the most reputable seminary in that country, and made such proficiency, that his friends resolved to train him for one of the learned professions, instead of the army, the ordinary destination of the

great heads of small Highland Houses. He accordingly went to Aberdeen, where he was supported by a legacy left him by an uncle; his father, with the free and careless habits of his profession, being unable to do any thing for his children. At King's College, Mackintosh became the intimate friend of his fellow-student, the late illustrious Robert Hall of Leicester, the Baptist Minister.—Though they rarely met in after life, they occasionally corresponded, and their friendship remained unimpaired. One of its worst consequences was, that Sir James, on his political defection, for a time, drew young Hall after him. The matter offensive to the friends of freedom, in the celebrated sermon of Modern Infidelity, was but an eloquent and powerful amplification of the new ideas imbibed by the author of the *Vendicice Gallice*, suddenly and inexplicably converted not alone into the enthusiastic admirer of the genius of Burke, but also into an admirer of his opinions.

Having finished his classical education at Aberdeen, Mackintosh came to Edinburgh to study medicine; and, in the Speculative Society, first essayed the art of oratory. "The study of medicine is said to have occupied the lesser, whilst literature, philosophy, and dissipation occupied the greater portion of his time;" and so much was he distinguished among the students, that it became a fashion to copy the negligence of his dress. In 1787, he took his degree as Doctor of Medicine; and having spent the whole of his uncle's legacy, "the world was all before him." After thinking of Bath as a place to commence practice, he came to London, and began practice by writing a pamphlet on the Whig side of the Regency question, which then divided the nation.

Dr. Mackintosh was now left to his own resources, and, at the age of twenty-four, an unfriended adventurer for fame and fortune,—but, in the first place for bread. Having nothing better to do, he fell in love, and married,—not as the prudent would call wisely, but, as it turned out, most happily and fortunately, for his rash marriage proved his salvation. The brothers of the lady, Miss Stuart, were displeased with their sister clandestinely allying herself to a young man who had neither fortune nor industry, and of whose capacity they had yet no idea. "Young, careless, and dissipated," he had squandered all his own means; and his family showed their resentment at his marriage in the manner ungenerous relatives too often do,—by withholding all assistance at the moment it became most necessary. His wife had some little fund, and the young couple went to the Netherlands, and spent the greater part of 1789 in Brussels. They returned to London early in the subsequent year, "without money or means of living."

The French Revolution was now in progress, and Dr. Mackintosh had not been an uninterested spectator of its workings and tendencies, nor blind to its consequences to Europe.

One of his brothers-in-law, Mr. Charles Stuart, wrote for the theatres and the public press; and by him Dr. Mackintosh was introduced to John Bell, and became editor of *The Oracle*. His first labours were task-work; he was paid by measure, and produced quantities which frightened Mr. Bell. One week he extended to a £10 length, which must have included many feet of columns; and this occasioned his reduction to a fixed salary. *The Oracle* attracted notice. The Editor became known to the notorious Felix Macarthy, "an Irish

compound of rake, gladiator, writer, and politician, the companion of Sheridan in his orgies and election scenes, and the humble follower of Lord Moira." This character introduced him to the unfortunate Joseph Gerald; and by Gerald, who had been a favourite pupil with Dr. Parr, he was made known to that luminary. His brothers-in-law now became proud of their relative. They wished him to attempt something higher than *The Oracle*, and Mr. Bell's measured employment; and as every thing must have a beginning, having had some previous experience as a speaker in Edinburgh, he attended a public meeting of the county of Middlesex, and made a speech which "was received with great applause," especially by Felix Macarthy, and his own personal friends.

The death of his father placed Dr. Mackintosh in possession of a little money about this time, and he took a house at Ealing, and sought and found deserved celebrity, by writing his answer to Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution"—his *Vindictæ Gallicæ*, the foundation of his future literary fame and prosperity. Instead of a pamphlet, as he had originally intended, it appeared in April 1791, as a volume of nearly 400 pages. He sold the copyright for £30; but three editions being called for in the same year, "The publisher," says the biographer, "had the liberality [honesty] to give the author more than triple the sum." The enlightened spirit in which the life of Mackintosh is composed, may be inferred from the following passage relating to this work:—

"The period of composing it was probably the happiest of his life. The more generous principles and brighter views of human nature, society and government, of his own ambition and hopes, which then engaged his faculties, and exalted his imagination, were assuredly not compensated to him by the commendations which he afterwards obtained for practical wisdom, matured experience, and those other hackneyed phrases, which are doubtless often justly bestowed, but which are still often but masks for selfish calculation, and grovelling ambition. His domestic life was, at the same time, the happiest that can be conceived. He had indulged, by his own avowal, in the vices of dissipation, up to the period of his marriage; but now his life was spent in the solitude of his house at Ealing, without seeking or desiring any other enjoyment, than the composition of his works, and the society of his wife, to whom, by way of recreation in the evening, he read what he had written during the day."

Dr. Mackintosh had already been introduced, by his brother-in-law, to Sheridan, who is here called "Manager of the Press to the Whig party." The opponent of Burke also became known to Fox, Grey, Lauderdale, Erskine, Whitbread, and all the leading Whigs; and was, on the other side, as an Inverness-shire gentleman of literary talent, invited to the Dutches of Gordon's routes. He also shared the abuse of the Tories; and this completed his triumph, as the defender of the French Revolution, and the champion of its admirers in England.

In the following year, the "Corresponding Society of the Friends of the People," was organized under the auspices of Lord Grey. Dr. Mackintosh, a member from the first, became its secretary, managed its correspondence with great ability, and carefully composed its leading manifesto,—"The Declaration of the Friends of the People." The Society voted him thanks for a pamphlet on

the apostacy of Pitt from the cause of reform; and the Attorney-General, Sir John Scott, the present Lord Eldon, did him the honour to become as alarmed at his writings and revolutionary principles, as he was at those of Paine, Mary Wollstonecraft, and "the Friends of the People," and denounced them in common in Parliament. Now an active politician, Mackintosh entirely gave up his original profession; and, entering at Lincoln's Inn, he was in 1795 called to the bar.

As a barrister, he does not appear to have had any professional success whatever. He continued to write for the newspapers and periodical works; and though his patrimonial inheritance still afforded some resource, with "his want of prudence and economy, and the expenses of a family, he was often embarrassed." This too frequent episode, in the life of all politicians struggling into public notice, was attended by the almost unfailing consequences, the desertion of those principles which, as things are ordered in this country, are soon seen to impede success in life. The biographer of Mackintosh states the case with candour and fairness. "His political principles now underwent a change which was variously judged. It has been assigned to a visit of some days to Burke. There are two versions of his acquaintance with his great adversary. According to one account, he was induced to write Burke, without having had any personal intercourse with him, a letter of recommendation of some third person; according to the other, Burke charged Dr. Lawrence with a long letter to him, containing an invitation to Beaconsfield." However this might be, the barrister threw off the faith of the doctor. The horrors of the French Revolution became, at this time, a scape-goat for the renegades. "He might," says his biographer, "have recollected that, if the Revolution produced men of blood, religion had generated persecutors, and monarchy tyrants, to become a bloody scourge of the human race. The supposition, that his political opinions were made thus suddenly to veer about, would shake his claim to that depth, firmness, and force of principle, which are the growth of the first order of minds. Other disgusts than those of Jacobinism and the Revolution may be easily conceived to have been felt by him. *With talents and ambition, he had his fortune to make.* Notwithstanding his intimacy with the leading Whigs, and their estimation of him, he was still but the pioneer of a party; and he must have found the cause of liberty and the people a barren service. The man who would attach himself to the Whigs, or serve the people, must not be dependent for his fortune upon either, if he would aspire to political station, or escape disgusts. What was Burke but the subaltern—the very slave of a party—the pensioner of Lord Rockingham—degraded rather than distinguished by the paltry title of a Privy Counsellor? If Huskisson became a leading Cabinet Minister, and Canning the Chief of an administration, it was because they renounced Whiggism at the threshold of public life. Thus humanity, ambition, and necessity might have predisposed Sir James Mackintosh to become a convert; and the knowledge of this predisposition would account for the spontaneous advances of Burke." It is not, however, evident that Burke's advances were spontaneous or that he made advances at all; though it would have been something to the nobler apostate, to see another fox, of some mark, cut off his tail.

Nor is it unlikely that Mackintosh first won his

way to Burke by very courtly reviews, in the *Monthly Review*, of the LETTER to a NOBLE LORD, and THOUGHTS ON A REGICIDE PEACE.

He was still so much connected with the Whig party as to be obliged to defend that odious, time-serving, rapacious personage, the founder of the House of Russell, whom Burke had eloquently attacked, and whom the Whig literati should really give up to judgment. Sir James, in these reviews, trimmed between the Foxites and the Alarmists, with the ambidextrous policy which rarely succeeds. If the Pitt party did not now gain him on their own terms, it was because they were not very anxious about the bargain. He had receded from Fox, without making any efficient way with Pitt; though the members of the Tory Government were seen among his friends, when, in 1797, he put forth a prospectus of a course of Lectures on the Law of Nature and Nations, to be delivered at Lincoln's Inn. For this he had the double motive of gaining money for the maintenance of his family and extending his reputation. His understood thorough change of creed, if not of faith, is seen in the circumstance of the Benchers refusing him the use of their Hall as a Lecture Room, until the present Lord Eldon, and the Chancellor, Lord Rosslyn, signified their pleasure. Previous care must have been taken to make friends. "From twenty-five to thirty Peers, double the number of Commoners, and a crowd of the most learned and accomplished persons in the metropolis, were attracted to Lincoln's Inn Hall," as if it had been the Opera House on the first night of a new singer, whose fame has long preceded her. Members of the Government were among the audience at the introductory lecture, which was the only one published. It drew forth letters of compliment from Lords Melville and Rosslyn, Mr. Addington, Mr. Canning and Mr. Pitt himself. But the lectures, though they continued to be praised, ceased to be followed by the distinguished personages who patronized the lecturer.

There were other persons present to whom the biographer has not alluded, and one judge has left on record an opinion on the spirit, scope, and effect of these lectures, which is entitled to great deference. Hazlitt, in noticing a celebrated speech of Sir James's on the transfer of Genoa, delivered long after this, thus reverts to the more celebrated lectures:—"There was a greater degree of power, or of dashing and splendid effect (we wish we could add, an equally humane and liberal spirit) in the *Lectures on the Law of Nature and Nations*, formerly delivered by Sir James, than Mr. Mackintosh, in Lincoln's Inn Hall. He showed greater confidence; was more at home there. The effect was more electrical and instantaneous; and this elicited a prouder display of intellectual riches, and a more animated and imposing mode of delivery. Dazzling others by the brilliancy of his arguments,—dazzled himself by the admiration they excited, he lost fear as well as prudence, dared every thing, carried every thing before him. The MODERN PHILOSOPHY, counterscarp, outworks, citadel, and all, fell without a blow, 'by the whiff and wind of his fell doctrine,' as if it had been a pack of cards. The volcano of the French Revolution was seen expiring in its own flames, like a bonfire made of straw; the principles of Reform were scattered in all directions, like chaff before the keen northern blast." It was not surprising that peers and commoners trooped to Lincoln's Inn Hall, and that Tory ministers sent complimentary

letters. "The havoc was amazing, the desolation was complete. As to our visionary sceptics and Utopian Philosophers, they stood no chance with our lecturer;—he did not carve them as a dish fit for the gods, but hewed them as a carcass fit for hounds. Poor Godwin, who had come in the *bonhomie* and candour of his nature, to hear what new light had broken in upon his old friend, was obliged to quit the field; and slunk away after an exulting taunt thrown out at 'such fanciful chimeras,' as a golden mountain, or a 'perfect man.' Mr. Mackintosh had something of the air, much of the dexterity and self-possession of a political and philosophical juggler; and an eager and admiring audience gaped and greedily swallowed the gilded bait of sophistry, prepared for their credulity and wonder. Those of us who attempted day after day, and were accustomed to have all our previous notions confounded and struck out of our heads by some metaphysical legerdemain, were at last at some loss to know whether *two and two made four*, till we heard the lecturer's opinion on this head." As the introductory lecture alone has been printed, there is now probably no account of the scope of the whole course to be obtained equal to that of Hazlitt, who, it appears, attended daily.—"It seemed," he continues, "to be equally his object, or the tendency of his discourses, to unsettle every principle of reason or of common sense, and to leave his audience, at the mercy of the *dictum* of a lawyer, the nod of a minister, or the shout of a mob. To effect this purpose he drew largely on the learning of antiquity, on modern literature, on history, poetry, and the *belles lettres*, on the schoolmen, and on writers of novels, French, English, and Italian. Mr. Mackintosh's lectures, after all, were but a kind of philosophical *entos*. They were profound, brilliant even to his hearers; but the profundity, the brilliancy, the novelty, were not his own. He was like Dr. Pangloss, (not Voltaire's but Coleman's,) who speaks only in quotations; and the pith and marrow of Sir James's reasoning, at this time, might be put within inverted commas. It, however, served the purpose, and the loud echo died away. We are only sorry for one thing in these lectures,—the tone and spirit in which they seemed to have been composed, and to be delivered. If all that body of opinions and principles, of which the orator read his recantation, was confounded, and there was an end to all those views and hopes that pointed to future improvement, it was not a matter of triumph or exultation to the lecturer, or any body else, to the young or the old, the wise or the foolish; on the contrary, it was a subject of regret,—of slow, reluctant, painful admission."

The biographer of Sir James says, that these lectures, which propitiated the friends of social order, so called, procured the lecturer the offer of an Under Secretaryship from Mr. Pitt; and that it is certain Canning, his personal friend, called upon him with an offer of official place and patronage from the Minister. Though he did not yet obtain place, "his name was placed on the Minister's list, among those who were to be provided for." In the meanwhile, Robert Hall, the Baptist preacher, a man of a far more original and powerful mind than Mackintosh, made his lapse; and in defending his friend, in the *British Critic*, from Benjamin Flower, the Editor of the *Cambridge Chronicle*, who had made some just strictures upon Hall's political sermon, we would defy any Tory party writer of the period to have exceeded in vio-

lence, unfairness, and gross *cant*, the late Secretary of "The London Corresponding Society." He denounces Diderot and D'Alembert, and refers, as authorities, to the Abbe Baruel, and Professor Robison! Take one specimen—"Has he (Mr. Flower) never heard that the miners of Cornwall were instigated to sell their clothes to purchase the impious ravings of Tom Paine? or that they were gratuitously distributed among the people of Scotland, with such fatal effects that a large body of that once religious people made a bonfire of their Bibles, in honour of the new apostle?"—"Does he perceive the mischievous and infernal art with which Deism is preached to the deluded peasantry of Scotland, while Atheism is reserved for the more illuminated ruffians of London?" Let us stretch our charity "to the crack of doom," it is not possible to believe that Mr. Mackintosh was a believer in the bugbears invented to discredit the cause of Reform, which he lent his pen to dress up in fresh horrors. His biographer gives him up. "It might have occurred to him, that though the union of ferocity with irreligion may have been, to use his own words, 'agreeable to the reasoning' of an alarmist of that period, the union of ferocity with fanaticism was much more congenial, frequent and cruel; that the French philosophy of the eighteenth century, thus stigmatized by him, with the imputation of an immoral, anti-social, barbarizing spirit, and savage appetite for blood, expunged the torture from the criminal procedure—persecution from the criminal jurisprudence of France,—and brought the French Protestant within the pale of Christian society. He should have remembered that the obloquy of irreligion was cast upon himself, before he became reconciled to the self-called champions of the altar and the throne; and that mere railing, even where the reproach of infidelity may be well-founded, is the resource of dispute usually employed by persons of mean capacity and base nature." This is well said. Sir James Mackintosh was not of base nature; but, at this time, he betrayed himself, and he felt with the acrimony of a sensitive mind, that could not have been wholly unconscious of wilful error, and that was liable to the imputation of sordid motives.

We turn to Mr. Mackintosh in his best aspect,—in domestic life. In 1797, he lost his wife, after a union of eight years. He wrote Dr. Parr with much better taste and feeling than dictated those remarks on Joseph Flower, "which more resemble the rant by which priests inflame the languid bigotry of their fanatical adherents, than the calm, ingenuous and manly criticisms of a philosopher and a scholar.\* It would seem that Dr. Parr had written him a letter of condolence, and he thus addresses the Doctor:—

"I use the first moment of composure to return my thanks to you for having thought of me in my affliction. It was impossible for you to know the bitterness of that affliction; for I myself scarce knew the greatness of my calamity till it had fallen upon me: nor did I know the acuteness of my own feelings till they had been subjected to this trial. Alas! it is only now I feel the value of what I have lost. Allow me, in justice to her memory, to tell you what she was, and what I owed her. I was guided in my choice only by the blind affection of

my youth, and might have formed a connexion in which a short-lived passion would have been followed by repentance and disgust; but I found an intelligent companion, a tender friend, a prudent monitress; the most faithful of wives, and as dear a mother as ever children had the misfortune to lose. Had I married a woman who was easy, or giddy enough to have been infected by my imprudence, or who had rudely and harschly attempted to correct it, I should in either case, have been irretrievably ruined: a fortune in either case, would with my habits, have been only a shorter cut to destruction. But I met a woman who, by the tender management of my weaknesses, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them, and rescued me from the dominion of a degrading and ruinous vice. She became prudent from affection; and, though of the most generous nature, she was taught economy and frugality by her love for me. During the most critical period of my life, she preserved order in my affairs, from the care of which she relieved me; she gently reclaimed me from dissipation; she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful and creditable to me; and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness and improvidence. To her I owe that I am not a ruined outcast; to her, whatever I am; to her, whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest, she never for a moment forgot my feelings and my character. Even in her occasional resentment,—for which I but too often gave just cause, (would to God that I could recall those moments!) she had no sullenness or acrimony. Her feelings were warm and impetuous,—but she was placable, tender, and constant. She united the most attentive prudence with the most generous and guileless nature, with a spirit that disdained the shadow of meanness, and with the kindest and most honest heart. Such was she whom I have lost; and I have lost her when her excellent natural sense was rapidly improving, after eight years of struggle and distress had bound us fast together, and moulded our tempers to each other; when a knowledge of her worth had refined my youthful love into friendship, before age had deprived it of much of its original ardour. I lost her, alas! (the choice of my youth and the partner of my misfortunes,) at a moment when I had the prospect of her sharing my better days. This, my dear Sir, is a calamity which the prosperity of the world can never repair. To expect that any thing, on this side the grave, can make it up, would be a vain and delusive expectation. If I had lost the giddy and thoughtless companion of prosperity, the world could easily repair the loss; but I have lost the tender and faithful partner of my misfortunes; and my only consolation is that Being under whose severe but paternal bereavement I am cut down to the ground." The bereaved widower, after advertizing to the usual topics of consolation, in a tone of Christian hope and resignation, and mild philosophy, proceeds to consult the learned Doctor about a suitable inscription for his wife's monument. English he thought the best adapted to the purpose, but he requested a Latin epitaph from his friend. Dr. Parr was charmed with the letter and the office. "I never," he says, "received from mortal man a letter which, in point of composition, can be compared with that you wrote me the other day; and were you to read it yourself, at some very remote period, you would be charmed with it, as I have been, and you would say of it, as Ci-

\*Said by Mackintosh himself, in animadverting on Burke's "rant" about the English Free-thinkers.

ero did of his work, De Senectute, '*Ipse, mea legens, sic afficior interdum, ut Catonem, non me loqui existemem.*' What follows is amusingly characteristic.—'I have myself sometimes experienced a similar effect from the less objectionable parts of my own writing, long after their publication. My opinion is, that an inscription—such a one, I mean, as would be most worthy of your character, most adapted to your feelings, and most satisfactory to your ultimate judgment,—calls for the Latin language. You know my sentiments, and from mine, probably, have you borrowed your own, on the best forms of epitaphs.' Finally, the inscription on this admirable wife stands in St. Clement's Church, in the Doctor's most choice Latin. The amusing mixture of pedantry and *bonhomie*, ever conspicuous in this learned personage, has tempted us aside. Mr. Mackintosh married, after an interval of about two years, Miss Allan, the daughter of a Pembrokeshire gentleman. He, about this time, to increase his precarious income, became a shareholder and writer for the *Morning Post*, at a fixed salary. This print had been commenced by his brother-in-law, Mr. Stuart.

The professional life of Sir James afforded so few memorable events, that a good deal of noise, and—not to speak it profanely—*getting up*, attended those that did occur. Like those young barristers, who are more celebrated in public life, than trusted by keen-sighted, cautious attorneys, Mr. Mackintosh's cases were chiefly Committee ones, arising from contested elections. A great case is often of far more consequence to a young barrister than he is to it. It is not difficult to place the finger on the precise case which, by giving scope to the powers of the struggling advocate, and drawing attention to their display, has created, or paved the way for his future prosperity and eminence. The case in which Mr. Mackintosh found a temporary forensic distinction, which, however, speedily melted into his general literary and lecturing reputation, was that of Peltier, an emigrant agent of the Bourbons, who, in London, published a newspaper in French, entitled *The Ambigu*, for the purpose of dissemination in France. After the Peace of Amiens, "The Regicide Peace," this *ambiguous* print contained a poem, pretending to be written by Chenier, which instigated the French people to the assassination of our then ally, the First Consul. Bonaparte applied for redress to the English Government; and the Attorney-General filed a criminal information against the editor of *The Ambigu*, who, we are told, "selected Mackintosh for his leading counsel, in order to afford a splendid opportunity to a friend." The trial took place before Lord Ellenborough, in February, 1803. In one word, we shall say, that Sir James, with great pains of preparation, spoke on this celebrated trial, a complete "Anti-Vindiciae Gallicæ," a pamphlet, almost a volume, which shows a considerable degree of literary talent and general reading, without much individual or profound thinking; and a very fair—an almost undue allowance of fustian—of claptrap oratorical passages, and of palpable aims at the one-shilling gallery of the public. One passage we shall cite, as the biographer says it, "is not only elegant, but has a direct and dexterous bearing on the case, and is, therefore, one of the best in the speech.

"One asylum of free discussion is still inviolate. There is still one spot in Europe where man can freely exercise his reason on the most important concerns of society; where he can boldly publish his judgment on it—with some fifty of the London newsmen.

the acts of the proudest and most powerful tyrants; the press of England is still free.\* It is guarded by the free constitution of our forefathers. It is guarded by the hearts and arms of Englishmen; and I trust I may venture to say, that if it is to fall, it will fall only under the ruins of the British empire."

"It is an awful consideration, gentlemen. Every monument of European liberty has perished. That ancient fabric, which has been gradually reared by the wisdom and virtue of our fathers, still stands. It stands, thanks be to God! solid, and entire,—but it stands alone, and it stands amidst ruins."

Of the Revolution, the converted author of the *Vindiciae Gallicæ* says,—

"Gentlemen, the French Revolution!—I must pause after I have uttered the words which present such an overwhelming idea. But I have not now to engage in an enterprise so far beyond my force, as that of examining and judging that tremendous Revolution. I have only to consider the character of the factions which it left behind it:—The French Revolution began with great and fatal errors. These errors produced atrocious crimes. A *mild* and *feeble* monarchy was succeeded by bloody anarchy, which very shortly gave birth to military despotism. France, in a few years, described the whole circle of human society. All this was in the order of nature: when every principle of authority and civil discipline,—when every principle which enables some men to command, and disposes others to obey, was extirpated by atrocious theories, and still more atrocious examples,—when every old institution was trampled down with impunity, and every new institution covered in its cradle with blood,—when the principle of property itself, the sheet-anchor of society, was annihilated,—when, in the persons of the new possessors, whom the poverty of language obliges us to call proprietors, it was contaminated in its source by robbery and murder; and it became separated from that society, and those manners, from that general presumption of superior knowledge, and more scrupulous probity, which form its only liberal titles to respect." "Under such circumstances, Bonaparte usurped the supreme power in France. I say *usurped*, because an illegal assumption of power is an usurpation. But usurpation, in its strongest moral sense, is scarcely applicable to a period of lawless and savage anarchy. The guilt of military usurpation, in truth, belongs to the authors of those confusions, which sooner or later give birth to such an usurpation."

This, and much more in the same speech, might not unaptly furnish tropes and figures to those few superannuated alarmists and anti-Jacobins, who, in the Tory periodicals, are still endeavouring to show, that the French Revolution was the exact prototype of the Reform Bill.

When Pitt, who could not stoop to make peace with regicide France, went in 1801 out of office, in connivance, as is believed, with his successor, Mr. Addington, Canning obtained a promise from the new Minister, that his friend, Mackintosh, should be provided for. In the meanwhile, he defended the measures of the Government in the columns of the *Morning Post*, and at length reaped the tardy reward of his merits and services, in the appointment of Recorder of Bombay. At one time he might have looked upon this appointment as an impediment in his progress, or a kind of honourable banishment; "but his want of fortune, his em-

\*Messrs. Bell, Grant, Barrett, and Cohen, are at this moment ready to attest this! The Marshalsea of London, and Dublin, and Chelmsford jail, may witness to

barrassments, the necessity and present duty of future maintenance for his young family, the equivocal position in which he stood between the two great political parties, which then divided opinion in England and Europe, the neutral character of a judicial office; all those considerations prevailed with him." He received, what his biographer says "is called the honour of Knighthood," and sailed for India in 1804. During his residence in the East, Sir James laid aside politics in a great measure. His favourite studies were morals and the philosophy of jurisprudence; his main object, the promotion of civilization and science. Already he appears to have adopted those mild and merciful ideas of the objects of criminal jurisdiction and of punishment, which he afterwards developed in the British senate. His charges to the grand jury of Bombay have been preserved; and they redound greatly to his honour. In the year of his arrival, we notice a passage in his charge very opposite to the present state of feeling in Britain. Several of the Indian provinces had, in that year, been visited by famine. The causes of the frequent famines in India he avoided, as unapt and difficult of investigation to a stranger; but he alluded to the same unfortunate state of things in Europe in former times, when the causes that now occasion at worst scarcity, produced famine. Free commerce he assigned as the main antidote in modern times. "For only one of two expedients against dearth can be imagined: either we must consume less food or must procure more; and, in general, both must be combined; we must have recourse both to retrenchment and to importation. So powerful and so beneficial are the energies of the great civilizing principle of commerce, which counteract as it everywhere is, by the stupid prejudices of the people, and by the absurd and mischievous interference of governments, has yet accomplished so great a revolution in the condition of so large a part of mankind, as totally to exempt them from the greatest calamity which afflicted their ancestors."

A singular event which occurred while Sir James was Recorder of Bombay, is stripped of much of its romance, and restored to its proper dimensions, in this Life. Two lieutenants in the British service, named M'Guire and Cauty, were tried before the tribunal of the Recorder, for waylaying, with intent to murder, two Dutchmen, who had excited their anger. They were found guilty; and, when brought up for judgment, Sir James, having addressed them at considerable length, on the nature of their offence, and with great earnestness and solemnity, proceeded thus:—"I consider every pang of the criminal, not necessary to the ends of amendment and example, as a crime in the judge; and in conformity with these principles, I was employed in considering the mildest judgment which public duty would allow me to pronounce on you, when I learned from undoubted authority, that your thoughts of me were not of the same nature. I was credibly, or rather certainly informed, that you had admitted into your minds the desperate project of destroying your own lives at the bar where you stand, and of signalizing your suicide by the destruction of at least one of your judges. If that murderous project had been executed, I should have been the first British magistrate who ever stained with his blood the seat on which he sat to administer justice. But I never can die better than in the discharge of my duty. When I ac-

cepted the office of a minister of justice, I knew that I must be unpopular among the enemies of justice. I knew that I ought to despise unpopularity, and slander, and even death itself. Thank God, I do despise them." Sentence was passed of a year's imprisonment. Very absurd versions of the drama in which Sir James acted what his inconsiderate eulogists call this "god-like part," have been made public. The young criminals are sometimes represented as natives who concealed knives about their persons to assassinate their judge. The present biographer regards the whole as a piece of mystification played off on the judge. The *Bombay Courier* told the awful story of four pistols, loaded with slugs, placed in a case made to resemble a writing-desk. "There is reason," says the author, "to believe, from other sources of information, that the communication made to Sir James was a misapprehension; that M'Guire protested against the remotest idea of such a purpose; and that he submitted to inspection his writing-desk, which, from mere singularity, he had caused to be so constructed as to serve the double purpose of a writing-desk and pistol-case, and that his pistols, when examined, were not charged." There are some improbable circumstances in the version above cited. If the communication was made to Sir James before he began to pronounce judgment, it appears to have been an inconceivable imprudence to remain gratuitously exposed, even for a second, to assassination; if it was made to him in the course of his address, and he believed that the purpose of a crime so heinous was really entertained, the impunity of the criminals, and the lenity of the sentence, was not magnanimity, but weakness. The probability is, that M'Guire may have swaggered, and threatened, and that the whole story arose from the recklessness of his language. That Sir James sat in godlike serenity, delivering a long address, expecting every moment when the pistols were to go off, outrages common sense, and exceeds all probability.

In India, Sir James commenced a sketch of his own life, of which no more has been heard, and his History of England. He instituted a literary society at Bombay; and occasional papers of his appeared in the journals. One, a sketch of Charles James Fox, which appeared in the *Bombay newspapers*, after the death of the great orator, though intended as a mark of homage and respect, rather offended than conciliated the Whigs. "This sketch would have been more worthy of its subject," the biographer remarks, "had it been more single-minded." Dr. Parr was offended by allusions to the opinions of Burke, which he imagined depreciated Fox. "If he," says Parr, "meant to exalt Mr. Burke, as I suspect he did, his attempt was not wise. His present partiality in favour of Mr. Burke's politics, is greater than my own—his habitual admiration of Mr. Burke's talents is not." Sir James, in short, in trying to please everybody, failed in that impossible attempt.

In 1812 he returned to England, after a period of bad health, originating in the climate. Lady Mackintosh had preceded him some years, and influence and his reputation procured him the representation of the small county of Nairn, which was then the likeliest thing possible to a close borough. Mr. Charles Grant, the East India Director, had, for several Parliaments, represented the neighbouring county of Inverness, and exercised considerable influence in the adjoining counties of

**Nairn and Moray.** In him, his friend and countryperson, Sir James found a useful political friend; for the opinions he was understood to have taken out and brought back from the East, could not have operated to his prejudice with any moderate Tory whatever. Lord Moira had even offered him a seat, through the influence of the Court. A pension of £1200 a-year from the East India Company, and the appointment of the law professorship in Hertford College, furnished the means of life. In Parliament he was understood to occupy neutral ground; but a circumstance attending his first appearance inflicted a mortification, which, by stirring his spleen, kept him aloof from the Ministry of the day. It was on the occasion—so interesting to every new member who enjoys a previous celebrity “out of the House”—of delivering his first speech. We have this account of it—“His first speech, without any failure of talent yet failed wholly of effect. It was delivered by him on the 14th December, 1813. The French empire now trembled to its centre. The Rhine was passed, and France invaded by the Allies on the one side; the Duke of Wellington was approaching the barrier of the Pyrenees on the other; and the English Guards were already arrived in Holland. Pending events so momentous, Lord Castlereagh gave notice of a long adjournment of Parliament, and Sir James Mackintosh announced that he would resist the motion. On the 13th December the Minister moved the adjournment of the House to the 1st of March following, without adding a single reason or observation in support of his motion, ‘the propriety of which was, he said, too obvious to require proof.’ Sir James came prepared to tear and trample the flimsy web of oratory which made up that Minister’s Parliamentary speeches,—his mind and memory charged with an oration, in which he should pass the state of Europe in review. He was taken by surprise; the manoeuvre of the Minister left him no ground to stand upon; he had to discharge his speech in the air; and thus a speech, redundant with eloquence and information, delivered without spirit, under a sense of disappointment and surprise, dropped cold and lifeless, as a prelection, upon a thin and dull auditory.”

This situation was the more distressing, as the Whigs did not feel it incumbent on them to come to the rescue. Sir Samuel Romilly and Mr. Abercromby alone countenanced the discomfited new member, who long felt this failure, and from it was, probably, the more disposed to cultivate popularity in society. The following passage appears to us exceedingly just, and of wider application than to its immediate subject:—“The failure was confined within the walls of Parliament. His continuation of Hume’s History of England was announced. The talents of the author, and the merits of the work were estimated by the magnificent price he was to receive; and the public, upon his word, placed him, by anticipation, as the classic historian of his age and country, by the side of Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon. He possessed the talent of conversation; and his reputation in society raised still higher the expectations of the world. Society is said to be less cultivated in London than in other great capitals. It attained at this period its greatest *eclat* since the age of Anne; the genius and popularity of English living poets; the high estimation of the art, the marvellous events and extraordinary excitement of the time, the influx of distinguished

foreigners from the different countries of Europe, rendered certain circles in London brilliant beyond example. Lord Byron was now at the height of his eccentric career; and Madame de Staél, after having paraded herself and her grievances, during ten years, from city to city, on the Continent, came to London, for the purpose of gathering homage through every gradation, from Grub street to Holland House. Sir James Mackintosh squandered his mornings, his evenings, his faculties, on those dazzling circles. He did the honours of the genius of Madame de Staél; he escorted, introduced, and exhibited her; he was himself among those whose acquaintance is sought by strangers; as one of the leading intellects of his nation; his presence was thought necessary wherever distinguished talents and the ‘best company’ were combined for social enjoyment, or for ostentation. But what were those frivolous successes of society—those perishable vanities of an hour—compared with the sacrifice of so large a portion of the small compass of human life, which might have been devoted, in the solitude of his cabinet, to the production of lasting monuments to his reputation?”

Still it was necessary to do something besides projecting and promising a great deal; and Sir James wrote those occasional articles for the *Edinburgh Review*, which his biographer gives us an opportunity of ascertaining with more certainty than has yet been done, though the best of them are, in general, well known. The first was on Dugald Stewart’s account of the boy born blind and deaf, James Mitchell. It appeared in 1812, and was followed in the next year by a review of Rogers, which afforded the writer opportunity for some discriminating remarks on the living poets, and especially for a few fine “oleaginous touches” to those he was daily meeting in society. The moral defects of Lord Byron’s poetry, his “strains of sublime satire,” are traced to impatience of the imperfections of living men, to that “worship of perfection which is the soul of all true poetry.” Moore is handled with even more delicacy. “The national genius of Ireland at length found a poetical representative, whose exquisite ear and flexible fancy, wantoned in all the varieties of poetical luxury—from the levities to the fondness of love, from polished pleasantries to ardent passion, and from the social joys of private life, to a tender and mournful patriotism, taught by the melancholy fortunes of an illustrious country; with a range adapted to every nerve in the composition of a people susceptible of all feelings which have the colour of generosity, and more exempt, probably, than any other, from degrading and unpoetical vices.”

Sir James sought golden opinions from all sorts of writers who made a figure in society, by this kind of good-natured flattery; but the unmitigated ardour of his praise was reserved for Madame de Staél. To her he owed a considerable portion of his European celebrity. She had translated his defence of Peltier, and this kindness was now returned with triple compound interest. His review of Madame de Staél’s “Germany” was published as a pamphlet; such was its immediate vogue. The most memorable of the contributions of Sir James Mackintosh to the *Review*, between 1812 and 1824, when he ceased to write for it, are the above, his article on Dugald Stewart’s “View of the Progress of Metaphysical Science,” in the Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*,

and Sismondi's *History of the French*. His other writings are well known. The most important are the *General View of Ethical Philosophy*, written for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*,—the *History of England, from the Roman conquest of Britain to the nineteenth year of the Reign of Elizabeth*,—and a delightful *Life of Sir Thomas More*, the only fault of which is, that it wants the easy undress freedom of biography, and, indeed, maintains throughout the stately pace of history. The latter works were published in the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*. The *General View of Ethical Philosophy* is the work most characteristic of the mind of the author. It is a useful contribution to literature, and is of the best description of Encyclopædia writing in Britain; where, with rare exceptions, authors, instead of broaching original theories, and promulgating novel opinions, have subdued themselves into historians of other men's productions, and guarded commentators on their doctrines. On no topic, save those quite abstracted from the immediate business and interests of society, has any man of powerful intellect and original views been permitted to write in the British Encyclopedias. The French Encyclopedias were the project of philosophers desirous to unite their forces for the promotion of certain objects—those of Britain, speculations of traffic, intended to be safe and saleable, with as great a degree of excellence as might be combined with those preliminary conditions. The first intellects of the age were thus excluded from their pages. The morals and jurisprudence of Bentham, and the philosophy of Godwin, would have been inadmissible, expounded by themselves; the science of Priestley would probably have been considered as tainted by what Sir James Mackintosh calls the "unhappy impression which Priestley has made." These large works are, in fact, respectable compilations, but they have never been the vehicles of original opinion or bold speculation in any region of morals, politics, or philosophy. Nor is Sir James Mackintosh any exception to the fixed and necessary principle on which they must be conducted.

The greatest distinction in Parliament which Sir James Mackintosh attained, in his first years of public service, was being the fellow-labourer of Sir Samuel Romilly, in the mitigation of the sanguinary horrors of the penal law, and particularly the unchristian and inhuman barbarities which attended executions for treason. His early studies gave him the desire and power of speaking on all questions relating to international law; which were of frequent occurrence about the conclusion of the war, and during the first movements of the Holy Alliance. His views of foreign policy were gradually becoming more liberal; and after he came into Parliament for the Duke of Devonshire's borough of Knaresborough, if not violent he was a decided Whig, and often appeared on the liberal side of popular questions. He opposed the Foreign Enlistment Bill, which is now about expiring; and against the Alien Act he made a yearly protest. Against large standing armies Sir James spoke in the best spirit of the ancient Whigs; he was the enemy of the slave-trade, and the advocate of Catholic emancipation. The transfer of Genoa, the blockade of the ports of Norway, and the state of Poland, furnished occasions for eloquent and popular declamation; and his strenuous efforts to ameliorate the criminal law relating to Bank forgeries, after the death of Sir Samuel Romilly, to whom he and Mr.

Brougham succeeded as reformers of this branch of our faulty institutions, may be set down as positive and tangible benefits conferred on humanity. None of his speeches in Parliament gained more universal approbation than that which he delivered on the conduct of the British army at Washington, which he denounced with just reprobation:—"It was," he said, "an attack not against the strength or the resources of a state, but against the national honour and public affections of a people." After twenty-five years of the fierce warfare, in which every great capital of the European Continent had been spared, he had almost said respected, by enemies, it was reserved for England to violate all that decent courtesy towards seats of national dignity, which, in the midst of enmity, manifests the respect of nations for each other, by an expedition principally directed against palaces of government, halls of legislation, tribunals of justice, repositories of the muniments of property, and of the records of history; objects, among civilized nations, exempted from the ravages of war, and severed as far as possible even from its accidental operation,—because they contribute nothing to the means of hostility, but are consecrated to purposes of peace, and minister to the common and perpetual interest of all human society." But we leave this speech to the study of Major Pringle and his advocates. It made Sir James exceedingly popular with the Americans; for men of all shades of opinion in the United States sympathized, in warm indignation, at the wanton outrage and premeditated insult to the national feelings and honour which he eloquently stigmatized.

If Dr. Parr was the wholesale epitaph-monger, Sir James Mackintosh was not less the obituary-orator of the last generation. Some of his funeral orations were delivered in Parliament, as that on Grattan—others through the press. To him the memories of Fox, Canning, and his early friend, Hall, are indebted for eulogies. A species of composition and oratory, unavoidably pervaded by pedantry and exaggeration, if not tainted with falsehood, flattery, and execrable taste, could not be rendered tolerable even by the talents of Mackintosh. His most elaborate effort, the character of Canning, published in the "Keepsake" is his happiest attempt in a difficult branch of literature, already languishing and soon to be proscribed. History and Time remain to pronounce their impartial fiat on character. Until that is done, public men, in modern days, must be content to let their deeds speak for them.

During the Canning administration, the Goderich abortion, and the vigorous Catholic-Emancipation period of Wellington and Peel, Sir James Mackintosh lent ministers the general support given by all the moderate Whigs. Though his opinions on the popular, but often inconclusive topics we have specified, were liberal, the early Secretary of "The London Corresponding Society of the Friends of the People" had as completely forgotten the necessities of a sweeping reform in the House of Commons, as others of his associates of that period. To effect a thorough and effectual reform in the representation of the people was to begin at the beginning—to aim at the root of the Upas-tree of corruption was demanded;—they thought it safer to nibble at a few of the rotten branches, or the excrescences on its trunk. But Earl Grey came into office; and Sir James, now for a dozen years, a Whig nominee in Parliament,

was appointed Commissioner for the Affairs of India; and when the time came, supported the Reform Bill. "Sir James Mackintosh," says his biographer, "now returned, or was borne back to the principles of the *Vindiciae Gallicæ* of his youth, after forty years' renunciation of them. It was understood that he relapsed into his early creed, not from experience, conviction, the force of popular opinion, or the spirit of the time, but from being bound in the wake of the administration. This is not improbable. It is not in the decline of life that men enlarge their views of popular privilege, and catch the fearless spirit of democracy; and opinions once entertained and renounced, are ever regarded with something like disgust."—This is humiliating. Sir James Mackintosh, after forty years, affected to acquiesce in the opinions he had renounced and stigmatized, because the appointment of Commissioner for the Affairs of India had "bound him in the wake of an administration," which could not exist for a day without embracing those dangerous opinions and untried theories, which, for a selfish cause, now found in him and others strenuous advocates! But whatever were the actuating motives, the doctrines advanced were sound, and the pleading forcible. To the boroughmongers, whom Sir James, averse to uncouth phrase, uniformly termed "the great proprietors," he addressed this memorable advice,—"Above all other considerations, I should dare to advise these great proprietors to cast from them those reasonings which would involve property in the approaching downfall of political abuse. If they assent to the doctrine, that political privilege is property, they must be prepared for the inevitable consequence, that it is no more unlawful to violate property than to resume a delegated trust. The suppression of the dependent boroughs is at hand. It will be the truest wisdom of the great proprietors, the natural guardians of the principle of property, to maintain, to inculcate, to enforce, the essential distinction between it and political trust, if they be desirous not to arm the spoilers whom they dread with arguments which they can never consistently answer." In the winter of 1831-2, Sir James Mackintosh took almost no part in the business before Parliament. His time was divided between his official duties and the composition of his great work, and his health was delicate. "The proximate cause of his last illness was accidental. About the middle of March, 1832, he experienced at dinner a sudden difficulty of deglutition and respiration." A morsel of chicken which he was eating was supposed to remain in his throat. The proper remedies were tardily applied, and the obstruction removed, but his health suffered, as the surgeon first called in seems to have mistaken the case, if, as is stated, he said no such obstruction existed as that afterwards removed by proper treatment. He rallied after this, but never recovered farther than the dangerous stage, when the feeling of returning health and strength prompts to undue exertion. "Presuming too much upon returning health, he, in one instance, remained out too long, (on a carriage airing,) and his state became worse. His debility increased, with pains in the head and limbs. Those pains gave way to brain fever and delirium. His condition became hopeless. He fell into a state of insensibility, which continued to his death, on the 30th of May." Sir James Mackintosh was, at his death, in his sixty-sixth year. He was buried at Hampstead.

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On being elected member for Nairnshire, Sir James Mackintosh, in full-blown reputation, visited Scotland. He again returned in 1822, when he was chosen Lord Rector of Glasgow University. This honorary office he filled in the succeeding year.

The notices that have appeared of the life of Sir James have hitherto been almost unqualified panegyric, such as he often dealt out unsparingly himself, to the living and the successful. The present memoir, which avoids the besetting sin of works of this nature, may, on some points, be deemed harsh or acrimonious. It seems to us as if a few crude softening effects had been thrown in, under this impression, for they do not harmonize well with the tone of the production. The writer appears to have begun his task with the idea, that his subject was over-estimated as a lawyer, an orator, and a man of general learning and accomplishment; and to have written under the conviction, that *truth* is the great end of all biography. He has analyzed the different works of Sir James, examined his conduct at the great epochs of his life, and come to the conclusion that, though "he assuredly deserved his high reputation, the world or the public has rarely been so liberal;" that "he was estimated by what he promised, rather than by what he achieved. Constitutionally indolent, and condemned to pass, under a distant enervating sun, seven years of that precious stage of life and intellect, which combines vigorous manhood with mature experience, he has left only sketches and fragments to sustain the reputation of a first-rate publicist, philosopher, critic, and historian." As a public character, in a trying period for public virtue, we may at least affirm, that his opinions never, at any one time, stood in the way of his advancement. Nor is it necessary that a philosopher or a literary character should not be permitted to retain his political neutrality inviolate; but the man who, at one period a violent reformer, could so suddenly be converted into an alarmist, and again, much later, return to the early faith he had openly deserted, and bitterly inveighed against, every change being to the thriving side, does not evince a very stoical or cynical temper, nor an impracticable virtue. Many a public man has fallen into similar errors. The world teems with renegade Whigs; as, if Whig rule be protracted for seven years, or for less time, it will inevitably do with turn-coat Tories; but considerable literary talent, some power as an orator, a mild and urbane temper, and great social good nature, does not always, as in the case of Sir James Mackintosh, raise them, whether a Scarlett or a Lyndhurst, into "first-born of earth," "demigods of Fame." In this consisted his peculiar felicity; the two pronounced against the man, of whom all men speak well, did not reach him living. His unweighed political reputation lasted out his day. No one will deny that he was an able and an amiable man; not so venal as men in general are found—nor sordid as the world goes; but yet of easy nature, of very easy public virtue; and without any one of those lofty and stern qualities which should form the character of him who is to be held up as a model and pattern to young men entering on public life: not one, the contemplation of whose entire course warrants the injunction, "Go ye and do so likewise."

Our author concludes with an estimate of Sir James Mackintosh as an historian, an orator, and

a talker. The notice, it is obvious, has been drawn out to the length it occupies, more by the consideration of the high place assigned to its subject, as a leading intelligence and ornament of his age and nation, than from the writer's personal conviction of the validity of those claims. As a politician, we have already cited his opinion of the leading points in the career of Sir James. "As an historian," it is said, "he thought too much of dis- coursing and too little of narrating. Instead of relating events and circumstances, he takes them up as subjects of disquisition. He is luminous and copious, but diffuse, and only not irrelevant..... He was not formed by nature, or by discipline, in person or in faculty, for an accomplished orator. His person and gestures were robust and grace- less, but without awkwardness or embarrassment. His countenance was strongly marked, without flexibility or force of expression. His voice was monotonous and unturnable at all times; and when he became energetic, or rather unguarded, a provincial enunciation impaired the correctness and vulgarized the dignity of his vocabulary and style. .... He wanted the oratorical tem- perament. He was vehement without passion, humane without pathos; he took comprehensive and noble views, without imagination or fancy. For a vigorous dialectican, he was too diffuse. He did not employ either the artifices of rhetori- c, or the forms of logic; the syllogism of Canning, or the dilemma like Brougham. Conversation was a talent in the last century. It has become an art. .... Few arts are more difficult, and Sir James Mackintosh had the reputation of a master in it. He was rich and various, with- out being ambitious or prolix. He had known many eminent or remarkable persons in public life, literary and political, of whom he related anecdotes and traits of character, with facility and precision."

We are compelled to close abruptly, and before approaching the history. The mystery connected with it is, Why a writer so frequently opposed in opinion to Sir James Mackintosh, and so opposite in feeling and predilection, should have been chosen to conclude his great labour? and why, above all, one should have assumed the task who so little sympathises in his admiration of the Hero of the Revolution, and its chiefs, as to betray partiality as strong on the one hand as Sir James does on the other.

*From Johnstone's Magazine.*

A SCOTCH FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

His lip was white, his cheek was thin,  
And death was in his e'e;  
O' earthly ills, name but the last,  
The auld man had to dree.  
"Now Jamie," quo' the gray-haired man, as he claspt  
the tear-wet hand  
O' him, whom death had left alone o' that blythe stal-  
wart band.  
That ance, like apple-trees around the auld man's  
table grew,  
But, ane by ane, had a' been streekit beneath the kirk  
yard yew:—  
"Now Jamie, lad, I feel that I maun here nae longer  
bide,  
We'll ha'e to part afore it's long, I feel life's ebbin'  
tide.

To a' below, I soon maun gie a last and fareweel token;  
Soon maun the silver cord be loosed and the golden  
bowl be broken.  
Sin' first I kent this weary warl' it's threescore years  
an' ten,  
An' many a sough has gowled abreed life's dark rough  
sea sin' then;  
But here's a Book my bonny lad, my father's gift to  
me,  
Whilk proved the rainbow i' the lift that calm'd the  
stormy sea:—  
His holy Book, 'twill guide ye through a warl' o' sin'  
an' skaita,  
An' i' the last and mirky hour, 'twill light the vale o'  
death.  
Though ye be now baith bauld and hale, life's thread is  
unco sma',  
Another winter's winds out ower your ain grave-stane  
may blaw.  
An' mind ye, Jamie, ye're but young, an' mickle may  
beteid ye,  
Cauld poortit' hungry bitin' blasts an' lack o' frien'  
may bide ye;  
But though your back be at the wa',—though Fortune's  
frown ye dree,  
Let honest independence win your very last bawbee.  
'Gin ye bu' ba' a shillin' hained ne'er grudge the poor  
man's plack;  
The tear o' gratitude may flow though rags be on the  
back.  
Aye keep a warm an' kindly heart though frien's should  
stand abee,  
But ne'er to yours or ither's fauts let conscience blink  
an e'e.  
Aye lo'e the land that ga'e ye birth, and take an honest  
pride  
In Scotland's weal, the land where a' our forebears  
lived an' died;  
And should ye ga'e to far aff lands, when I am cauld  
and dead,  
Ye'll mind the spat where your ain hand laid your auld  
father's head.

G. R.

*From the same.*

JACOBITE MEMOIRS OF THE REBELLION OF 1745.

Edited by Robert Chambers.

THE worthy race of old women, whether in petticoats or otherwise clad, who would have enjoyed this book to their heart's core, is, we fear, nearly departed. Scarce a wreck remains, either in the Highlands, or in Banff and Aberdeenshires. The Lowland parts, that were originally deeply smitten, held fast the faith of Jacobitism long after the slippery Celts had cloven to newer idols. George IV. was himself among the last of the Jacobites. How, then, are these gleanings and gatherings of one of the most harmless and fanatical of their number to be received, fifty years after the death of the patient collector, and ninety from the period of his loyal and affectionate labours? Were they worth the printing? Who should doubt it. Are they worth reading now that they appear in print? In part they are; and the editor has pruned freely, and, we have no doubt, judiciously.

To understand the value of these Memoirs we must know something of the author, especially as mistake may arise from advertising his tracts as THE FORBES PAPERS. The name of the author certainly was Forbes. He was the pastor of a small Episcopalian flock in Leith, and, in common

with his reverend brethren, was so strongly suspected of Jacobitism, that, luckily for his personal safety, he was arrested and kept in Stirling and Edinburgh Castles, till the complete ruin of the Pretender's cause made the Government feel at ease with his adherents. The honest man was released, and afterwards lived in the house of Lady Bruce of Kinross, within the walls of the Citedel of Leith, collecting and penning these Memoirs.

He was, it appears, later in life, chosen Bishop of Caithness and Orkney. Our readers need not be told how truly apostolic in point of emolument are our Scottish sees.

The Bishop probably died in poverty, as we find his widow, in her old age, "obliged to sell, for what it would bring, a work which had occupied the attention of her husband for the better part of his life, and was appreciated by him above all earthly possessions." The work, the editor adds, "fell into the hands of Sir Henry Stuart of Allanton, who offered what he conceived to be a fitting price." What that price is we are not told; but Sir Henry became proprietor of what Mr. Chambers calls "this mine of historical wealth," probably on very easy terms. The collection formed ten manuscript volumes, bound in black, with the leaves black-edged: it was entitled the *LYON IN MOURNING*. The illumination of the Bishop's *missal* must be one of its most characteristic features. The doting fanatic loyalty of these old Jacobite worthies compels one to smile, in spite of a feeling of pity and kindness, at their many harmless hallucinations. The editor remarks,—"Perhaps the most curious and characteristic part of this work is a series of *relics*, which are found attached to the inside of the boards of certain volumes. In one I find a small slip of thick blue cloth, of a texture like sarsenet, beneath which is written, 'The above is a piece of the Prince's garter.' Below this is a small square piece of printed linen, (the figures being in line on a white ground,) with the following inscription:—'The above is a piece of that identical gown which the Prince wore when he was obliged to disguise himself in a female dress, under the name of Betty Burke. A swatch of the said gown was sent from Mrs. Macdonald of Kingsburgh.' Then follows a slip of tape, with the following note of genuine *naïvete*:—'The above is a piece of that identical apron-string which the King wore about him when in the female dress. The above bit I received out of Miss Flora Macdonald's own hands, upon Thursday, November 5, 1747, when I saw the apron, and had it about me. ROBERT FORBES, A. M.'"

Happy Master of Arts! These embellishments, and others of a like character, as "two bits of one of the lugs of Bettie Burke's identical brogues," sufficiently explain the character of much of the ten volumes they enriched. Mr. Chambers, we have no doubt, has selected the rarest of the good Bishop's gleanings; our extracts may therefore be regarded as the quintessence of his bigoted loyalty and amusing devotion to the House of Stuart. It is, however, but fair to state that the Jacobite predilections of the collector, though they may betray an occasional touch of credulity when anything particularly atrocious was to be told of the hero of the Hanoverian race, have never warped him from truth, as appears to have been the case with certain of his less conscientious informers. The first part of the volume is occupied with historical memoirs of the voyage and landing of the Adventurer, and the subsequent marches of the

Highland army on to Derby. In this we meet with nothing so curious as a note by the Bishop, relating a conversation between himself and young Glengary, which explains the mixed motives which actuated "the brave Lochiel," and those "gallant and devoted gentlemen" of whom the world has heard so much more than enough.

"Leith, Thursday, April 9, 1752.—Alexander MacDonell, younger of Glengary, did me the honour to dine with me. \*

In the course of conversation I told young Glengary, that I had oftener than once heard the Viscountess Dowager of Strathallan tell, that Lochiel, junior, had refused to raise a man, or make any appearance, till the Prince should give him security for the full value of his estate, in the event of the attempt proving abortive. To this young Glengary answered, that it was fact, and that the Prince himself (after returning to France) had frankly told him as much, assigning this as the weighty reason, why he, the Prince, had shown so much zeal in providing young Lochiel (preferably to all others) in a regiment. 'For,' said the Prince, 'I must do the best I can, in my present circumstances, to keep my word to Lochiel.' Young Glengary told me, moreover, that Lochiel, junior, (the above bargain with the Prince, notwithstanding,) insisted upon another condition before he would join in the attempt,—which was, that Glengary, senior, should give it under his hand, to raise his clan, and join the Prince. Accordingly, Glengary, senior, when applied to upon this subject, did actually give it under his hand, that his clan should rise under his own second son, as Colonel, and MacDonell of Lochgarry, as Lieutenant-Colonel. Then, indeed, young Lochiel was gratified in all his demands, and did instantly raise his clan.

"Glengary, junior, likewise assured me, that Cluny MacPherson, junior, made the same agreement with the Prince, before he would join the attempt with his following, as young Lochiel had done, viz: to have security from the Prince for the full value of his estate, lest the expedition should prove unsuccessful, which the Prince accordingly consented unto, and gave security to said Cluny MacPherson, junior, for the full value of his estate. Young Glengary declared, that he had this from young Cluny MacPherson's own mouth, as a weighty reason why he, Cluny, would not part with the money which the Prince had committed to his care and keeping."

The history of the marches, by Lord George Murray, shows the composition of that rope of sand which, by fatality, dragged on so long and far. With a little vain-glory, pardonable in an old and unlucky campaigner narrating his past exploits, it appears throughout correct in point of fact. Preparatory to supping full on the horrors which followed the fight of Culloden, we are pleased to find Lord George confess that the rambling Highland host was not so perfectly blameless as the historian's own party have represented them:—

To the utmost of my power I protected the country wherever I went: and upon any complaints, I almost always got them redressed. The taking of horses for carrying their baggage, or for sick men, was what the Highlanders committed the greatest excess in. Many hundreds I got restored; and if the people whom they belonged to could but fix where they were, or who had them, I never failed to get them restored, though we were obliged to allow them to be carried a day or two's march, perhaps, longer than they should. As to plundering, our men were not entirely free of it; but there was much less of this than could have been expected, and few regular armies but are as guilty. To be sure, there were some noted thieves amongst the Highland-

ers, (those called our Huzzars were not better;) what army is without them? But all possible care was taken to restrain them. How often have I gone into houses on our marches to drive the men out of them, and drubbed them heartily! I was even reproved for correcting them. It was told me that all the Highlanders were gentlemen, and never to be beat; but I was well acquainted with their tempers. Fear was as necessary as love, to restrain the bad, and keep them in order. It was what all their chiefs did, and were not sparing of blows to them that deserved it, which they took without grumbling when they had committed an offence. It is true they would only receive correction from their own officers; for upon no account could the chief of one clan correct the faults of the meanest of another—they would not bear it. But I had as much authority over them all, as each had amongst his own men; and I will venture to say, that never an officer was more beloved on the whole, without exception, than I was. They had, indeed, from the highest to the lowest, a greater confidence and trust in me than I could deserve; and any little disputes that happened betwixt those of different names, I constantly made up to their mutual satisfaction; and sometimes, when some young men, who were officers, did not do their duty with that care and exactness that was necessary, or were any ways remiss or faulty, I reproved them in such a manner as they not only took it well, but afterwards acknowledged that they were much obliged to me. At any time when there was a post of more danger than another, I had more difficulty in restraining those who were too forward, than in finding those who were willing.

In the whole march to Derby and back again, nor, indeed, in the whole time we were together, did I ever go into a house, or stop at a door, to take so much as a glass of water, till I came to my quarters; but I often went into houses to turn out others. I thought I could not reasonably find fault with others in that, if I did not show them a good example. I never took the least thing without paying the full value. My horses were either all my own breed, or bought before the standard was set up. Fodder and corn I got often out of the magazines, as others did. I had a servant, who dressed my meat; and though, when I had a supper at command (which was oftenest the case,) I had always some of the officers that dined with me, yet I seldom had anything but broth, a piece of boiled meat, and a roast; and one bottle of rum or brandy, in punch, served us for liquor when we had not good ale. Our expense was very inconsiderable; and I never heard of an army, generally speaking, so temperate. In many parts of England I was quartered in private houses, and they had their dinner prepared, (knowing who was billeted upon them,) when I came in towards the evening. Many would not take payment; but I always left, at least, a guinea in the house, which was more than would have paid the expense. The only place that I ever heard a complaint, was on our march north, ten miles from Perth, at an inn, where we were badly entertained. I paid the woman all her bill, which was extravagant; but refused to pay for twelve horses, she having stated more than what I had. But in nothing was I more careful than about prisoners, even the common soldiers, when they were under my charge. I caused to take all the care possible of the sick and wounded. I had many letters full of acknowledgments, from the officers.

The account Lord George Murray gives of himself contrasts strongly with the conduct of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland and General Hawley. The Duke has often been named the Butcher, but never before the shameless violator

of hospitality, and the common thief, rather than the military plunderer. Mr. Chambers anticipates cavilling on these assertions. General Hawley and the Commander-in-Chief acted, it appears, *art and part* in a theft, and afterwards shared the booty. The serious charge made against the Duke of Cumberland and General Hawley was preferred by the immediate sufferer, Mrs. Gordon of Hallhead, a lady residing in Aberdeen, in a letter, written at the time, to her relations in England, and afterwards in the following formal statement, taken down by her brother, Thomas Bowdler, Esq., from her own mouth:—

In the month of February, 1745-6, George Middleton of Seton, Esq., came to me, at my house in Aberdeen, and asked me what spare rooms I had in the house; for the English army was come, and some of them must be quartered in it. I told him I had but one room to spare, and that I would lie in that myself, and give up my own chamber, if he pleased. He then said he would bring Colonel George Watson to be in my house; that the Colonel was an old friend of his father's and his, and would protect me from any insult. At night Mr. Duff came to me, and brought Colonel Watson with him, who supped with me, and lay in the house that night. Next morning the Colonel went out early, and returned in the forenoon, with Provost Robinson, and my next door neighbour, Mr. Thomson. They then told me the Colonel had been to see the apartment that was designed for the Duke of Cumberland, in the College, but did not think it would do; and had, therefore, fixed on my house for him. Upon telling him it would be very inconvenient to me to go out of the house, because, as the army would fill the town, I could not tell where to get a lodging, he said that, if I could any way find a lodging, he would take care that nobody should be quartered in the house I went to. I told him that I was not able to find linen and other necessaries for so many people, as were to come with the Duke of Cumberland. He said that they would bring every thing with them; that I should lock up every thing I had; that my kitchen furniture must be put by, for they would bring their own; that I might put it into some of the cellars, not any of which need to be left open, except one for them to put coals into; that I might lock up my linen, &c. in a closet; and that I must leave two maids to do the work of the house. He added, that they would not come till the next night; that they would not stay above two days, or three at the most; and that I might make myself very easy, for every thing would be more safe than if I was to stay in the house myself, and if any damage was done to any thing, it should be made good to me. After this, Provost Robinson and many other of my friends did, during the day, congratulate me on this affair, as they thought the Duke of Cumberland's being in my house would be a protection to me. The next morning, which was Thursday, the Duke of Cumberland came to my house, attended by General Hawley and several others. The General lay in my bed; and, very early on Friday morning, sent a messenger to the house where I was, demanding all my keys. My answer was, that my maid was gone to market, and that, as soon as she returned, she should carry them to him; but, before she did return, I received a second message, that he would have them that minute, or he would break open all the locks. I then sent him the keys, by his messenger. That evening, one Major Wolfe\* came to me; and, after asking me if I was

\*General Wolfe, who fell at Quebec, was at this time an aid-de-camp in the royal army. But though the coincidence is singular, the editor says that this is not

**Mrs. Gordon**, and desiring a gentleman who was with me to go out of the room, he said that he was come to tell me that, by the Duke of Cumberland and General Hawley's order, I was deprived of every thing I had, except the clothes upon my back. After delivering this message, he said, that General Hawley having inquired into my character of several persons, who had all spoke very well of me, and had told him I had had no hand in the Rebellion, and that I was a stranger there, without any relations in that country, he, the General, therefore, would make interest with the Duke of Cumberland, that I might have any particular thing that I had a mind to, and could say was my own. I then desired to have my tea; but the Major told me it was very good, and that tea was scarce in the army; so he did not believe I could have it. The same answer was made me when I asked for my chocolate. I mentioned several other things, particularly my china. That, he told me, was a great deal of it, very pretty, and that they were very fond of china themselves; but, as they had no ladies travelled with them, I might, perhaps, have some of it. I then desired to have my pictures. He said he supposed I would not wish to have them all. I replied, that I did not pretend to name any, except my son's. He asked me, if I had a son, where he was? I said I had sent him into the country, to make room for them. To what place? said he. I answered to Sir Arthur Forbes's. He asked how old my son was? I said about fourteen. Said he, Then he is not a child, and you will be made to produce him; and thus we parted. This Major Wolfe was aid-de-camp to General Hawley.

The next day a petition was drawn up, and was read to the Duke of Cumberland, at his Levee, by Captain Forbes, who was also aid-de-camp to General Hawley; and I was told the Duke said, he would take care that I should not be robbed. That day Major Wolfe came to me again, and told me that the Duke of Cumberland had sent him to let me know that my petition had been read to him, and that he would take care that every thing should be restored to me. Notwithstanding this, when I sent to the house to ask for any thing, as, in particular, I did for a pair of breeches for my son, for a little tea for myself, for a bottle of ale, for some flour to make bread, because there was none to be bought in the town, all was refused me.

Afterwards, hearing that many of my things were packed up, I wrote a letter to General Hawley, and enclosed it in one to Sir Everard Faulkner, to which Sir Everard sent me this answer,—That he could not deliver my letter to General Hawley; but that he had read it to the Duke, who said, he would take care I should have every thing again.

The Duke of Cumberland, General Hawley, &c. staid in my house about six weeks; and the day before General Hawley went away, a person came to me, who told me he was the General's own serjeant, and was come, by his order, to say to me that, as my case was very hard, he would take care that every thing that belonged to me should be put into the hands of Mr. Bruce, the Judge Advocate, and that I should find every thing as I had left it. But notwithstanding all these repeated messages, the best of my things were packed up, and actually shipped off, a fortnight before

the hero of Quebec, as he is assured by Dr. Southey. This point requires further elucidation. The lady had several interviews with Wolfe, and unless her testimony is discredited, or two Wofles proved to have been there in the north, holding the same rank, the stigma must remain, or Mrs. Gordon's veracity be doubted on every point.

they left my house; and the very morning that General Hawley went away, he had the very blankets on which he lay, and several other things, packed up, and took them with him. That day I received a letter in the following words, viz.—"Madam, I shall begin my letter by returning you thanks for the convenience your house has been to me of, and in particular for the use of your young gentleman's room; but I must make you an apology, at the same time for what necessity obliges me to do. It has not been in my power to find such accommodations for a field bed as my present circumstances require. I am thereby forced to occasion you, perhaps, some little inconvenience, by taking with me part of the bedding of your son, viz. the quilt, two blankets, and the pillow, all which I have had valued by Ramsay, who has fixed the price at 1*l.* 14*s.* Wherefore, I here enclose two Portugal eighteen-shillings pieces, choosing rather to exceed than fall short of what may be your due. I wish some opportunity may offer, wherein I may be of use to you, as I am, with truth, madam, your most humble and most obedient servant, EDWARD MASON." Who this Mr. Mason is, or what post he had, I don't know.

I should have mentioned above, that Major Wolfe did one day bring me my son's picture, but without the frame; and he then told me, that General Hawley did, with his own hands, take it out of the frame, which was a gilt one, and very handsome. The frame the General left behind him, and I afterwards found it in the house.

I have hereto annexed a list of many of the things that were taken from me.\*

Alexander Scott, the carpenter, who packed up my things for General Hawley, told me, that he desired the General not to spoil the mahogany bureau by making use of it to pack china in, and offered to make him a box for that purpose; but the General refused it.

The beds and tables, &c. that were left behind them, I found very much broke and damaged; and, upon the whole, six hundred pounds would not repair the loss.

The abovementioned Alexander Scott, the carpenter, told me, that the best tea equipage was packed up in part of the mahogany bureau, and was directed to the Duke of Cumberland at St. James's, and that the set of coloured table china was directed in the same manner. The rest of the things were directed to General Hawley, by whose directions the other two boxes were directed to the Duke of Cumberland.

I should have added above, that when they refused to give me some flour, to make some bread, my maid insisted on my having it, or some bread, and said she would stay in the room till the Duke of Cumberland sat down to dinner, and would then speak to him for some bread for me, as there was none to be bought. They at last threw her a piece of the bottom loaf, and when she asked if that was all they would give me, they answered it was as much as I could eat, for they believed I had not then a very good stomach.

The following anecdote, related by Mrs. Gordon's brother, is intended to confirm the theftful conduct of the Commander-in-Chief and his principal General—"Mrs. Jackson, a lady who had been long acquainted with Mrs. Gordon, and who knew the china, having seen it at Mr. Gordon's house in London, in going one day along the streets, saw some of this china in the window of a china shop, and had the curiosity to go into the shop to ask the man of whom he bought it, and he said he had it from a woman of the town, who told it was given her by the Duke of Cumberland." This information came from our excellent Bishop

\*This we have omitted.—*Ed. Museum.*

"from the Rev. Robert Lyon, in Lady Cotton's family." With Mr. Bowdler he long afterwards maintained a friendly correspondence.

The royal army acted quite in the military spirit, throughout all their progress. Whigs were no more respected than Jacobites. At Aberdeen the Duke of Cumberland occupied the house of Mr. Thomson, who was a Whig; and Bishop Gerard wrote our chronicler "that the Duke and his retinue, or servants, made use of every kind of provisions they found in the house, coals, candles, ale, or other liquors in the cellars, and the milk of his cow; bed and table linen, which were (you may be sure) very much spoiled and abused; that they broke up a press in which Mrs. Thomson had lodged a considerable quantity of sugars, and whereof they took every grain weight; that when about to march from Aberdeen, he left six guineas to the three servants of the house, a boy and two women, one whereof had washed and dressed the Duke's linen while he stayed; but did not make the least compliment or requital to Mr. Thomson for the so long and free use of his house, furniture, and provisions, nor so much as call for his landlord or landlady to give them thanks. This you may depend on as the true matter of fact, known to every body in Aberdeen."

It is to be feared that the gentlemen whose principle once was to

"Pay all their debts with the roll of the drum,"

have not always been more superstitiously scrupulous in their notions of property than in those of party. At Inverness the worthy Provost, Fraser by name, and Bailie Hossack, the Old Provost, albeit both of the Hanoverian faith, at least after the battle of Culloden, were treated with no more ceremony than the Jacobite chieftains.

When John Fraser, Esq; the then Lord Mayor (in Scotch, Provost) of Inverness, and the Aldermen, (attended by Mr. Hossack, the then late Lord Mayor,) went to pay their levee to the Duke of Cumberland, the Generals Hawley and Husk happened to be deliberating and making out orders, about slaying the wounded upon the field of battle, &c. Mr. Hossack (a man of humanity, and the Sir Robert Walpole of Inverness, under the direction of President Forbes) could not witness such a prodigy of intended wickedness without saying something, and therefore, making a low bow to the General, he spoke thus:—"As his Majesty's troops have been happily successful against the rebels, I hope your Excellencies will be so good as to mingle mercy with judgment." Upon this General Hawley bawled out, "D—n the puppy! does he pretend to dictate here? Carry him away!" Another cried, "Kick him out! kick him out!" The orders were instantly and literally obeyed; for good Mr. Hossack received *ticks* upon *ticks*, and Sir Robert Adair had the *honour* to give him the last *kick* upon the top of the stair, to such purpose, that Mr. Hossack never touched a single step till he was at the bottom of the first flat, from which he tumbled headlong down to the foot of all the stair, and then was he *discreetly* taken up, and carried to the provo's guard. A notable reward for zeal! in which Mr. Hossack was warm enough, but with discretion and good nature, as I was informed.

But this is not all: Mr. Mayor himself (John Fraser) behaved to have a specimen of their *good sense* and *gentle manners*; for he was taken from dinner at his own table by an officer and some musketeers with a volley of oaths and imprecations, to a stable, and

was ordered to clean it instantly upon his peril! Mr. Mayor said he never cleaned his own stable, and why should he clean that of any other person? After some debate upon the dirty subject, Mr. Fraser was at last indulged the privilege to get some fellows to clean the stable. However, he was obliged to stand a considerable time almost to the ankles in dirt, and see the dirty service performed! Oh! notable treatment of a king's lieutenant!

The wanton youngsters in and about Inverness distinguish these two gentlemen by the names of the *kick provost*, and of the *muck or dirt provost*.

In the Bishop's papers this appears in a letter from a gentleman in London to a friend at Bath. On the same authority, we learn that the insolence of the Duke of Cumberland to President Forbes was only the fitting preliminary to the ingratitude of the Government to that patriotic individual:—

"Above all," a Whig friend said to the writer, "what do you think of the return the Lord President of the Court of Session, *the sagacious Duncan*, met with for all his remarkable services? Remarkable indeed they were, and yet the utmost scorn and contempt he had in return for them! When his Lordship was paying his levee to the Duke of Cumberland at Inverness, he thought fit (as it well became his character and station) to make mention of the laws of the country, &c. To which the Duke of Cumberland was pleased to say, 'The laws of the country! my lord, I'll make a brigade give laws, by G—d!' A plain indication this of a hearty desire to introduce a military government. 'It was well,' continued the old gentleman, 'that President Forbes escaped a *kicking bout*, as the Duke of Cumberland uses his friends with freedom. For my own part,' added he, 'I would not wish to be the person that had received the sage advice of *the sagacious Duncan* with derision, because it would have been a lasting imputation upon my judgment and discretion; for certain it is, that his Lordship was a gentleman of very extraordinary and uncommon parts, and had an extensive knowledge of men and books. It was not beneath the dignity of a crowned head to listen to his words. He was one of a very high spirit; and the usage he met with for all his services, joined with the miseries of his country, bore so hard upon him, that it is indeed a prevailing opinion among us in Scotland, that he died of heart-break.' Thus spoke the old honest Scotch Whig; and I must own, I found myself unable to make him any return.

A considerable portion of the volume is occupied with different rambling accounts of the horrible cruelties which followed the battle of Culloden. That there is both discrepancy and an evident tendency to exaggeration, is shown by the worthy Bishop himself, in his after attempts to verify the facts transmitted to him as reported in conversation; yet enough remains to make the character of the Duke of Cumberland and his officers as black as any admirer of the Stuarts could desire; nor need the Editor have any serious grounds for his apprehension of reviving party animosity.—That Whig must be a prodigious Quixote who would now put lance in rest to defend the humanity of the Duke of Cumberland. If Mr. Southey be able to rescue the fame of Wolfe from the imputation of insolence and rapacity, it is all that is now to be won on that field.

The account of the various cold-blooded barbarities which followed the overthrow of the Stuart cause, are shocking enough,—but what are they in the annals of recent European war? Let those who are fond of dwelling upon the sanguinary atrocities of civil strife, military ferocity, and law-

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less oppression, turn to the history of the last Irish rebellion, when the age was presumed to be so much more enlightened and humanized than in "Culloden's bloody day."

It appears undeniable that some of the wounded were shot in cold-blood on the days succeeding the battle, that there were several instances of the deliberate butchery of unoffending persons, not carrying arms, who were so unfortunate as to encounter the infuriated soldiery; and that the prisoners and sick were treated with shameless severity, or inhuman neglect. A letter written in 1749, from some unknown person in Inverness, who claims to be well-affected, and even in the service of the Government, asserts that seventeen wounded officers were ranged along the park wall of Culloden House, and shot two days after the battle. This, however, is no new charge. The same anonymous person alleges—

It is certain that a resolution was taken, that it was not proper to load or crowd this little town with a multitude of wounded and incurable men of our enemy's; and, therefore, a party was ordered to the field of battle, who gathered all the wounded men from the different corners of the field, to one or two parts; and there, on a little rising hillock or ground properly planted, they were finished with great despatch: and this, you and every body else must own, was, as to them, performing the greatest act of humanity, as it put an end to many miserable lives, remaining in the utmost torture, without any hopes of relief. The house you mention was no other than a little cot-house, where goats or sheep used to shelter in cold nights: and to this hut, which is about a quarter of a mile's distance from the field of battle, many of the wounded men crawled in the night time; and being there found by the soldiers, the door of the hut was shut, and a fire put to the different corners of the hut, and every person there, to the number of thirty-two, including some beggars, who flocked to the field of battle for plunder, perished in the flames. I find you have a just account of the usage our two Provosts met with.

There are several editions of the story of the seventeen (sometimes seventy) murdered officers; but the fact is substantially the same in every account.

One of Mr. Forbes's most diligent correspondents, the Rev. Mr. James Hay, of Inverness, records the following miracle—

As it is very wonderful that these men, sadly wounded, lay in the open air without any nourishment for so long a time, it is no less wonderful that when any of the bodies were covered some days after their death, for none durst do it in a proper time, or carry them away,—I say it is wonderful that one was taken up twenty days after, and another twenty-eight days, and were without any corruption or smell in the least, as if they had died only that day they were taken up. But one exceeds all very much. A countryman, at the distance of two miles from the field, who had no concern with the Prince, was shot standing at his own door, where they were obliged to dig the ground, and lay him, for none durst carry him to his burial place. Many months thereafter, his wife was disturbed in her sleep, with a voice crying, "Take up my body and bury it!" This she told to her friends the first and second time, for which they mocked and upbraided her, but the third time she told them she would do it if she should carry the corpse on her back, and about Christmas he was taken up fresh and carried to his grave. This being very strange, thought

it proper to acquaint you. She was never disturbed since. \*

No doubt you have heard of a woman, in the Highlands, when in labour of child, with nine or ten women. A party acquainted their commander of it, who ordered that the house should be burned, with all who were in it. A Colonel who was there, but had not the command, on telling this, cried, and shed tears, that such a barbarous action should be committed by any who were called Christians.

At five miles distance, an honest poor woman, on the day of battle, who was brought to bed Sunday before, flying with her infant, was attacked by four dragoons, who gave her seven wounds in the head, through one plaid, which was eight fold, and one in the arm. Then one of them took the infant by the thigh, threw it about his hand, and at last to the ground. Her husband, at the same time was chased into a moss so far, that one of the horses could not come out, where his rider shot him. The young infant who was so roughly maltreated is a fine boy. The mother recovered, and is living.

Three days after the battle, at four miles distance, the soldiers most barbarously cut a woman in many places of her body, partly in her face. I am promised some more facts in a few days; but I did not incline to lose the opportunity of this bearer.

Though the running naked be commonly reported, I have not got an account of the certainty. I beg you may let me know when this comes to your hands.

Even the all-believing Jacobite in Leith, could hardly swallow some of these stories. He transmitted a string of interrogatories to the Rev. James Hay; and it is wonderful how, on this cross-examination, the wonders diminished in magnitude, while some disappeared altogether. Enough, however, remains to stamp with infamy the actors in those sanguinary and lawless scenes. The Rev. James Hay could not discover the exact place where the woman in labour, with nine or ten women about her, (a goodly number of gossips even for the Highlands,) were all burnt together; nor yet could he authenticate his stories of bread buried and poisoned. The fresh-smelling, or fragrant corpses, and the ghost crying "wife come bury me," remain in the odour of Jacobite sanctity. In short, the questions propounded by the Rev. Mr. Forbes to the Rev. James Hay, show that the former must have been, so far as his light went, a most trust-worthy, credulous Jacobite Bishop, and the latter, a correspondent of desirable reciprocity. Here is an instance, in the true *Three-Crow* style.

"Tis impossible for me to find out the place where the woman in labour of child-birth, with nine others, were burnt alive, it being in the Highlands. Colonel Desaing told it in Banff, and thanked God that he was not the person who commanded there; and Mr. John Stuart, the Presbyterian teacher in Lochaber, told that it was true, and consisted with his knowledge.

"The woman brought to bed, Sunday before the battle, was Elspeth M'Phail, in Gask; her husband is Donald M'Intosh, and the child born on Sunday, is Alexander, whom one of the dragoons took by the leg or thigh, and threw it about his hand, not head."

It is Mr. Hay who is the authority for other tales of horror which are conveyed to us by that galaxy of blinking stars, which modern editorship is often compelled to adopt; and Mr. Chambers also, we presume, in obedience to its laws. "Nice

people," says Swift, "are people of very filthy ideas."—"How virtuous," says Miss Edgeworth, "shall we all be when we have no names left for vice!" The asterisks placed in the Rev. Mr. Hay's narrative, are however commendable, as they certainly cover not a few fabulous incidents. But we must make large allowance for the Rev. Mr. Hay. His chapel had been pulled down, that the wood might heat the military ovens, and his sect were all, by interest and prejudice, rank Jacobites. The respectful name he gives, as of custom to the regular clergymen of the country, is "Whig teachers." Mr. Hay relates some anecdotes of a more credible and creditable character than the above.

As to Anne MacKay, she's a poor Isle of Sky woman, who happened to be at Inverness, the time of the battle of Culloden, and to live above the cold cellar into which one Robert Nairn and MacDonald of Bellinny (two wounded gentlemen) were put after the battle. She being a wise, sagacious creature, some of the charitable people in town thought proper to employ her, as the person who should convey to the distressed gentlemen the supplies they intended for them. She continued faithfully in this practice from the 18th of April, 1746, till the month of March, (if I don't mistake,) 1747, when a plot was laid by some charitable ladies, for helping Nairn to make his escape, (MacDonald not being able to escape, being lame.) Of this plot the poor Highland woman was made principal manager; and, indeed, she managed wonderfully, for, after equipping Nairn in the warmest manner he could then be clothed in, she decoyed the sentry off the door of the cellar, into a back close just off it, by which means Nairn slipped out and made his escape. The guard was not alarmed with this accident till next morning, when all were in an uproar; but particularly one Colonel Leighton, then Lieutenant-Colonel of General Blackney's regiment, who ordered immediately this woman to be seized, and her house ruffed. He caused her first to be brought to his own room, and called for one Bailie Fraser, to examine her in the Irish tongue. He first caused to be asked, Who they were used to supply him with food? to which she answered, "I no ken dat; for he no pe shentleman. He no pe a MacLeod, or MacDonald, or any Mac at all; for he pe Nairn, a fisher; and deil man's or woman's of dat name a' dis town." He then put five guineas into her hand, and desired her to tell who helped Nairn away; but she said, "I no tak money, I have a pill of my own." And with so saying, she pulled out an old bill she had in her pocket. He then desired she might tell, or he would confine her in the bridge hole; to which she answered, "Lord bless your honour! no put me in the prig hole." All methods proving ineffectual, he ordered her to be carried to the guard; and, as a punishment for not confessing, he ordered her to be kept on her feet, without allowing her to sit or lie. By this punishment she contracted a swelling in her legs, of which she is not yet recovered. While she was in the guard, in this situation, there was an Irishwoman, a soldier's wife, sent to the guard, with some strong liquors, in order to intoxicate her, that then she might confess. The wife came to her accordingly, and offered her a hot pot, or some possat, and said she would drink Prince Charles's

health; but she answered, "I no pe trink Sharly health. I like de Duke, for I pe a MacLeod, and MacLeods no pe like Sharly; but I no trink hot pot, or possat, for I no ken dat. I pe trink milk and whey." Every method proving ineffectual to extract a confession, she was put into the town's tolbooth, where she was kept for some weeks; and she was to be drubbed through the town, had not interest been made to get it prevented.\*

The poor sentry that was upon Nairn at the hour when he escaped, being discovered, (a strict examination having been made into the matter,) was whipped, and received five hundred lashes.

Our zealous Bishop himself saw this heroine, (who parried as admirably as Cuddie Headrigg himself,) in 1755. He stated that she told him she was offered ten instead of five guineas, to betray those who aided the escape of Nairn.

The Prince's Household Book, kept during his marches, by his purveyor of the household, Mr. James Gib, forms a curious section of the volume. Mr. Forbes accidentally heard of this person, (who had suffered a long imprisonment, and had a narrow escape,) about three years after the Rebellion; and often afterwards compared notes with him. The account book, the authenticity of which is beyond dispute, appeared of immense value to the simple chronicler, as he imagined it disproved the false reports that the Prince and his army were subsisted by pillage.

"Agreeably to the aforementioned false report," says the Bishop, "the common cry was, 'Charlie, king of the robbers! Charlie, prince of the robbers!' which cry I have had frequently bawled after me when walking through Leith. And, indeed, it is not to be wondered at, that the populace should take up such a cry, and should be led to believe a lie, when, with great solemnity, they were frequently taught their lesson from the pulpit; for the cant of the Presbyterian teachers in their sermons, both before and after the battle of Culloden, when they happened at any time to mention the Prince and his army, was in the following, and the like terms, viz.—*injustice and oppression—rapine and plunder—bloodshed and murder—disreputable misery and destruction—shocking barbarities—innocents robbed, slain, massacred—fire and sword—lawless starving banditti—bloody House of Stuart—merciless race—robbers—thieves and murderers—wild ravages and devastations.* &c. &c. &c. See plenty of such epithets in the substance of two sermons preached by Mr. Alexr. Webster, Edr. and printed 1746. This remarkable and extraordinary performance is just now lying before me, when writing these remarks.

"The clergy of the Church of England, as established by law, and the dissenting preachers in that kingdom, did not come short of our Scots Presbyterian teachers, for their printed sermons smell rank of falsehood, blood, and cruelty." &c.

To efface the impressions made by these Whig teachers, the Bishop took the trouble to transcribe every entry made by Mr. James Gib. We shall borrow a selection of the items,† which both show the moderate scale in which the Prince's family,

\*Leith, September 13, 1755.—Anne MacKay was with me, when I read to her the five preceding pages; and she declared all concerning herself was very exactly narrated, only it should be ten, in place of five guineas, offered by Leighton. She told me that, after getting out of prison, the soldiers so beat and bruised her son, of seventeen years of age, that he died three days after.—R. F.—Note by the Bishop.

†Omitted.—Ed. Museum.

\*Charitable, indeed, with a witness! when the many cruelties and barbarities committed in their hearing and eyesight, could not deter them from risking their own lives. May God bless and reward these compassionate and courageous ladies, and the brave poor Anne MacKay! Amen.—R. F.—Note by the Bishop.

of about seventy persons, were maintained, and what is of more value, the prices of commodities of all kinds at the period,—almost a century since, in point of time, and in point of improvement, double or triple the amount of years, by the ordinary reckoning of the world's progress in the useful arts. It is worthy of remark, that the Scotch staple, oatmeal, was as dear in 1746, as in the present year, 1834; beef, mutton, poultry, were nominally much cheaper, but not so much so as appears at first sight. When the inferiority of quality is fairly estimated, the difference of price, in most articles, is much less than it seems.

In different communings held at "the new stage coach office," the Bishop was able to extract considerable information from Mr. Gib; as this:—"Mr. Gib was on the field of battle, (Drumossie Moor,) near the Prince's person, in time of the action, and says, that the enemy's cannon played smartly upon the spot of ground where the Prince took his station; and that he himself saw one of the Prince's own grooms (Thomas' Ca) killed, by the Prince's side, with a cannon bullet.

"After the defeat, Mr. Gib rode along with Fitzjames's horse, keeping sight of the Prince, to the water of Nairn, which they crossed, about three miles from the field of battle; and then the horse were desired to go to Ruthven, of Badenoch, the Prince stepping aside to the right, and halting there till he saw them all go off. Then the Prince went up the water, about a mile, attended by Lord Elcho, Sir Thomas Sheridan, John Hay, of Restalrig, and Alexander MacLeod, (one of the aids-de-camp,) and their several servants; among whom Mr. Gib remembered particularly to have seen Ned Burke, of whom he speaks excellent things, as a most faithful and useful servant. When they had travelled about a mile, Mr. John Hay, stepping back a little, came to Mr. Gib, and desired him to go off, and to shift for himself, in the best manner he could."

The purveyor got on so far as the Whig county of Fife, when he was made prisoner in the town of Leven, by a gauger and two tide-waiters, all of course zealous Hanoverian. He had fortunately intrusted his treasure of household books to a friend of the cause in Aberdeenshire.

Bishop Forbes was so fortunate as to collect several accounts of the Prince's wanderings and escapes. Some of them are already well known, but others, and those the best, have been taken down by the Bishop, from the lips of the persons who accompanied the Pretender on his perilous adventures. One relation is made by Ned Burke, afterwards a chairman in Edinburgh, who was the faithful guide of the Prince from the Moor of Culloden to the west coast; and another was given by Donald MacLeod, on his return from London to Skye, in 1747, after suffering a long imprisonment. Donald's narrative is highly dramatic and animated, and certainly faithful to the letter; and, of his own, as compared with accounts more highly coloured, Ned Burke truly said, "what die! needs a man make mair wonders than we had. Faith we had anew o' them." Donald MacLeod of Gualtergill, in Skye, happened to be about Inverness when the army lay there; and from thence became the guide and pilot of one of the rebel leaders. Five days after the disaster at Culloden, he chanced to meet the fugitive Prince alone in a wood near Boradale.

The Prince, making towards Donald, asked, "Are you Donald MacLeod of Gualtergill in Skye?"—"Yes,"

said Donald, "I am the same man, may it please your Majesty, at your service. What is your pleasure wi' me?" "Then," said the Prince, "you see, Donald, I am in distress; I therefore throw myself into your bosom, and let you do with me what you like. I hear you are an honest man, and fit to be trusted."

When Donald was giving me this part of the narrative, he sat sore; the tears came running down his cheeks; and he said, "Wha deil could help greeting, when speaking on sic a sad subject?"—Donald made this return to the Prince, "Alast may it please your Excellency, what can I do for you? for I am but a poor old man, and can do very little for myself."

"Why," said the Prince, "the service I am to put you upon, I know you can perform very well. It is, that you may go with letters from me to Sir Alexander MacLeod, and the Laird of MacLeod. I desire, therefore, to know, if you will undertake this piece of service; for I am really convinced, that these gentlemen, for all that they have done, will do all in their power to protect me."—Upon hearing this, Donald was struck with surprise, and plainly told the Prince, he would do anything but that. It was a task he would not undertake, if he should hang him for refusing. "What?" said Donald, "does not your Excellency know, that these men have played the rogue to you altogether! and will you trust them for a' that? Na, you maunna do't."

When Donald MacLeod had absolutely refused to go any message whatsoever to Sir Alexander MacLeod and the Laird of MacLeod, the Prince said to him, "I hear, Donald, you are a good pilot, that you know all this coast well, and, therefore, I hope, you can carry me safely through the islands, where I may look for more safety than I can do here." Donald answered, he would do anything in the world for him, he would run any risk, except only that which he had formerly mentioned; and that he most willingly undertook to do his best in the service he now proposed. For this purpose Donald procured a stout eight-oared boat, the property of John MacLeod, son of *Æneas* or Angus MacLeod of Boradale. Both Donald MacLeod and Malcolm MacLeod said, that this John MacLeod was either killed at the battle of Culloden, or butchered next day in cold blood, (which was the fate of many;) for that he had never been heard of since that time. Donald took care to buy pot for boiling pottage, or the like, when they should happen to come to land; and a poor firlot of meal was all the provision he could make out to take along with them.

The Prince's adventures are so well known that Donald could add but little new to them. In one place he tells, that the Prince, for all the fatigue he underwent, never slept above three or four hours at most, at a time; and that when he awoke in the morning, he was always sure to call for a chopin of water, which he never failed to drink off at a draught; and that he had a little bottle in his pocket, out of which he used to take so many drops every morning and throughout the day, saying, if anything should ail him, he hoped he should cure himself, for that he was something of a doctor. "And faith," said Donald, "he was indeed a bit of a doctor; for Ned Burke happened once to be unca ill of a colic. the Prince said, Let him alone, I hope to cure him of that; and accordingly he did so; for he gae him sae mony drops out o' the little bottle, and Ned soon was as well as ever he had been."

When they were in Lady Killidun's house, they had killed a cow, for which the Prince desired payment to be made, but the landlady refused to accept of it.

However, Donald said before they left the house, he obliged her to take the price of the cow. "For," said Donald, "so long as there was any money among us, I was positive that the deil a man or woman should have it to say, that the Prince ate their meat for nought." They took the head and some pieces of the cow along with them in the boat, as also two pecks of meal, and plenty of brandy and sugar. They had all along a wooden plate for making their dough for bread, and they made use of stones for birsling their bannocks before the fire. When they were parting with Lady Killdun, she called Ned Burke aside, and (as Donald said) gave him a junt of butter betwixt two fardles of bread, which Ned put into a wallet they had for carrying some little baggage.

Upon the desert island they found plenty of good dry fish, of which they were resolved to make the best fare they could without any butter, not knowing of the junt that Ned had in his wallet. As they had plenty of brandy and sugar along with them, and found very good springs upon the island, they wanted much to have little warm punch to cheer their hearts in this cold remote place. They luckily found an earthen pitcher, which the fishers had left upon the island, and this served their purpose very well for heating the punch; but the second night the pitcher, by some accident or another, was broke to pieces, so that they could have no warm punch.

When Donald was asked, if ever the Prince used to give any particular toast, when they were taking a cup of cold water, whiskey, or the like; he said, that the Prince very often drank to the Black Eye, "by which," said Donald, "he meant the second daughter of France, and I never heard him name any particular health but that alone. When he spoke of that lady, which he did frequently, he appeared to be more than ordinary well pleased."

Ned Burke stood cook and baxter, but Donald said the Prince was the best cook of them all. One day, upon the desert island, the Prince and Ned were employed in making out a dish of fish, while all the rest were asleep. Ned, not minding that he had the junt of butter, began to complain that the fish would make but a very sa'less morsel without butter. The Prince said the fish would do very well in their present condition, and that they behaved to take the fish till the butter should come. Ned, at last reflecting, told the Prince that he had got a junt of butter from Lady Killdun, which he laid up betwixt two fardles of bread in the wallet, which was then lying in the boat. The Prince said that would do exceedingly well; for it would serve to complete their cookery, and desired Ned to go fetch it immediately. When Ned came to take out the butter, the bread was all crumbled into pieces, and mixed in with it, so that it made a very ugly appearance. Ned returned, and told the Prince the butter would not serve the purpose at all; for that it was far from being clean, the bread being crumbled into pieces and wrought in amongst it, and therefore he thought shame to present it. "What?" said the Prince, "was not the butter clean when it was put there?"—"Yes," answered Ned, "it was clean enough." "Then," replied the Prince, "you are a child, Ned. The butter will do exceedingly well. The bread can never file it. Go fetch it immediately." When the fish was sufficiently boiled, they awakened the rest of the company to share in the entertainment. Donald M'Leod, looking at the butter, said, "The deil a drop of that butter he would take; for it was neither good nor clean." But the Prince told him he was very nice indeed; for that the butter would serve the turn very well at present, and he caused it to be served up. They made a very hearty

meal of the fish and the crumbs of bread swimming among the butter.

At another time, when Ned was preparing to bake some bannocks, the Prince said, he would have a cake of his own contriving, which was, to take the brains of the cow, and mingle them well in amongst the meal, when making the dough; and this, he said, they would find to be very wholesome meat. His directions were obeyed; and, said Donald, he "gave orders to birstle the bannock well, or else it would not do at all. When the cake was fully fired, the Prince divided it into so many pieces, giving every gentleman a bit of it; and Donald said, "it made very good bread indeed."

[Here I asked if the boatmen did eat in common with the Prince and the gentlemen? "Na, good faith, they!" said Donald; "set them up wi' that indeed, the fallows, to eat wi' the Prince and the shentlemen! we even kept up the port of the Prince upon the desert island itself, and kept twa tables, one for the Prince and the shentlemen, and the other for the boatmen. We sat upon the bare ground, having a big stone in the middle of us for a table; and sometimes we ate off our knee, or the bare ground, as it happened."

Donald M'Leod said the Prince used to smoke a great deal of tobacco; and, as in his wanderings from place to place, the pipes behaved to break, and turn into short cutties, he used to take quills, and putting one into another, "and all," said Donald, "into the end of the cuttie, this served to make it long enough, and the tobacco to smoke cool." Donald added, that he never knew, in all his life, any one better at finding out a shift than the Prince was, when he happened to be at a pinch; and that the Prince would sometimes sing them a song to keep up their hearts.

Donald was afterwards made a prisoner at Portree, in Skye. In London, after his release, a Jacobite friend presented him with a handsome silver snuff-box, on which his adventures among the islands, were engraven. On the bottom were cut the words, "Donald MacLeod of Gualtergill, in the Isle of Skye, the faithful Palinurus."

"When Donald," says the Bishop, "came first to see me along with Deacon Clerk, I asked him, why he had not snuff in the pretty box?" "Sneeshin in that box!" said Donald; "na, the deil a pickle sneeshin shall ever go into it, till the King be restored; and then (I trust in God) I'll go to London, and then will I put sneeshin in the box, and go to the Prince, and say, Sir, will you tak a sneeshin out o' my box?"

The Bishop was so fortunate as to collect £10 for Donald, before he set out for Skye, to rejoin his wife and family. Donald's loyalty was the remarkable, as his chief took the other side, and would not even speak to his clansman when he met him in London and at Edinburgh. The other narratives of the perilous adventures of Prince Charles, till he got safely away, do not add much to our previous stock of information. The zeal and fidelity in his adverse fortunes, of all the persons of inferior rank, is often favourably contrasted with the alarm and timidity of the chiefs, who had at first been the most forward in his service. On coming to Morar's house, with the old MacKinnon, of Strath, the owner told him he could do nothing for him, and knew of no one who could.

"This is very hard," said the Prince. "You were very kind yesternight, Morar, and said you could find out a hiding-place, proof against all the search of the enemy's forces, and now you say you can do nothing

at all for me. You can travel to no place, but what I will travel to; no eatables or drinkables can you take, but what I can take a share along with you, and be well content with them, and even pay handsomely for them. When fortune smiled upon me, and I had pay to give, I then found some people ready enough to serve me; but now that fortune frowns on me, and I have no pay to give, they forsake me in my necessity."

This dilemma vexed the Prince greatly; insomuch that he cried out, "O, God Almighty! look down upon my circumstances, and pity me; for I am in a most melancholy situation. Some of those who joined me at first, and appeared to be fast friends, now turn their backs upon me in my greatest need; and some of those again who refused to join me, and stood at a distance, are now among my best friends; for it is remarkable, that those of Sir Alexander MacDonald's following have been most faithful to me in my distress, and contributed greatly to my preservation."

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*From the same.*

PETER KLAUS.

LAST month we were speaking of the rude materials from which talent works out its fairest and most valuable products, showing, in a few instances, the germ, the embryo, the first rough blocking from whence genius calls forth its creations. Every body knows the story of Rip Van Winkle. Its author is one of the most tasteful of the adapters of ancient legends to modern times. If he does not invent and vivify, he embellishes and beautifies with rare skill. Here is the original of his best piece.

Peter Klaus, a goat-herd of Sittendorf, who tended herds on the Kyffhauser mountain, used to let them rest of an evening in a spot surrounded by an old wall, where he always counted them to see if they were all right. For some days he noticed that one of his finest goats, as they came to this spot, vanished, and never returned to the herd till late. He watched him more closely, and at length saw him slip through a rent in the wall. He followed him, and caught him in a cave, feeding sumptuously upon the grains of oats which fell one by one from the roof. He looked up, shook his head at the shower of oats, but, with all his care, could discover nothing farther. At length he heard over head, the neighing and stamping of some mettlesome horses, and concluded that the oats must have fallen from their mangers.

While the goat-herd stood there, wondering about these horses in a totally uninhabited mountain, a lad came and made signs to him to follow him silently. Peter ascended some steps, and, crossing a walled court, came to a glade surrounded by rocky cliffs, into which a sort of twilight made its way through the thick-leaved branches. Here he found twelve grave old knights playing at skittles, at a well-levelled and fresh plat of grass. Peter was silently appointed to set up the ninepins for them.

At first, his knees knocked together as he did this, while he marked with half-stolen glances, the long beards and goodly paunches of the noble knights. By degrees, however, he grew more confident, and looked at everything about him with a steady gaze; nay, at last he ventured so far as to take a draught from a pitcher which stood near

him, the fragrance of which appeared to him delightful. He felt quite revived by a draught; and as often as he felt at all tired, received new strength from application to the inexhaustible pitcher. But at length sleep overcame him.

When he awoke, he found himself once more in the enclosed green space where he was accustomed to leave his goats. He rubbed his eyes, but could discover neither dog nor goats, and stared with surprise at the height to which the grass had grown, and at the bushes and trees, which he never remembered to have noticed. Shaking his head, he proceeded along the roads and paths which he was accustomed to traverse daily with his herd, but could no where see any traces of his goats. Below him, he saw Sittendorf, and at last he descended with quickened step, there to make inquiries after his herd.

The people whom he met at the entrance of the town were unknown to him—were dressed, and spoke differently from those whom he had known there; moreover, they all stared at him when he inquired about his goate, and began stroking their chins. At last, almost involuntarily, he did the same, and found, to his great astonishment, that his beard was grown to be a foot long. He began now to think himself and the world all bewitched together, and yet he felt sure that the mountain from which he had descended was the Kyffhauser, and the houses here with their gardens and forecourts, were all familiar to him. Moreover several lads whom he heard telling the name of the place to a traveller, called it Sittendorf.

Shaking his head, he proceeded into the town straight to his own house. He found it sadly fallen to decay; before it lay a strange herd-boy in tattered garments, and near him an old worn-out dog, which growled and showed his teeth at Peter when he called him. He entered by the opening, which had formerly been closed by a door, but found within all so desolate and empty, that he staggered out again like a drunkard, and called his wife and children. But no one heard—no voice answered him.

Women and children now began to surround the strange old man with the long hoary beard, and to contend with one another in inquiring of him what he wanted. He thought it so ridiculous to make inquiries of strangers before his own house, after his wife and children, and still more so after himself, that he mentioned the first neighbour that occurred to him—"Kirt Stiflen?" All were silent, and looked at one another, till an old woman said, "he has left here these twelve years: he lives at Sachsenberg, you'll hardly get there to-day." "Veltan Maier?" "God help him!" said an old crone leaning on a crutch, "he has been confined for these fifteen years in the house which he'll never leave again."

He recognised, as he thought, his suddenly aged neighbour, but he had lost all desire of asking any more questions. At last a brisk young woman, with a boy of a twelvemonth old in her arms, and with a little girl holding her hand, made her way through the gaping crowd, and they looked for all the world like his wife and children. "What is your name?" said Peter, astonished. "Maria." "And your father?" "God have mercy on him—Peter Klaus. It is twenty years since we sought him day and night on the Kyffhauser; when his goats came home without him. I was only seven years old when it happened."

The goat-herd could no longer contain himself.

"I am Peter Klaus," cried he, "and no other;" and he took the babe from his daughter's arms. All stood like statues for a minute, till one and another began to cry. "Here's Peter Klaus come back again. Welcome, neighbour—welcome, after twenty years—welcome, Peter Klaus."

*From the Asiatic Journal.*

**SKETCHES OF INDIAN SOCIETY.**

THE BABA LOGUE.

IT is possible to penetrate into the drawing-room of a mansion in England without being made aware that the house contains a troop of children, who, though not strictly confined to the nursery, seldom quit it except when in their best dresses and best behaviours, and who, when seen in any other part of the house, may be considered in the light of guests. It is otherwise in India. Traces of the *baba logue*, the Hindoo-stance designation of a tribe of children, are to be discovered the instant a visiter enters the outer verandah: a rocking-horse, a small cart, a wheeled chair, in which the baby may take equestrian or carriage-exercise within doors, generally occupy conspicuous places, and probably—for Indian domestics are not very scrupulous respecting the proprieties in appearances—a line may be stretched across, adorned with a dozen or so of little frocks, washed out hastily to supply the demand in some extraordinarily sultry day. From the threshold to the deepest recesses of the interior, every foot of ground is strewed with toys of all sorts and dimensions, and from all parts of the world—English, Dutch, Chinese, and Hindoo-stance. In a family blessed with numerous olive branches, the whole house is converted into one large nursery; drawing-rooms, ante-rooms, bed-rooms, and dressing-rooms are all peopled by the young fry of the establishment. In the first, a child may be seen sleeping on the floor, under a mosquito-net, stretched over an oval bamboo frame, and looking like a patent wire dish-cover; in the second an infant of more tender years reposes on the arms of a bearer, who holds the baby in a manner peculiar to India, lying at length on a very thin mattrass, formed of several folds of thick cotton cloth, and croaking a most lugubrious lullaby, as he paces up and down; in a third, two or more of the juveniles are assembled, one with its only garment converted into leading-strings, another sitting under a punkah, and a third running after a large ball, with a domestic trotting behind, and following the movements of the child in an exceedingly ludicrous manner. Two attendants, at the least, are attached to each of the children; one of these must always be upon duty, and the services of the other are only dispensed with while at meals; an *ayah* and a *bearer* are generally employed, the latter being esteemed the best and most attentive nurse of the two. These people never lose sight of their respective charges for a single instant, and seldom permit them to wander beyond arms' length; consequently, in addition to the company of the children, that of their domestics must be endured, who seem to think themselves privileged persons; and should the little master or miss under their care penetrate into the bed-chamber of a visiter—no difficult achievement, where all the

doors are open—they will follow close, and make good their entrance also. It is their duty to see that the child does not get into any mischief, and as they are certain of being severely repreended if the little urchin should happen to tumble down and hurt itself, for their own sakes, they are careful to prevent such a catastrophe at any personal inconvenience whatever to their master's guests. When the children are not asleep, they must be amused, an office which devolves upon the servants, who fortunately take great delight in all that pleases the infant mind, and never weary of their employment. They are a little too apt to resort to a very favourite method of beguiling time, that of playing on the *tom-tom*, an instrument which is introduced into every mansion tenanted by the *baba logue* for the ostensible purpose of charming the young folks, but in reality to gratify their own peculiar taste. An almost constant drumming is kept up from morning until night, a horrid discord, which, on a very hot day, aggravates every other torment. The rumbling and squeaking of a low cart, in which a child is dragged for hours up and down a neighbouring verandah, the monotonous ditty of the old bearer, of which one can distinguish nothing but *baba*, added to the incessant clamour of the *tom-tom*, to say nothing of occasional squalls, altogether furnish forth a concert of the most hideous description.

Nevertheless, the gambols of children, the ringing glee of their infant voices, and the infinite variety of amusement which they afford, do much towards dispelling the ennui and tedium of an Indian day. The climate depresses their spirits to a certain point; they are diverting without being troublesome, for there is always an attendant at hand to whom they may be consigned should they become unruly; and certainly, considering how much they are petted and spoiled, it is only doing Anglo-Indian children justice to say, that they are, generally speaking, a most orderly race. There can scarcely be a prettier sight than that of a groupe of fair children, gathered round or seated in the centre of their dark-browed attendants, listening with eager countenances to one of those marvellous legends, of which Indian story-tellers possess so numerous a catalogue, or convulsed with laughter as they gaze upon the antics of some merry fellow, who forgets the gravity and dignity considered so becoming to a native, whether Moslem or Hindoo, in his desire to afford entertainment to the *baba logue*. In one particularly well-regulated family, in which the writer happened to be a temporary inmate, a little boy anxiously expressed a wish that we should go very early to a ball which was to take place in the evening, because, he said, he and his brothers were to have a *dhole*, and the bearers had promised to dance for them. A *dhole* is an instrument of forty-drum-power; fortunately, both children and servants had the grace to reserve it for their own private recreation, and doubtless, for that night at least, the jackalls were scared from the door.

The dinner for the children is usually served up at the same time with the tiffin placed before the seniors of the family. The young folks sit apart, accommodated with low tables, and arm-chairs of corresponding size; and as they are usually favourites with all the servants, it is no uncommon thing to see the whole *posse* of khidmutgars desert their master's chairs to crowd round those of

the *babas*. One of the principal dishes at the juvenile board is denominated *pish pash*, weak broth thickened with rice, and a fowl pulled to pieces; another, called *dhal baat*, consists of rice and yellow peas stewed together; *croquettes*, a very delicate preparation of chicken, beaten in a mortar, mixed up with fine batter, and fried in egg-shaped balls, is also very common; and there is always a *kaaree*. Europeans entertain only one notion respecting a curry, as they term the favourite Indian dish, and which they suppose to be invariably composed of the same ingredients, a rich stew, highly seasoned, and served with rice. There are, however, infinite varieties of the *kaaree* tribe; that which is eaten by the natives differing essentially from that produced at European tables, while there is a distinct preparation for children, and another for dogs; rice and tumeric are the constant accompaniments of all, but with respect to the other articles employed, there is a very wide latitude, of which the native cooks avail themselves, by concocting a kind peculiar to their own manufacture, which is not to be found at any table save that of the person whom they serve.

table save that of the person whom they serve. Capt. Basil Hall assures us that the *kaaree* is not of Asiatic origin, and that the natives of India owe its introduction to the Portuguese; a startling assertion to those who are acquainted with the vehement objection to any innovation in dress or food entertained by Hindoos of all castes, and by the Moosulmans of this part of the world also, who are even less liberal than those of other countries. Nevertheless, it is an indisputable fact that, notwithstanding the prejudice which exists all over India against the adoption of foreign novelties, an exception has been made in favour of a few importations, which are now in universal request, and which even the best-informed natives can scarcely be made to believe were not indigenous to the soil, and entered as deeply into the household economy of their most remote ancestors as in their own at the present day. Tobacco, for instance, has found its way to every part of the peninsula, and must have extended rapidly to the most remote places, immediately upon its introduction from Turkey or Persia, or by the early Portuguese colonists. The chili, another American plant, is in almost equal esteem, and is to be purchased in all the native bazaars; while every class,—whether the staple food, as amongst the wealthy Moosulmans, be flesh, or cakes of flour, which compose the meal of the poorer orders dwelling in the upper provinces, or the boiled rice of the low grounds,—is invariably accompanied by *kaaree*, composed of vegetables mixed up with a variety of spices, and enriched, according to the means of the party, with ghee. Chetney, in all probability, was formerly used as the sauce to flavour rice or flour cakes, which, without some adjunct of the kind, must be extremely insipid; but the substitute offers a very superior relish, and as in its least elaborate state it is within the reach of the very poorest native, its invention and dissemination are actual benefits conferred upon the country. The *kaaree* for children is, of course, extremely simple, nor indeed are highly-seasoned dishes very frequently seen at European tables in the Bengal presidency. They have nothing like the pepper-pot of the West-Indies, and it is rarely that the gastronome, delighting in the quintessence of spice, can be gratified by the productions of Indian cookery.

The *khana*, dinner of the *baba logue*, is washed down with pure water, and in about an hour or

two after its conclusion, preparations for the evening exercise commence. The children are to be bathed for the second, and re-attired perhaps for the tenth time in the day. In the hot weather, it is not until this hour that the slightest pains are considered necessary about the personal appearance of the young folks, who, until they are four or five years old, are permitted to go about the house during the earlier part of the day sometimes more than half-naked. In the evening, however, the toilette is a more serious affair; babies are decked out in their laced caps, and a pair of *pajamas* (trousers) are added to the frock of their elder brothers and sisters, while those still more advanced in years are enrobed in their best suits, and flourish in riband-sashes and embroidered hems; but, excepting in the cold weather, there are no hats, bonnets, tippets, or gloves, to be seen.

It is not often that parents accompany their children in the evening drive or walk; the latter are taken out by their attendants at least an hour before grown-up people choose to exhibit themselves in the open air. The equipages of the *babologue* are usually kept expressly for their accommodation, and of a build and make so peculiar as to render them no very enviable conveyances for their seniors: palanquin-carriages of all sorts and descriptions, drawn by one horse or a pair of bullocks, in which the children and the servants squat together on the floor; common palanquins, containing an infant of two or three years old, with its bearer; *taun jauns*, in which a female nurse is seated with a baby on her lap; together with miniature sociables, chaises, and shandrydans.—in short, every sort of vehicle adapted to the Lilliputian order, are put into requisition. Many of the little folk are mounted upon ponies; some of these equestrians are so young as to be unable to sit upon their steeds without the assistance of a chuprassy on each side, and a groom to lead the animal; others, older and more expert, scamper along, keeping their attendants, who are on foot, at full speed, as they tear across the roads, with heads uncovered and hair flying in the wind. One of the prettiest spectacles afforded by the evening drive, in Calcutta, is the exhibition of its juvenile inhabitants, congregated on a particular part of the plain between Government-house and the fort, by the side of the river. This is the chosen spot; all the equipages, a strange grotesque medley, are drawn up at the corner, and the young people are seen in crowds, walking with their servants, laughing, chattering, and full of glee, during the brief interval of enfranchisement. For the most part, they are pale, delicate little creatures; cherry-cheeks are wholly unknown, and it is only a few who can boast the slightest tinge of the rose. Nevertheless, there is no dearth of beauty; independent of feature, the exceeding fairness of their skins, contrasted with the Asiatic swarthiness around them, and the fairy lightness of their forms, are alone sufficient to render them exceedingly attractive. Not many number more than eight years, and perhaps in no other place can there be seen so large an assembly of children, of the same age and rank, disporting in a promenade. Before night closes in upon the gay crowd, still driving on the neighbouring roads, the juvenile population take their departure, and being disposed in their respective carriages, return home. At day-break, they make their appearance again, in equal numbers; but their gambols are perforce

confined to the broad and beaten path; they dare not, as in Europe, disperse themselves over the green sward, nor enjoy the gratification of rolling and tumbling on the grass, filling their laps with wild flowers, and pelting each other with showers of daisies. Their attendants keep a sharp lookout for snakes, and though these reptiles are sometimes seen gliding about in the neighbourhood, there is no record of accident to the *baba logue* from their poisonous fangs. Itinerant vendors of toys take their station in the favourite haunt of their most liberal patrons, exhibiting a great variety of tempting articles, all bright and gaudy with gold and silver. These glittering wares are formed out of very simple materials, but a good deal of ingenuity is displayed in the construction: elephants more than a foot high, richly caparisoned, hollowed, and made of paper, coloured to the life, with trunks which move about to the admiration of all the beholders, may be purchased for a few pice; nearly equally good imitations of budgerows and palanquins, also of paper, bear a still smaller price; there are, besides, cages containing brilliant birds of painted clay, suspended from the top bars by an almost invisible hair, and so constantly in motion as to be speedily demolished by cats, should they happen to hang within reach of their claws; magnificent cockatoos made of the pith of a plant which is turned to many purposes in India, and which in China is manufactured into paper; to these whirligigs and reptiles of wax, set in motion by the slightest touch, are added. The Calcutta toy-men, though not equally celebrated, far surpass those of Benares, in the accuracy of their representations of animate and inanimate objects; they work with more fragile materials, and their chief dependance being upon customers fond of novelties, they are constantly bringing new articles into the market. In the upper provinces, where the demand is less, European children are obliged to be content with the common toys of the bazaars; nondescripts carved in wood, fac-similes of those which pleased former generations, but which are discarded the instant that better commodities are offered for sale.

The popular evening entertainment for children in Calcutta, juvenile balls not yet being established, is an exhibition of *fantoccini*, which goes by the name of a *kat pootlee nautch*. The showmen are of various grades, and exhibit their puppets at different prices, from a rupee upwards, according to the richness of their scenery and decorations. A large room in the interior is selected for the place of representation; a sheet stretched across between two pillars, and reaching within three feet of the ground, conceals the living performers from view; there is a back scene behind this proscenium, generally representing the exterior of a palace of silver, and the entertainment commences with the preparations for a grand durbar, or levee, in which European ladies and gentlemen are introduced. The puppets are of a very grotesque and barbarous description, inferior to the generality of Indian handy-works, but they are exceedingly well-managed, and perform all their evolutions with great precision. Sofas and chairs are brought in for the company, who are seen coming to court, some on horseback, some on elephants, and some in carriages; their descent from these conveyances is very dexterously achieved; and the whole harlequinade of fighting, dancing, tiger-hunting, and alligator-slaying, goes off with great *eclat*. The

audience, however, forms the most attractive part of the spectacle. The youngest babies occupy the front rows, seated on the ground or in the laps of their nurses, who look very picturesque in the Eastern attitude, half-shadowed by their long flowing veils; beyond these scattered groups, small arm-chairs are placed, filled with little gentry capable of taking care of themselves; and behind them, upon sofas, the *mamas* and a few female friends are seated, the rest of the room being crowded with servants, male and female, equally delighted with the *baba logue* at the exploits of the wooden performers. Generally, several of the native children belonging to the establishment are present, clad in white muslin chemises, with silver bangles around their wrists and ankles, their fine dark eyes sparkling with pleasure as they clap their little hands and echo the *wah! wah!* of their superiors. Many of these children are perfectly beautiful, and their admission into the circle adds considerably to the effect of the whole scene. The performances are accompanied by one or two instruments, and between the acts, one of the showmen exhibits a few of the common feats of sleight of hand accomplished with so much ease by the inferior orders of Indian jugglers.

There is another species of dramatic representation, in which the *baba logue* take especial delight. A man, a goat, and a monkey, comprise the *dratatis personæ*; the latter, dressed as a sepoy, goes through a variety of evolutions, aided by his horned and bearded coadjutor. The children—though from the constant repetition of this favourite entertainment they have the whole affair by heart, and could at any time enact the part of either of the performers,—are never weary of listening to the monologue of the showman, and of gazing on the antics of his dumb associates. This itinerant company may be seen wandering about the streets of Calcutta all the morning; a small douceur to the durwan at the gate admits them into the compound, and the little folks in the verandah no sooner catch a glimpse of the mounted monkey, than they are wild for the rehearsal of the piece.

Time in India is not much occupied by the studies of the rising generation; an infant prodigy is a *rara avis* amongst the European community; for, sooth to say, the education of children is shockingly neglected; few can speak a word of English, and though they may be highly accomplished in Hindoo-stanee, their attainments in that language are not of the most useful nature, nor being entirely acquired from the instructions of the servants, particularly correct or elegant. Some of the *babes* learn to sing little Hindoo-stanee airs very prettily, and will even *improvise* after the fashion of the native poets; but this is only done when they are unconscious of attracting observation, for the love of display, so injudiciously inculcated in England, has not yet destroyed the simplicity of Anglo-Indian children. The art in which, unhappily, quick and clever urchins attain the highest degree of proficiency, is that of scolding. The Hindoo-stanee vocabulary is peculiarly rich in terms of abuse; native Indian women, it is said, excel the females of every other country in volubility of utterance, and in the strength and number of the opprobrious epithets which they shower down upon those who raise their ire. They can declaim for five minutes at a time without once drawing breath; and the shrillness of their voices adds considerably to the effect of their eloquence.

This description of talent is frequently turned to account in a manner peculiar to India. Where a person conceives himself to be aggrieved by his superior in a way which the law cannot reach, he not unfrequently revenge himself upon his adversary, by hiring two old women out of the bazaar, adepts in scurrility, to sit on either side of his door. These hags possess a perfect treasury of foul words, which they lavish upon the luckless master of the house with the heartiest good-will, and without stint or limitation. Nor are their invectives confined to him alone; to render them the more poignant, all his family, and particularly his mother, are included; nothing of shame or infamy is spared in the accusations heaped upon her head; a stainless character avails her not, since she is assailed merely to give a double sting to the malicious attacks upon her son. So long as these tirades are wasted upon the ears of the neighbours, they are comparatively innocuous; but should they find their way to the tympanums against which they are directed, the unfortunate man is involved in the deepest and most irremediable disgrace; if he be once known to have heard it he is undone; consequently, for the preservation of his dignity, the object of this strange persecution keeps himself closely concealed in the most distant chamber of his house, and a troop of horse at his gate could not more effectually detain him prisoner than the virulent tongues of two abominable old women. The *chokeydars*, who act in the capacity of the *gendarmerie* of Europe, take no cognizance of the offence; the mortified captive is without a remedy, and must come to terms with the person whom he had offended, to rid himself of the pestilent effusions of his tormentors. With such examples before their eyes,—for there is not a woman, old or young, in the compound who could not exert her powers of elocution with equal success,—a great deal of care is necessary to prevent the junior members of a family from indulging in the natural propensity to scold and call names. Spoiled and neglected children abuse their servants in an awful manner, using language of the most horrid description, while those parents who are imperfectly acquainted with Hindooostanee are utterly ignorant of the meaning of the words which come so glibly from the tongues of their darlings.

In British India, children and parents are placed in a very singular position with regard to each other; the former do not speak their mother-tongue; they are certain of acquiring Hindooostanee, but are very seldom taught a word of English until they are five or six years old, and not always at that age. In numerous instances, they cannot make themselves intelligible to their parents, it being no uncommon case to find the latter almost totally ignorant of the native dialect, while their children cannot converse in any other. Some ladies improve themselves by the prattle of their infants, having perhaps known nothing of Hindooostanee until they have got a young family about them, an inversion of the usual order of things; the children, though they may understand English, are shy of speaking it, and do not, while they remain in India, acquire the same fluency which distinguishes their utterance of the native language. The only exceptions occur in King's regiments, where of course English is constantly spoken, and the young families of the officers have ample opportunity of making themselves acquainted with their vernacular tongue in their intimate association with the soldiers of the corps. Under

such tuition, purity of pronunciation, it may be supposed, would be wanting; but children, educated entirely at the schools instituted in King's regiments, do not contract that peculiar and disagreeable accent which invariably characterizes the dialect of the country-born, and which the offspring of Europeans, if brought up in the academical establishments of Calcutta, inevitably acquire. The sons of officers who cannot afford to send their children to England for their education, often obtain commissions in their fathers' regiments, having grown up into manhood without quitting the land of their birth, and without having enjoyed those advantages which are supposed to be necessary to qualify them for their station in society; yet these gentlemen are not in the slightest degree inferior to their brother officers in their attainments in classic and English literature; in the latter, perhaps, they are even more deeply versed, since they can only obtain an acquaintance with many interesting circumstances relative to their father-land through the medium of books; while they excel in Hindooostanee, and are certain of being appointed to the interpretations of the corps to which they belong. Clergymen's sons, also, do infinite credit to the instructions which they receive in India, and though it may be advisable for them to follow the general example, and finish their studies in Europe, it is not actually necessary; but without the advantages enjoyed by the parties above-mentioned, it is scarcely possible to obtain even a decent education in India. The climate is usually supposed to be exceedingly detrimental to European children after they have attained their sixth or seventh year; but vast numbers grow up into men and women without having sought a more genial atmosphere, and when thus acclimated, the natives themselves do not sustain the heat with less inconvenience. When the pecuniary resources of the parents leave them little hope of returning to Europe with their families, the accomplishments secured to the daughters by an English or French education, are dearly purchased by the alienation which must take place between them and their nearest relatives. If interest be wanting to obtain commissions in the King's or Company's service for the sons, boys must be sent to seek their fortune at home, since there are very few channels for European speculation open in India. Indigo-factories form the grand resource for unemployed young men; but, generally speaking, family connexions in the mother-country offer better prospects. With the female branches of Anglo-Indian families it is different; the grand aim and object which their parents have in view is to get them married to men possessing civil or military appointments in India, and they consider the chances of so desirable a destiny materially increased by the attainment of a few showy and superficial accomplishments in some European seminary. In too many instances, the money thus bestowed must be entirely thrown away; young ladies, emancipated from the school-room at an early age, and perchance not acquainted with any society beyond its narrow limits, have only the name of an English education, and know little or nothing more than might have been acquired in India; others, who have enjoyed greater advantages, are in danger of contracting habits and prejudices in favour of their own country which may embitter a residence in India; and as it frequently happens that men of rank choose their wives from the dark daughters of the land, or are guided

wholly by the eye, the good to be derived scarcely counterbalances the great evil of long estrangement from the paternal roof. The delight of Anglo-Indian parents in their children is of very brief duration, and miserably alloyed by the prospect of separation; the joy of the mother, especially, is subjected to many drawbacks; the health of the baby forms a source of unceasing anxiety from the moment of its birth. Infant life in the torrid zone hangs upon so fragile a thread, that the slightest ailment awakens alarm; the distrust of native attendants, sometimes but too well-founded, adds to maternal terrors, and where the society is small, the social meetings of a station are suspended, should illness, however slight, prevail amongst the *baba logue*. Where mothers are unable to nurse their own children, a native woman, or *dyhe*, as she is called, is usually selected for the office, Europeans being difficult to be procured; these are expensive and troublesome appendages to a family; they demand high wages on account of the sacrifice which they affect to make of their usual habits, and the necessity of purchasing their reinstatement to caste, forfeited by the pollution they have contracted, a prejudice which the Mussulmans have acquired from their Hindoo associates. Their diet must be strictly attended to, and they are too well aware of their importance not to make their employers feel it; in fact, there is no method in which natives can so readily impose upon the European community as that in which their children are concerned. The dearest article of native produce is asses'-milk, in consequence of its being recommended by medical men for the nutriment of delicate children; the charge is never less than a rupee per pint, and it frequently rises much higher. It is useless to add a donkey to the farm-yard belonging to the establishment, in the hope of obtaining a regular and cheaper supply; the expense of the animal's keep is enormous, and it is certain to become dry or to die in a very short time. Few servants refuse to connive at this knavery, and the same donkey may be purchased two or three times over by its original proprietor, and not an individual in the compound, though the fact may be notorious to all, will come forward to detect the cheat. It is a point of honour amongst them to conceal such delinquencies, and they know that if asses'-milk be required for the *baba*, it will be purchased at any price.

Notwithstanding the extreme terror with which attached parents regard the hour which is to separate them from their children, their greatest anxiety is to secure for them the advantages of an European education, and in almost every instance those who remain in India are only kept there in consequence of pecuniary embarrassments. The misery of parting with beloved objects seems even less severe than that of retaining them under so many circumstances supposed to be adverse to their advancement in life; and the danger of entrusting them to unamiable or incompetent persons, in England, appears to be nothing compared to the wretchedness of seeing them grow up under their own eyes, without the means of acquiring those branches of polite learning deemed indispensable by ambitious mothers; numbers, who are too completely the offspring of the soil to require change of climate, are sent to England, in order that in accomplishments at least they may vie with their fairer associates. It must be confessed that many difficulties are placed in the way of female instruction in India, and indeed it is only

where a mother is qualified to take an active part in the tuition of her daughters that they can acquire more than the mere rudiments of education. The climate is unfavourable to occupation of this kind; English ladies soon learn to fancy that it is impossible to exert themselves as they would have done at home; they speedily become weary of the task, and they have so many obstacles to contend against, in the upper provinces especially, where the necessary books cannot always be obtained, that only spirits of the most active nature can persevere. Calcutta offers more facilities; it possesses schools, although of a very inferior description, and private education may be carried on with the aid of masters, whose qualifications are quite equal to those which are to be found in some of the best provincial towns in England; but the climate of Bengal is unfortunately more trying to youthful constitutions than that of the higher districts; and at the first indication of declining health, parents take the alarm, and strain every nerve to procure the means of sending their children home. Not unfrequently the mother accompanies her young family, leaving the father thus doubly bereaved; the husband and wife are sometimes parted from each other for many years, where the latter is unwilling to relinquish the superintendence of her sons and daughters to other hands; but, in many cases, the lady spends the time in voyaging between England and India. Where there are funds to support the expense, the wives of civil or military residents seem to think nothing of making the passage half a dozen times before they settle finally in one quarter of the globe; establishments which appear to be permanent are often broken up in an instant; some panic occurs; the mother flies with her children to another land, or, should it be convenient for the father to apply for his furlough, the whole family take their departure, leaving a blank in the society to which perchance they have contributed many pleasures. Ladies who take their children home at a very early age, when the dangerous period has passed, sometimes venture the experiment of bringing out a governess to complete their education in India. The expedient is seldom successful; though bound in the heaviest penalties not to marry during a stipulated number of years, they cannot be kept to their engagements, the hand of the governess is often promised before the end of the voyage, and there is no chance of retaining her in the upper provinces; seclusion from society is found to be ineffectual, as it only serves to arouse the knight-errantry of the station; rich suitors pay at once the sum that is to be forfeited by previous agreement, and poor ones declare that marriage cancels all such bonds, and defy the injured party to recover. Neither fortune nor connexion is much regarded in India in the choice of a wife; a few showy accomplishments,—that of singing especially,—will always be preferred, and even where all these are wanting, gentlemen of high birth and suitable appointments will stoop very low: the European waiting-maid has as fair a chance as her young mistress of making the best match which the society can afford, and mortifying instances are of no unusual occurrence in which a *femme de chambre* has carried off a prize from the belles of the most distinguished circle of the presidency.

With these melancholy facts before their eyes, it seems surprising that the heads of houses should ever burthen themselves with the care and responsibility which the addition of a governess to their

families must always entail; the only chance they have of retaining the services of a person in this capacity occurs when the choice has fallen on some well-conducted woman, who is separated from her husband, and desirous of obtaining an asylum in a foreign land.

The eagerness with which females of European birth are usually sought in marriage in India is the cause of the depressed state of the schools in Calcutta. No sooner is a lady to whom mothers would gladly entrust their children established as a school-mistress, than she is induced to exchange the troubles and anxieties attendant upon her situation for a more desirable home. If men of rank should not offer, rich tradesmen are always to be found in the list of suitors; and where pride does not interfere, the superior wealth of many individuals of this class renders them equally eligible for the husbands of unportioned women. The bride deserts her charge for more sacred duties, and the school falls into incompetent hands. Owing to these adverse circumstances, few female pupils who have European mothers living, are to be found in any of the establishments for their education in Calcutta: but where there is an adequate provision for the maintenance of the child, private seminaries have hitherto been preferred to the Orphan School at Kidderpore, an institution which, under the zealous superintendence of the Rev. Mr. Hovenden, made rapid strides in improvement. The death of this gentleman, whose whole heart was engaged in the plans which he formed for the advantage of the youthful community placed under his direction, must long be severely felt; but from his judicious arrangements, the establishment cannot fail to derive lasting benefit, and in the present spread of intellect we may hope that in the course of a few years a still better system may be introduced at Kidderpore, and that other schools may spring up, in which every advantage of education may be obtained without the necessity of a voyage to Europe.

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From the same.

#### ROMANCES FROM REAL LIFE.

SCAN. MAG.

NOTHING could be more frightfully dull than Cawnpore at the period of which I write. A perfect stagnation had taken place in society. There was a sort of general strike amongst the ladies—our balls were unattended, and our actors performed to empty benches. Our fair patronesses had wearied of making themselves amiable, and, for some offence, real or imaginary, were determined to withhold their smiles. We,—that is, the bachelorhood of the place,—were the most ill-used and innocent people in the world; at least we could accuse ourselves of nothing worse than peeping through the blinds of Miss Jemima Perkins' *palkee garree*, and toasting her at mess-parties as the beauty of the station. Miss Jemima Perkins was the daughter of a *sondagur* (shop-keeper); there lay the villainy:—she was not in society, and yet we presumed to admire her. Our ringleader on this occasion was an elderly and rather battered civilian, named Grimstone, who having somewhat of the bruin in his composition, cared very little whether that portion of womankind claiming

rank and precedence were pleased or displeased by his method of conducting himself; he was, therefore, as the phrase goes, "very sweet" upon Miss Perkins. I had my private reasons for believing that he would not succeed; but as I kept them to myself, it was the general opinion that the young lady would take the *pas* in the station. Though Grimstone was the chief offender, as we were supposed to aid and abet him in an act of open rebellion, we were all under a ban, and were upon the point of degenerating into mere smokers of cigars, handlers of cues, and drinkers of *brandy paanee*, when, at this critical moment, a new impulse was given to our flagging spirits.

On repairing to the course one evening, we were agreeably surprised by the appearance of a beautiful girl, a perfect stranger, who occupied a seat in the carriage of Mrs. Frampton, one of the leading ladies of the station. The *palkee garree*, which contained Miss Perkins, was deserted in an instant, and every horseman endeavoured to get up to the rival equipage. Mrs. Frampton surveyed her outriders with a malicious smile; she had ordered her *garreewan* (coach-man) to drive so fast, that there was no possibility of speaking to her. It was a cruel revenge; we had dared to differ with her in opinion respecting the extent of Grimstone's turpitude in the projected elevation of a shop-keeper's daughter, and we were now made to repent in sackcloth and ashes: not a man of us would have the temerity to dispute her dicta again. Unfortunately, there were so few equipages on the course, that no stoppage occurred, and, after a single hour, our fair enemy ordered the horses home and left us to bewail the hour in which we had asserted our independence. Bursting in ignorance, we rode about, inquiring who the fair stranger could be, and as a last resource, way-laid and arrested the post-master, a sturdy old bachelor, who, quite indifferent to female society, had no sympathy with the flatterers and spoilers of the sex. However, we made him tell us all he knew, and rated him furiously for not promulgating the information before.

The young lady, it appeared, travelled *dak*, and, by virtue of his office, he had been made acquainted with her arrival at least a week; she was a Miss Delaserre, an orphan, and, from a correspondence with her brother, an officer of infantry, whom she had come out to join, he farther knew that she was to remain at Cawnpore until the young lieutenant could come over to fetch her away. From the glance we had obtained of Miss Delaserre, her beauty appeared to be of the most captivating description; delicately fair, with dark blue eyes and a profusion of rich brown hair; she wore a swan's-down round her throat, which was shamed by the lilies above.

Mrs. Frampton's gates were hermetically sealed for the evening; not one of us could presume to drop in, as in those happier times, when we submitted tamely to her caprices, and praised her most when she least deserved it; but we kept hovering about the compound. Presently, the sound of a piano was heard; a soft prelude, succeeded by a burst of vocal music, which enchain'd us to the spot. We scarcely dared to breathe, lest we should lose a single note; the syren had been quite fascinating enough before, and we felt we were all undone. Too soon that melodious voice ceased; we heard the phizzing in the lamps, betokening that the oil is consumed, and that the flame has reached the waters; out they went, one, by

one, leaving the world "to darkness and to us;" so we returned home and consoled ourselves with burnt claret and projects for the morrow.

At an early hour, Mrs. Frampton's doors were beset; we were all admitted and most graciously received by the lady of the mansion; but she received us alone: the only glimpse we could obtain of her fair companion was abominably tantalizing; she was seated in an adjoining apartment, and partly screened from view by one of those panels of fluted silk, which fill up the centre of the doors in Anglo-Indian houses, leaving a chasm below and above for the transmission of air. One little foot was visible beneath this envious guard, exquisitely small, beautifully formed; it rested on a cushion and was clad in a stocking which seemed made of lace, and a fairy shoe which might have belonged to Cinderella, and whose very tie had something bewitching in it. Mrs. Frampton expressed herself highly flattered by our visits, especially as she said we must be aware she could not introduce any body to her charming guest, until the arrival of her brother, who might have plans for her which she should be sorry to interfere with. We were obliged to bear this without flinching, or, as the London newspapers say, without "flaring up." There was a lurking malice in Mrs. Frampton's eye, which revealed the delight she took in our discomfiture. However, we concealed our rage and mortification as well as we could, played the agreeable with all our might, flattered, coaxed, and laughed our wayward hostess into good humour, and took our leave, full of hope of better success on the ensuing day. We were, nevertheless, horribly provoked, and the more so, as the apartment, in which Miss Delaserre was seated, was a great deal too remote for any of the fine things and witty speeches, with which we had assailed Mrs. Frampton, to reach her lovely ears. None of us could fancy that, though unseen, we had made a favourable impression, and unless her offended hostess should relent, our morning would be totally lost.

We all began to inquire whether any body in the station was acquainted with Lieutenant Delaserre; but it appeared that he was very little known beyond his own corps, and, had not his name occurred in the army list, we might almost have doubted the existence of such a person. It was agreed, upon all sides, that he must be propitiated, and various schemes were suggested to procure his sanction to an introduction to his sister before he could make his appearance at Cawnpore. Nothing did we desire so much as a triumph over Mrs. Frampton, and inspired with this expectation, we repaired to the course in excellent spirits.

The report of Miss Delaserre's charms had brought the whole of the population out, and the carriage in which she sat could not, therefore, hurry along as upon the preceding evening; all the equestrians made a point of paying their respects to the lady by whom she was accompanied, and availed themselves of the opportunity to gaze upon one of the sweetest faces which it had ever been their lot to behold. I felt my heart to be in great jeopardy, but my bosom friend and counsellor, Beauchamp, was a lost man: he looked, and looked again, until "he looked his very soul away." There was a pretty consciousness about Miss Delaserre, which heightened her attractions; she seldom raised her eyes, and the blush deepened on her cheek as she felt herself to be the object of ge-

neral admiration. When the carriage moved on, she seemed to experience a welcome relief, and ventured a few side-long glances at the crowd, but new gazers speedily obliged her to resume her downcast attitude, and darkness coming on, she vanished like a brilliant meteor from our sight.

Beauchamp and I returned home by different routes; riding down the road, from the lines of the King's dragoons, he passed through one of the native bazaars, and came up to Mrs. Frampton's carriage nearly at the moment that a heap of straw, suddenly igniting, blazed out, terrified the horses, threw the driver from his seat, and put the passengers into great peril. My friend dismounted, seized the reins, and was on the box in an instant. The horses, which had begun to kick and plunge at a frightful rate, were soon reduced to order; taking a circuit which conveyed them away from the alarming noise and glare, he brought the ladies safe to their own door. Frampton, who had heard of the accident, and was in a dreadful state of excitement, arrived at the same instant, and delighted Beauchamp with the warm expressions of his gratitude. Mrs. Frampton and her fair companion were taken out unhurt, but in a very pretty state of perturbation, and their gallant charioteer was, as a matter of course, invited to dinner. He esteemed himself the most fortunate of men. Miss Delaserre sat opposite to him at table, and smiled upon him. Perfectly devoid of affectation, she made light of her past alarm, and after dinner professed herself to be so much more recovered as to be able to sing. Beauchamp had the supreme felicity of handing her to the piano, and hanging over her enraptured as she warbled forth notes attuned to love. But this delectable state unhappily was of short duration. Mrs. Frampton, so long as her husband's anxiety and distress about her lasted, enjoyed a sweet serenity of temper; but when his fears began to abate, and, satisfied that she had not received the slightest injury, he forbore to whisper soft and sweet things into her ears, she discovered that she had been most shamefully neglected by Captain Beauchamp. My friend was too much occupied by his fair enslaver to perceive the turn which affairs had taken. Frampton, to make things worse, was called out upon some business, and his wife, left entirely to her own cogitations, grew more and more piqued and irritated, until at last her wrath exploded. She arose from her seat, approached the piano, and effectually disturbed the harmony reigning there, by accusing Beauchamp of having purposely frightened her horses in order to gain himself the credit of saving Miss Delaserre's life! Amazed at such a charge, he at first attempted to laugh it off, but the lady persisted, and showed that she was at least in earnest in desiring to fasten a quarrel upon him. Futile were all his protestations and assurances; in vain did he humble himself to the dust before a person determined to find him guilty; she only grew more enraged with every attempt to pacify her, and Frampton, on his return, found his fair partner exasperated beyond all previous experience of a temper, which mingled a considerable quantity of acid with its sweets. Beauchamp, as a last resource, appealed to him; the poor bewildered husband could not help admitting the charge to be unjust: this produced a crisis, and off went the lady into hysterics. The party now broke up in most admirable disorder; the half-distracted lover had not an opportunity of whispering a single word into Miss Dela-

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serre's ear in exculpation of himself, for, terrified by the storm, and aware of the deference and attention exacted by her hostess, she had quitted his side immediately and was now busily employed in trying the effect of *eau de cologne* and other restoratives upon a fit of passion.

Poor Beauchamp, obliged to depart amid the screams of a lady whom he had so unwittingly exasperated, came to me in great distress of mind, and related all that had passed. It was plain that Frampton's would never be opened to him again, but a good opportunity offered itself to commence a correspondence with Miss Delaserre, to whom he was bound to justify himself, and as she would not remain very long under the roof of one of the most unreasonable women in the world, we might look forward to happier days and prosperous wooing.

But in such a place as Cawnpore, a fracas of this kind could scarcely fail to be attended with serious consequences. Aware ourselves of the simple nature of the case, we did not anticipate the conclusions which ignorant and malicious persons would draw. Before ten o'clock in the morning, the story had circulated throughout the cantonments, and in most instances it told very much against Beauchamp. Those who acquitted him of the diabolical part of the business, in setting fire to the bazaar, thought that he had behaved shamefully to Mrs. Frampton; sundry rude remarks and impertinent speeches were put into his mouth; they who indulged themselves in observations of the severest nature upon the manners and temper of the termagant in question, in imputing their own opinions to Beauchamp, protested that the utmost deference and delicacy were due to a lady, and deemed him unpardonable in having transgressed the rules of good breeding.

The letter was despatched to Miss Delaserre, but the only reply was a *salaam*,\* a communication of a less agreeable nature followed immediately afterwards. Frampton wrote to require an apology for the language used towards his wife on the preceding evening; this led to a long correspondence; Beauchamp explained, but respectfully declined to apologize for expressions which he had never uttered; angry words ensued; vainly did I endeavour to heal the breach, and my friend was driven, at the last, to the necessity of calling Frampton out.

It was my private opinion that our fair tormentor had taken a fancy to widow's weeds, and was determined to give herself a chance of trying their effect upon some obdurate heart. We could not help indulging her, since Beauchamp, as the challenger, was compelled to fire; he did so, and wounded his opponent slightly in the arm. This made matters worse; if no blood had been shed, we might have made them friends upon the field; for, though Beauchamp was more than satisfied, Mrs. Frampton, it appeared, was not; the duel, as in most cases of duels, settled nothing, and society remained in as great a ferment as ever about the affair. A court-martial was talked of; some people busied themselves with trying to find out whether a charge of incendiarism could not be established; others thought that Capt. Beauchamp ought to demand an inquiry into his conduct, and the champions of the station averred that he must shoot half-a-dozen gentlemen before he could hope to retrieve his character.

\*Equivalent to compliments.

My friend was no further affected by this idle, though mischievous talk, than as it regarded the opinion which Miss Delaserre and her brother might form, and there being now no chance of getting either Frampton or his wife to listen to reason, he determined to meet Delaserre upon the road, and lay a true statement of the whole proceeding before him, as the only means of preventing his mind from being poisoned against the lover of his sister. I approved of this resolution, furnished him with my testimonials, and saw him off. As his second, I was not in the best odour with Mrs. Frampton, but Miss Delaserre looked graciously upon me, which I thought augured well for the success of my friend's suit.

Ladies have so long enjoyed the glorious privilege of changing their minds, without any assignable reason for so doing, that the alteration of Mrs. Frampton's system, regarding her fair guest, ought not to have excited either comment or surprise. Though formerly declaring that she had determined to consign Miss Delaserre over to her brother, with a hand and heart perfectly disengaged, it was rather hard upon her that her palpable endeavours to make up a match between the young lady, and our old but almost forgotten friend Grimstone, should have been imputed to any thing but feminine caprice. Who, in so censorious a world, can escape slander? Mrs. Frampton cherished all the love of her sex for those glittering gew-gaws with which women delight to adorn their persons. She was not content with no more diamonds than her eyes were made of, and no rubies save those which graced her lips. Aware of her *shoke*, as we Indians term any peculiar passion or hobby, Mr. Grimstone took the straight-forward way to propitiate a lady whom he had so grievously offended; at least, so said the scandalous chronicle. He had seen Miss Delaserre upon the course, had thought her infinitely handsomer than Miss Perkins, and accustomed to self-indulgence, and grudging no expense upon his own gratification, he had purchased a set of ornaments, which had been admired and coveted by every lady in Cawnpore, and presenting them to Mrs. Frampton, asked her to exert her influence in his favour. The jewels were graciously accepted, and proudly displayed; they not only set the wearer's fears at rest on the subject of Miss Perkins, but, as far as wealth and consequence were concerned, assured her of a formidable rivalship to Beauchamp.

Miss Delaserre could now no longer be kept in the back-ground, and at the parties which she graced with her presence, increased the favourable impression already made by the beauty of her person and the sweetness of her manners. Beauchamp had desired me to lose no opportunity which should offer to cultivate her acquaintance, and though to be proxy in a love-affair is a post of danger, I could not hesitate to accept it. I cannot pretend to say that I remained quite heart-whole during this perilous duty, or that I did not feel a secret desire to supplant my friend; but, in justice to myself, I am bound to say, that though "it were an easier task to pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon, or dive into the bottom of the deep and drag up drowned honour," still, that law of kings ruled every word and action I spoke of; I pleaded for the absent, and was half-delighted and half-disappointed to perceive that, as far as Miss Delaserre's modesty would permit her to develope her sentiments, she showed a favourable

disposition towards my friend. Whether Mrs. Frampton thought my heart in danger, or was afraid of losing the *nuzzurs* (present) Mr. Grimstone was in the habit of laying at her feet, I know not; but she put an effectual bar to any confidential communication between me and Miss Delaserre. I had little or no opportunity of speaking to her, and should certainly have hit upon some expedient to defeat her jailer's malice, had I not felt that I was approaching too near a flame, and dreaded the catastrophe of the silly moth. Besides, I was not destitute of some alarm on the score of the lady. By this time, dear reader, you will have discovered that I am a modest man; but diffidence has its limits; I really was afraid that Beauchamp, on his return, might find his charmer more inclined to listen to one who had been accustomed to pour pleasing tales into her ear, than to a comparative stranger, much as he had dared and suffered in her cause. Of Grimstone I felt no apprehension whatsoever; he was one of the last men in the world calculated to win a woman of taste and sense; and as Mrs. Frampton's influence must soon be at an end, I rather enjoyed the break-up of his expectations, the melting away of those *Chateaux d'Espagne*, which were floating before his mind's eye. Grimstone, in the character of the lover of a girl of education and fashion, formed an amusing spectacle; neither King Crop-part, nor Peruonto, nor the Yellow Dwarf, could be more ungainly; he had no conversational talents, never looked into a book, and had the reputation of beating his servants. It was evident to me that Miss Delaserre only endured the society of such a person out of respect to the Framptons; she appeared bored to death by his attentions, and disengaged herself from them whenever it was in her power.

I made a daily report to Beauchamp, who, in consequence of the detention of Delaserre at the head-quarters of his district, had been obliged to make a longer journey than he had expected. But his meeting with the brother of his beloved had been highly satisfactory; he had found him all that he could wish, a young man of spirit and talent, able to form a correct judgment for himself, and unlikely to be biased or led away by the opinions and intrigues of others. They promised to become excellent friends, and joining company, were marching to Cawnpore in the most agreeable manner together.

In the few opportunities which I found to converse with Miss Delaserre, she expressed the greatest anxiety for her brother's arrival. I could perceive that Mrs. Frampton had contrived to render her home exceedingly disagreeable to her fair guest, who, however, felt herself too much indebted to the hospitality offered to her, as a stranger, (for only a very slight acquaintance subsisted between Delaserre and the family by whom she had been received,) to make any complaint. In the meantime, Grimstone assumed the air of an accepted suitor, talking confidently amongst his companions of his intended marriage. He was now seen to occupy the fourth corner of Mr. Frampton's Barouche,—a suspicious circumstance, but from which, as I did not imagine that Miss Delaserre was a consenting party, I drew no inference in his favour. The station, however, seemed to think this incident conclusive, and at last I began to feel a little nervous about it myself, and to wish for the appearance of Beauchamp and Delaserre.

A long residence in India affords melancholy experience of the frightful instability of human life; but I know not that, on any former occasion, I experienced so great a degree of surprise and horror as at the intelligence which reached Cawnpore, that Delaserre was dead of jungle-fever, and his companion not expected to survive. Poor Marianne was now completely cast upon the world. I drove all over the station, in the hope of interesting some married lady in her situation, and procuring for her, in case of need, a more eligible asylum than that to which her evil fortune had consigned her. I did not succeed. The Anglo-Indian community have the reputation of possessing the kindest hearts in the world, and as the good deeds which they have performed to orphans and widows, and all sorts of distressed persons, have been blazoned far and wide, they can afford occasionally to be extremely callous and calculating, without endangering a character so well established. Every body seemed to think Miss Delaserre a most fortunate person in having a home to shelter her, and a man with a good appointment ready to take her to wife, upon such an emergence; and it was evident that there was a general, though secret, congratulation that the trouble, responsibility, and care of a young lady had fallen upon Mrs. Frampton, who could better afford to take such a charge upon herself.

I returned home from my tour spiritless and discomfited, ready to divide myself and go to buffets, for not having boldly pleaded my own cause, and ousted Grimstone from the first. Marianne was far too sweet a girl to be thrown away upon such a fellow. I could not endure the idea of the sacrifice for a single instant; but as Beauchamp was not yet dead, I did not think that I should be justified in coming forward in my own person, and, without instructions from him, nothing could be done in his case. In this dilemma, I was fain to be content with writing a long letter to Miss Delaserre, in which I entreated her not to allow her own apprehension, or the persuasions of others, to hurry her into precipitate measures, but to confide implicitly in the exertions of those friends, who would watch over her welfare with all the solicitude of the brother whom she had lost. A *salamaan*, as usual, was the only reply to this epistle, and I felt by no means assured that it had been permitted to reach the hands for which it was designed; but I had no means of ascertaining this point; Miss Delaserre was not to be seen; I possessed no title to intrude upon her privacy, and, perhaps, had no right to be provoked at the better fortune of Grimstone, who was a privileged guest where I suffered under a bar of exclusion.

The poet assures us that "most implacable is woman's hate," and, in the present instance, *malgré* my knight-errantry and championship for the sex, I was compelled to acknowledge that the charge was not destitute of foundation. Mrs. Frampton's anger against Beauchamp had assumed a deadly character, and the happiness of one of the most charming of created beings might be sacrificed to it; rather than either he or I should succeed, this most revengeful spirit would move heaven and earth to bring about a union, which must inevitably consign our sweet friend to a life of misery. Reports were ripe at Cawnpore, that Delaserre had died deeply in debt,—no uncommon circumstance for a subaltern without a staff-appointment; his sister, cast upon the charity of strangers, could scarcely hope for any alternative

except marriage, and if the hospitality of those who sheltered her should weary, no time for choice would be allowed: she must take the first offer, and become independent at the expense of every earthly prospect of felicity.

The accounts from Beauchamp, to whose assistance one of the garrison surgeons had been despatched, were more favourable than I had ventured to anticipate; the immediate danger was over, and nothing now was to be apprehended should no relapse take place. The gratification I derived from this intelligence was miserably damped by the report of Grimstone's progress. Miss Delaserre, pale as death, and enveloped in black garments, appeared, not on the public drive, but in the neighbouring roads, and after a few evenings was seen with Grimstone alone in his carriage. Beauchamp arrived the day after; his disorder had taken a favourable turn, and he recovered rapidly. But what availed reviving health? Marianne appeared to be lost to him for ever; he was not permitted to exchange a word with her, and his abhorred rival, in character of her betrothed, assumed the right of receiving the papers and other property entrusted to his care. Marianne's signature was affixed to the document, which enabled Grimstone to make this demand. Beauchamp, compelled to obey, reluctantly gave up his last hope, and the triumph of Mrs. Frampton seemed complete. There was a great stir amongst the box-wallahs of Cawnpore,—a calculating race, who aware that there would be a demand for bridal finery, had sent down to Calcutta for investments. From the gossip of the place, we learned that Miss Delaserre had refused to marry until after the first period of mourning for her brother had expired, but the respite was only for six weeks. A second letter, which I had written, and one from Beauchamp, were returned upon our hands, and could we have been assured that they had been sent back with Marianne's knowledge and consent, we might have submitted with a good grace, or at least made an effort to do so. But the wo-begone looks and wasting form of the fair victim told a different tale. It was very clear that Grimstone's assiduities did not console her for the loss she had sustained. My friend and myself consulted together upon the propriety of putting him out of the way with a pistol-ball; and, after long deliberation, having come to the conclusion that Miss Delaserre might be prevented by the outcry of society from marrying the man who had killed her affianced husband, the task of shooting him devolved upon me, and, with a generosity which I can never forget, I devoted myself to the service. But there was no getting Grimstone to fight; vainly did I strive to irritate and annoy him when we met, which was rarely, away from female society, and Marianne's imploring looks always arrested my purpose whenever I made the attempt in her presence.

Success did not render Mrs. Frampton careless; she guarded her young friend as sedulously as ever from the approach of any person likely to overthrow her plans. Marianne had no female confidants in the station, for there was too great a probability of her becoming unthensome to render the ladies anxious to make themselves the depositaries of her sorrows; and not speaking a single word of Hindooostanee, we could not open a communication with her through the medium of the servants. Mrs. Frampton saw all this, and exulted; she was in the happiest temper imagina-

ble: so kind and obliging to her husband, so courteous to his friends, so agreeable to the select circle admitted to her table, that her past exploits were forgotten by all save Beauchamp and myself, and perchance Marianne, who moved like the ghost of her former self. More than once was I on the point of wishing that it was valiant to beat a woman, and my anxiety to foil our common enemy at her own weapons increased with the malicious display of her success.

Grimstone, though exceedingly lavish of his money whenever he had a point to gain which required a profuse expenditure, nevertheless possessed the organ of acquisitiveness in no common degree. He had shown himself to be a legacy-hunter of the keenest avidity, and, in more than one instance, had been very successful in procuring the insertion of his name in the last will and testament of an acquaintance. Facetiously boasting of considerable expectations from a rich Indigo-planter near Patna, who was under great obligations to him, a stratagem occurred to me, by which I hoped not only to get him out of the way for a time, but also to involve him in a scrape with Mrs. Frampton and Miss Delaserre, from which extrication would be difficult. I did not communicate my plan to Beauchamp, determined to take the merit as well as the peril upon myself. I happened to be acquainted with some domestic secrets in Mr. Blenkinsop's, the Indigo-planter's, family, and I availed myself of this knowledge in the execution of my scheme. Grimstone received a letter, in Hindooostanee, which he supposed to be written by a creature of his own, informing him that the old man was in a dying state, and as yet had made no disposition of his property. This was true. Next came an insinuation that the presence of the saib would be very desirable to prevent the so-often-threatened-to-be-disinherited-nephew from making his peace with his uncle.

The fish was hooked. Greatly to Mrs. Frampton's displeasure, Grimstone declared that official duties would take him away from Cawnpore; his fair colleague was of opinion that secret instructions, public orders, regulations of the service, and all such minor considerations, should succumb to her will and pleasure, and could not be convinced that the measure was one of necessity. It behoved Grimstone to take precautions to prevent the real cause of his journey from being known, and he made arrangements which he thought would secure this object. He laid a private *dak*, that is, he sent his own people forward to engage bearers, in order that the postmaster might not be able to "prate his whereabout;" and, stealing away without entrusting an individual with his secret, he trusted that it was quite safe. The next morning, a young lady was missing from the station, no other than Miss Jemima Perkins, who had been so long and so shamefully neglected by her former admirer. The report went about, that being too deeply pledged to this fair damsel to retreat, in order to prevent prosecution for a breach of promise, he had gone off with her, and thereby avoided also an explanation with Mrs. Frampton. From the postmaster we ascertained, beyond a doubt, that Miss Perkins was gone by *dak* to Benares, and it was soon made clear that Mr. Grimstone had taken the same route and travelled in company. A glimpse of him had been caught at one of the public bungalows, and the desire which he manifested to conceal himself, coupled with the fact of his being in the train of a lady, to whom at

one time it was reported that he was engaged, gave a very black appearance to the whole affair.

At Cawnpore, there is nothing too bad to be believed of any body; the most nefarious designs towards the weaker sex were attributed to Mr. Grimstone, whose character was gone, torn to pieces, not a shred of it left, before the day was over. One person, however, there was, at the station, who treated the accusations against Mr. Grimstone with scorn. Mrs. Perkins averred that, as far as her daughter was concerned, his addresses were of the most honourable nature. She could not, perhaps, defend his conduct with regard to other young ladies, who might have been most shamefully deceived for any thing she knew; but she had letters in her possession which put the matter beyond a doubt that he was now on his way to Benares to lead Miss Perkins to the altar. This was gall and wormwood to Mrs. Frampton; she tried for a long time to appear incredulous, but the thing was at last too plain and palpable; she could not even affect to disbelieve it; never was there a more ill-used gentlewoman. What was to become of her fine schemes respecting Miss Delaserre? It would be impossible to keep her young friend long in ignorance of the arts she had employed to induce her to consent to a marriage with a man whom she detested, nor would it be desirable to retain Marianne in the family, now that she had become so intimately acquainted with the temper and disposition of her hostess. Mrs. Frampton felt conscious that deception was at an end; the poor persecuted orphan-girl, who had been made to feel her power, never could forget the cruel treatment she had experienced at a period when her situation demanded so much tenderness, and, on reflecting upon these things, the lady was very angry, not with herself, but with the person whom she had injured. Her plans for Miss Delaserre being defeated, the only anxiety she now felt was to get her off her hands; and she took her to a ball in the evening, careless of the consequences, content that even Beauchamp should renew his addresses rather than she should be longer burthened with a guest whose good opinion could only be recovered at too great a cost of self-denial.

Such an opportunity was not to be neglected. We were both at the ball, and learned from the lips of Miss Delaserre that she had never received the letters we had addressed to her. On the death of poor Delaserre, my friend, knowing that he should not be received on visiting terms by Mrs. Frampton, had written to his sister, who was married to a man of rank and fortune at Barreilly, to come over to Cawnpore, that she might be ready to receive Marianne in case she should desire to leave her present residence. Mrs. Hargrave, who was warmly attached to her brother, obeyed his summons as soon as it was in her power to do so, for though Miss Delaserre's engagement to Mr. Grimstone rendered the visit unnecessary on her account, Beauchamp's late alarming illness and present perturbed state of mind, were quite sufficient to induce his affectionate relative to undertake the journey. She had only arrived that morning, but she made her appearance at the ball, was introduced to Miss Delaserre, whom she cordially invited to take up her abode, for as long a time as she chose to remain in India, under her roof. Marianne gladly availed herself of the asylum so opportunely offered, and Mrs. Frampton made no attempt to conceal the pleasure which the arrangement afforded her. Not

a word did she say in favour of the absent delinquent; on the contrary, attributing the lamentable figure which she made in the present position of affairs to his mismanagement of his flirtation with Miss Perkins, she entered the ranks amid the bitterest of his enemies. Now that the decided step had been taken, and that coolies were to be seen traversing Cawnpore with Miss Delaserre's *pettahs* and trunks upon their heads, conveying her baggage from the banks of the river to the house of the nawab, which he had lent to Mr. Hargrave, during her sojourn at Cawnpore, I ventured to hint the possibility of our all being mistaken in the opinion we had formed of poor Grimstone's conduct. Mrs. Frampton would not hear a syllable in his defence; she insisted upon his being given over to general reprobation; he had acted in the most shameless, dishonourable, and atrocious manner, and the testimony of an angel would not convince her of his innocence. I was silenced; I had done my best to remove her prejudices, but could not oppose my poor judgment against that of a lady, especially one who was bound by all the ties of friendship to vindicate, if it were possible, the character of a man whom she had professed to esteem so highly, and had patronized in defiance of the opinion of all the station.

In the mean time, Grimstone proceeded on his journey, congratulating himself all the way upon his prospects, and the adroit manner in which he had contrived to mystify Mrs. Frampton. One unlucky accident occurred; his bearers had taken him to the public bungalow, and he had narrowly escaped being seen by one of the greatest tattlers of Cawnpore, but he flattered himself that he had escaped. Then there was another palanquin going the same road; that was awkward; but he kept his doors closely shut up; his fellow-traveller did the same, and the chances were very much in favour of performing the whole journey without their knowing any thing of each other's names. On his arrival at Ghoosulwarra Gunje, the residence of old Blenkinsop, he was more astonished than pleased to find an enemy in possession, the identical nephew, George Grindstone, against whom sentence of banishment had been passed by his advice. It appeared, on inquiry, that the uncle had fallen into a state of idiocy, and was quite incapable of managing his own affairs. George, as nearest of kin and heir at law, was now completely master, and he had taken advantage of his independence to invite Miss Perkins over to Ghoosulwarra Gunje, where a license and a clergyman awaited her arrival, the mama being too seriously determined upon getting a civilian for a husband for her daughter to be consulted on the occasion. George Grindstone had long ago made me his confidante; I was well aware of the manœuvres of his adversary, and when called upon to assist in getting Miss Perkins away from Cawnpore, with the consent of both parties I contrived to associate Mr. Grindstone in her elopement. Had it not been for this delusion, Mrs. Perkins could easily have pursued and overtaken her daughter, whose acquaintance with George Grindstone had been kept a profound secret. The similarity between the names of the civilian and the assistant indigo-planter completely deceived Mrs. Perkins, who, having rummaged the young lady's desk, found letters, left purposely for her perusal, which held out the most flattering prospects of elevation: she was satisfied to let the affair take its course, and was first apprised of her mistake by an announcement in the

Calcutta newspapers of the marriage of "George Grindstone, Esq., indigo-planter, of Ghoosalwarra factory, province of Behar, with Miss Jemima Perkins, of Cawnpore."

Grimstone, heartily ashamed of having suffered himself to be trepanned into so silly an expedition, did not like to return direct to his home, lest the object of his journey should transpire; he, therefore, took a wide circuit, pretending to be engaged upon a secret mission by the Governor-general, and striking terror into the hearts of men, who supposed that some farther reductions were in contemplation. When he did, at length, arrive at Cawnpore, he was utterly confounded by the advantage which had been taken of his absence: his character gone, ruined for ever, and Miss Delaserre upon the point of marriage with his rival! Nor was this all; Mrs. Perkins could never be brought to believe that he had not connived at her daughter's elopement; his connexion with the Blenkinsop family made the thing clear, and she threatened to indict him for a conspiracy in the Supreme Court. Mrs. Frampton bewildered by conflicting accounts, and conscious of having given him over from the first to the malice of his enemies, thought it both wisest and safest to turn her back upon him. He was consequently informed that, after his extraordinary desertion of her very particular friend, he must never hope to be admitted into her presence again.

I subsequently had the supreme delight of proving incontrovertibly to Mrs. Frampton, that she had been outmanœuvred in this affair.

*From the Metropolitan Magazine.*

JACOB FAITHFUL.\*

By the Author of *Newton Foster*.

"Bound 'prentice to a waterman,  
I learnt a bit to row;  
And, bless your heart, I always was so gay."

"I SAY, master Stapleton, suppose we were to knock out a half port," observed old Tom, after a silence of two minutes; "for the old gentleman blows a devil of a cloud; that is, if no one has an objection." Stapleton gave a nod of assent, and I rose and put the upper window down a few inches. "Aye, that's right, Jacob; now we shall see what Miss Mary and he are about. You've been enjoying the lady all to yourself, master," continued Tom, addressing the Domine.

"Verily and truly," replied the Domine, "even as a second Jupiter."

"Never heard of him."

"I presume not; still, Jacob will tell thee that the history is to be found in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*."

"Never heard of the country, master."

"Nay, friend Dux, it is a book, not a country, in which thou mayst read how Jupiter at first descended unto Semele in a cloud."

"And, pray, where did he come from, master?"

"He came from heaven."

"The devil he did. Well, if ever I gets there, I mean to stay."

"It was love, all-powerful love, which induced

him, maiden," replied the Domine, turning with a smiling eye to Mary.

"Bove my comprehension altogether," replied old Tom.

"Human natur," muttered Stapleton, with the pipe still between his lips.

"Not the first vessels that have run foul in a fog," observed young Tom.

"No, boy; but generally there arn't much love between them at those times. But, come, now that we can breathe again, suppose I give you a song. What shall it be, young woman, a sea ditty, or something *spooney*?"

"O! something about love, if you've no objection, sir," said Mary, appealing to the Domine.

"Nay, it pleaseth me, maiden, and I am of thy mind. Friend Dux, let it be *Anacreontic*."

"What the devil 't that?" cried old Tom, lifting up his eyes, and taking the pipe out of his mouth.

"Nothing of your own, father, that's clear; but something to borrow, for it's to be *on tick*," replied Tom.

"Nay, boy, I would have been understood that the song should refer to woman or wine."

"Both of which are to his fancy," observed young Tom to me, aside.

"Human natur," quaintly observed Stapleton.

"Well, then, you shall have your wish. I'll give you one that might be warbled in a lady's chamber without stirring the silk curtains.

"O! the days are gone when beauty bright

My heart's chain wove,

When my dream of life, from morn to night,

Was Love—still Love.

New hope may bloom,

And days may come,

Of milder, calmer beam;

But there's nothing half so sweet in life

As Love's young dream;

O! there's nothing half so sweet in life

As Love's young dream."

The melody of the song, added to the spirits he had drunk, and Mary's eyes beaming on him, had a great effect upon the Domine. As old Tom warbled on, so did the pedagogue gradually approach the chair of Mary, and as gradually entwine her waist with his own arm, his eyes twinkling brightly on her. Old Tom, who perceived it, had given me and Tom a wink, as he repeated the last two lines; and when we saw what was going on, we burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. "Boys! boys!" said the Domine, starting up, "thou hast awakened me, by thy boisterous mirth, from a sweet musing created by the harmony of Friend Dux's voice. Neither do I discover the source of thy cackellation, seeing that the song is amatory and not comic. Still it may not be supposed, at thy early age, that thou canst be affected by that which thou art too young to feel. Pr'ythee continue, friend Dux—and, boys, restrain thy mirth."

"Though the bard to purer fame may soar

When wild youth's past;

Though he were the wise, who frowned before,

To smile at last.

He'll never meet

A joy so sweet

In all his noon of fame,

As when he sung to woman's ear

The soul felt flame;

And at every close, she blush'd to hear

The once lov'd name."

\*Continued from p. 71.

At the commencement of this verse, the Domine appeared to be on his guard; but gradually moved by the power of song, he dropped his elbow on the table, and his pipe underneath it: his forehead sunk into his broad palm, and he remained motionless. The verse ended, and the Domine forgetting all around him, softly ejaculated, without looking up, "Eheu! Mary."

"Did you speak to me, sir?" said Mary, who perceived us tittering, addressing the Domine, with a half-serious, half-mocking air.

"Speak, maiden? nay, I spoke not; yet thou mayst give me my pipe, which apparently hath been abducted while I was listening to the song."

"Abducted! that's a new word; but it means smashed into twenty pieces, I suppose," observed young Tom. "At all events, your pipe is, for you let it fall between your legs."

"Never mind," said Mary, rising from her chair, and going to the cupboard, "here's another, sir."

"Well, master, am I to finish, or have you had enough of it?"

"Proceed, friend Dux, proceed; and believe that I am all attention."

"O! that hallowed form is ne'er forgot  
Which first love trac'd,  
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot  
On memory's waste.  
'Twas odour fled  
As soon as shed,  
'Twas memory's wing'd dream.  
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again  
On life's dull stream;  
Or twas a light that near can shine again  
On life's dull stream."

"Nay," said the Domine, again abstracted, "the metaphor is not just. *'Life's dull stream.'* *'Lethe tacitus amnis,'* as Lucan hath it; but the stream of life flows—aye, flows rapidly—even in my veins. Doth not the heart throb and beat—yea, strongly—peradventure too forcibly against my better judgment? *'Confiteor misere molle cor esse mihi,'* as Ovid saith. Yet, must it not prevail? Shall one girl become victorious over seventy boys? Shall I, Domine Dobbs, desert my post?—Again succumb to—I will even depart that I may be at my desk at matutinal hours."

"You don't mean to leave us, sir?" said Mary, taking the Domine's arm.

"Even so, fair maiden, for it waxeth late, and I have my duties to perform," said the Domine, rising from his chair.

"Then you will promise to come again."

"Peradventure I may."

"If you do not promise me that you will, I will not let you go now."

"Verily, maiden—"

"Promise," interrupted Mary.

"Truly, maiden—"

"Promise," cried Mary.

"In good sooth, maiden—"

"Promise," reiterated Mary, pulling the Domine towards his chair.

"Nay, then I do promise, since thou wilt have it so," replied the Domine.

"And when will you come?"

"I will not tarry," replied the Domine; "and now good night to all."

The Domine shook hands with us, and Mary lighted him down stairs. I was much pleased with the resolution and sense of his danger thus shown

by my worthy preceptor, and hoped that he would have avoided Mary in future, who evidently wished to make a conquest of him for her own amusement and love of admiration; but still I felt that the promise exacted would be fulfilled, and I was afraid that a second meeting, and that perhaps not before witnesses, would prove mischievous. I made up my mind to speak to Mary on the subject as soon as I had an opportunity, and insist upon her not making a fool of the worthy old man.—Mary remained below a much longer time than was necessary, and when she re-appeared and looked at me, as if for a smile of approval, I turned from her with a contemptuous air. She sat down and looked confused. Tom also was silent, and paid her no attention. A quarter of an hour passed when he proposed to his father that they should be off, and the party broke up. Leaving Mary silent and thoughtful, and old Stapleton finishing his pipe, I took my candle and went to bed.

The next day the moon changed, the weather changed, and a rapid thaw took place. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," observed old Stapleton; "we watermen shall have the river to ourselves again, and the hucksters must carry their gingerbread nuts to another market." It was, however, three or four days before the river was clear of the ice so as to permit the navigation to proceed; and during that time, I may as well observe, that there was dissension between Mary and me. I showed her that I resented her conduct, and at first she tried to pacify me; but finding that I held out longer than she expected, she turned round and was affronted in return. Short words and no lessons were the order of the day; and, as each party appeared determined to hold out, there was little prospect of a reconciliation. In this she was the greatest sufferer, as I quitted the house after breakfast, and did not return until dinner time.—At first, old Stapleton plied very regularly, and took all the fares; but about a fortnight after we had worked together, he used to leave me to look after employment, and remain at the public house. The weather was now fine, and after the severe frost it changed so rapidly, that most of the trees were in leaf, and the horse-chesnuts in full blossom. The wherry was in constant demand, and every evening I handed from four to six shillings over to old Stapleton. I was delighted with my life, and should have been perfectly happy if it had not been for my quarrel with Mary still continuing, she as resolutely refraining from making advances as I. How much may life be embittered by dissension with those you live with, even where there is no very warm attachment: the constant grating together worries and annoys, and although you may despise the atoms, the aggregate becomes insupportable. I had no pleasure in the house, and the evenings, which formerly were passed so agreeably, were now a source of vexation, from being forced to sit in company with one with whom I was not on good terms. Old Stapleton was seldom at home till late, and this made it still worse. I was communing with myself one night, as I had my eyes fixed on my book, whether I should not make the first advances, when Mary, who had been quietly at work, broke the silence by asking me what I was reading. I replied in a quiet, grave tone.

"Jacob," said she in continuation, "I think you have used me very ill to humble me in this manner. It was your business to make it up first."

"I am not aware that I have been in the wrong," replied I.

"I do not say that you have; but what matter does that make? You ought to give way to a woman."

"Why so?"

"Why so! don't the whole world do so? Do you not offer every thing first to a woman? Is it not her right?"

"Not when she's in the wrong, Mary."

"Yes, when she is in the wrong, Jacob; there's no merit in doing it when she's in the right."

"I think otherwise; at all events, it depends on how much she has been in the wrong, and I consider you have shown a bad heart, Mary."

"A bad heart! in what way, Jacob?"

"In realizing the fable of the boys and the frogs with the poor old Domine, forgetting that what may be sport to you is death to him."

"You don't mean to say that he'll die of love," replied Mary, laughing.

"I should hope not; but you may contrive, and you have tried, all in your power to make him very wretched."

"And, pray, how do you know that I do not like the old gentleman, Jacob? You appear to think that a girl is to fall in love with nobody but yourself. Why should I not love an old man with so much learning? I have been told that old husbands are much prouder of their wives than young ones, and pay them more attention, and don't run after other women. How do you know that I am not serious?"

"Because I know your character, Mary, and am not to be deceived. If you mean to defend yourself in that way, we had better not talk any more."

"Lord, how savage you are! Well, then, suppose I did pay the old gentleman any attention. Did the young men pay me any? Did either you, or your precious friend, Mr. Tom, even speak to me?"

"No; we saw how you were employed, and we both hate a jilt."

"O! you do. Very well, sir, just as you please. I may make both your hearts ache for this some day or another."

"Forewarned, forearmed, Mary; and I shall take care that they are forewarned as well as myself. As I perceive that you are so decided, I shall say no more. Only for your own sake, and your own happiness, I caution you. Recollect your mother, Mary, and recollect your mother's death."

Mary covered up her face and burst into tears. She sobbed for a few minutes, and then came to me. "You are right, Jacob, and I am a foolish—perhaps wicked—girl; but forgive me, and indeed I will try to behave better. But, as father says, it is human nature in me, and it's hard to conquer our natures, Jacob."

"Will you promise me not to continue your advances to the Domine, Mary?"

"I will not, if I can help it, Jacob. I may forget for the moment, but I'll do all I can. It's not very easy to look grave when one is merry, or sour when one is pleased."

"But what can induce you, Mary, to practice upon an old man like him? If it were young Tom I could understand it. There might be some credit, and your pride might be flattered by the victory; but an old man——"

"Still, Jacob, old or young, it's much the same. I would like to have them all at my feet, and that's the truth. I can't help it. And I thought it a great wherry, and without waiting for a fare, I pushed

victory to bring there a wise old man, who was full of Latin and learning, and who ought to know better. Tell me, Jacob, if old men allow themselves to be caught, as well as young, where is the crime of catching them? Isn't there as much vanity in an old man, in his supposing that I really could love him, as there is in me, who am but a young foolish girl, in trying to make him fond of me?"

"That may be; but still recollect that he is in earnest, and you are only joking, which makes a great difference; and recollect further, that in trying at all, we very often lose all."

"That I would take my chance of, Jacob," replied Mary, proudly throwing her curly ringlets back with her hand from her white forehead; "but what I now want, is to make friends with you. Come, Jacob, you have my promise to do my best."

"Yes, Mary, and I believe you, so there's my hand."

"You don't know how miserable I have been Jacob, since we quarrelled," said Mary, wiping the tears away, which again commenced flowing; "and yet I don't know why, for I'm sure I have almost hated you this last week—that I have; but the fact is, I like quarrelling very well for the pleasure of making it up again; but not for the quarrel to last so long as this has done."

"It has annoyed me too, Mary, for I like you very much in general."

"Well, then, now it's all over; but, Jacob, are you sure you are friends with me?"

"Yes, Mary."

Mary looked archly at me. "You know the old saw, and I feel the truth of it."

"What, 'kiss and make friends?'" replied I; "with all my heart," and I kissed her, without any resistance on her part.

"No, I didn't mean that, Jacob."

"What then?"

"O! 'twas another."

"Well, then, what was the other?" "Never mind, I forget it now," said she, laughing, and rising from the chair. "Now I must go to my work again, and you must tell me what you've been doing this last fortnight."

Mary and I entered into a long and amicable conversation, till her father came home, when we retired to bed. "I think," said old Stapleton, the next morning, "that I've had work enough; and I've belonged to two benefit clubs for so long as to 'title me to an allowance. I think, Jacob, I shall give up the wherry to you, and you shall in future give me one-third of your earnings, and keep the rest to yourself. I don't see why you're to work hard all day for nothing." I remonstrated against this excess of liberality; but old Stapleton was positive, and the arrangement was made. I afterwards discovered, what may probably occur to the reader, that Captain Turnbull was at the bottom of all this. He had pensioned old Stapleton, that I might become independent by my own exertions before I had served my apprenticeship; and after breakfast, old Stapleton walked down with me to the beach, and we launched the boat. "Recollect, Jacob," said he, "one-third, and honour bright;" so saying, he adjourned to his old quarters, the public house, to smoke his pipe, and think of human nature. I do not recollect any day of my life on which I felt more happy than on this: I was working for myself, and independent. I jumped into my

off, and gaining the stream, cleaved through the water with delight as my reward: but after a quarter of an hour I sobered down with the recollection, that although I might pull about for nothing, for my own amusement, that as Stapleton was entitled to one-third, I had no right to neglect his interest; and I shot my wherry into the row, and stood with my hand and forefinger raised, watching the eye of every one who came towards the hard. I was fortunate that day, and when I returned, was proceeding to give Stapleton his share, when he stopped me. "Jacob, it's no use dividing now; once a week will be better. I likes things to come in a lump, 'cause d'ye see—it's—it's—*human natur*."

I consider that this was the period from which I might date my first launching into human life. I was now nearly eighteen years old, strong, active, and well made, full of spirits, and overjoyed at the independence which I had so much sighed for. Since the period of my dismissal from Mr. Drummond's, my character had much altered. I had become grave and silent, brooding over my wrongs, harbouring feelings of resentment against the parties, and viewing the world in general through a medium by no means favourable. I had become in some degree restored from this unwholesome state of mind, from having rendered an important service to Captain Turnbull, for we love the world better as we feel that we are more useful in it; but the independence now given to me was the acme of my hopes and wishes. I felt so happy, so buoyant in mind, that I could even think of the two clerks in Mr. Drummond's employ without feelings of revenge. Let it, however, be remembered, that the world was all before me in anticipation only.

"Boat, sir?"

"No, thanky, my lad. I want old Stapleton—is he here?"

"No, sir; but this is his boat."

"Humph! can't he take me down?"

"No, sir; but I can, if you please."

"Well, then, be quick."

A sedate looking gentleman, about forty-five years of age, stepped into the boat, and in a few seconds I was in the stream, shooting the bridge with the ebbing tide.

"What's the matter with deaf Stapleton?"

"Nothing, sir; but he is getting old, and has made the boat over to me."

"Are you his son?"

"No, sir, his 'prentice."

"Humph! sorry deaf Stapleton's gone."

"I can be as deaf as he, sir, if you wish it."

"Humph!"

The gentleman said no more at the time, and I pulled down the river in silence; but in a few minutes he began to move his hands up and down, and his lips, as if he was in conversation. Gradually his action increased, and words were uttered. At last he broke out:—"It is with this conviction, I may say, important conviction, Mr. Speaker, that I now deliver my sentiments to the Commons House of Parliament, trusting that no honourable member will decide until he has fully weighed the importance of the arguments which I have submitted to his judgment." He then stopped, as if aware that I was present, and looked at me; but, prepared as I was, there was nothing in my countenance which exhibited the least sign of merriment; or, indeed, of having paid any attention to what he had been saying, for I looked care-

lessly to the right and to the left at the banks of the river. He again entered into conversation.

"Have you been long on the river?"

"Born on it, sir."

"How do you like the profession of a waterman?"

"Very well, sir; the great point is to have regular customers."

"And how do you gain them?"

"By holding my tongue; keeping their counsel and my own."

"Very good answer, my boy. People who have much to do cannot afford to lose even their time on the water. Just now I was preparing and thinking over my speech in the House of Commons."

"So I supposed, sir; and I think the river is a very good place for it, as no one can overhear you except the person whose services you have hired—and you need not mind him."

"Very true, my lad; but that's why I liked deaf Stapleton—he could not hear a word."

"But, sir, if you've no objection, I like to hear it very much; and you may be sure that I shall never say any thing about it, if you will trust me."

"Do you, my lad? well, then, I'll just try it over again. You shall be the speaker—mind you hold your tongue, and don't interrupt me."

The gentleman then began: "Mr. Speaker, I should not have ventured to address the house at this late hour, did I not consider that the importance of the question now before it is—so important—no, that won't do—did I not consider that the question now before it is of that, I may say paramount importance, as to call forth the best energies of every man who is a well-wisher to his country. With this conviction, Mr. Speaker, humble individual as I am, I feel it my duty, I may say, my bounden duty, to deliver my sentiments upon the subject. The papers which I now hold in my hand, Mr. Speaker, and to which I shall soon have to call the attention of the House, will, I trust, fully establish—"

"I say, waterman, be you taking that chap to Bedlam?" cried a shrill female voice close to us. The speech was stopped, we looked up, and perceived a wherry with two females passing close to us. A shout of laughter followed the observation, and my fare looked very much confused and annoyed.

I had often read the papers in the public-house, and remembering what was usual in the House in case of interruption, called out, "Order, Order!" This made the gentleman laugh, and as the other wherry was now far off, he recommenced his oration, with which I shall not trouble my reader. It was a very fair speech I have no doubt, but I forgot what it was about.

I landed him at Westminster Bridge, and received treble my fare. "Recollect," said he, on paying me, "that I shall look out for you when I come down again, which I do every Monday morning, and sometimes oftener. What's your name?"

"Jacob, sir."

"Very well; good morning, my lad."

This gentleman became a very regular and excellent customer, and we used to have a great deal of conversation, independent of debating in the wherry; and I must acknowledge, that I received from him not only plenty of money, but a great deal of valuable information.

A few days after this, I had an opportunity of ascertaining how far Mary would keep her promise.

I was plying at the river side as usual, when old me to marry you—equally obliged to you all the same."

Stapleton came up to me, with his pipe in his mouth, and said, "Jacob, there be that old gentleman up at our house with Mary. Now I sees a great deal, but I says nothing. Mary will be her mother over again, that's sartain. Suppose you go and see your old teacher, and leave me to look arter a customer. I begin to feel as if handling the sculls a little would be of service to me. We all think idleness be a very pleasant thing when we're obliged to work, but when we are idle, then we feel that a little work be just as agreeable—that's human natur."

I thought that Mary was very likely to forget all her good resolutions, from her ardent love of admiration, and I was determined to go and break up the conference. I therefore left the boat to Stapleton, and hastened to the house. I did not much like to play the part of an eaves-dropper, and was undecided how I should act, whether to go in at once, or not, when, as I passed under the window, which was open, I heard very plainly the conversation which was going on. I stopped in the street, and listened to the Domine in continuation. "But, fair maiden, *omnia rincit amor*—here am I, Domine Dobbs, who have long passed the grand climaecie, and can already muster three-score years—who have authority over seventy boys—being Magister Princeps, et Dux of Brentford Grammar School—who have affectioned only the sciences, and communed only with the classics—who have ever turned a deaf ear to the allurements of thy sex, and even hardened my heart to thy fascination—here am I, even I, Domine Dobbs, suing at the feet of a maiden who hath barely ripened into womanhood, who knoweth not to read or write, and whose father earns his bread by manual labour. I feel it all—I feel that I am too old—that thou art too young—that I am departing from the ways of wisdom, and am regardless of my worldly prospects. Still, *omnia rincit amor*, and I bow to the all-powerful god, doing him homage through thee, Mary. Vainly have I resisted—vainly have I, as I have lain in my bed, tried to drive thee from my thoughts, and tear thine image from mine heart. Have I not felt thy presence every where? Do not I astonish my worthy coadjutor, Mistress Bately, the matron, by calling her by the name of Mary, when I have always addressed her by her baptismal name of Deborah? Nay, have not the boys in the classes discovered my weakness, and do not they shout out Mary in the hours of play? *Mare periculorum et turbitum*, hast thou been to me. I sleep not—I eat not,—and every sign of love which hath been produced by Ovidius Naso, whom I have diligently collated, do I find in my own person. Speak then, maiden. I have given vent to my feelings, do thou the same, that I may return, and leave not my flock without their shepherd. Speak, maiden."

"I will, sir, if you will get up," replied Mary, who paused, and then continued. "I think, sir, that I am young and foolish, and you are old and—"

"Foolish, thou would'st say."

"I had rather you said it, sir, than I; it is not for me to use such an expression towards one so learned as you are. I think, sir, that I am too young to marry, and that perhaps you are—too old. I think, sir, that you are too clever—and that I am very ignorant; that it would not suit you in your situation to marry; and that it would not suit

"Perhaps thou hast in thy reply proved the wiser of the two," answered the Domine; "but why, maiden, didst thou raise those feelings, those hopes, in my breast, only to cause me pain, and make me drink deep of the cup of disappointment? Why didst thou appear to cling to me in fondness, if you felt not a yearning towards me?"

"But are there not other sorts of love besides the one you would require, sir? May I not love you because you are so clever, and so learned in Latin? may I not love you as I do my father?"

"True, true, child; it is all my own folly, and I must retrace my steps in sorrow. I have been deceived—but I have been deceived only by myself. My wishes have clouded my understanding, and have obscured my reason; have made me forgetful of my advanced years, and the little favour I was likely to find in the eyes of a young maiden. I have fallen into a pit through blindness, and I must extricate myself, sore as will be the task. Bless thee, maiden, bless thee! May another be happy in thy love, and never feel the barb of disappointment. I will pray for thee, Mary—that Heaven may bless thee." (And the Domine turned away and wept.)

Mary appeared to be moved by the good old man's affliction, and her heart probably smote her for her coquettish behaviour. She attempted to console the Domine, and appeared to be more than half crying herself. "Nay, sir, do not take on so, you make me feel very uncomfortable. I have been wrong—I feel I have—though you have not blamed me. I am a very foolish girl."

"Bless thee, child—bless thee," replied the Domine, in a subdued voice.

"Indeed, sir, I don't deserve it—I feel I do not; but pray do not grieve, sir, things will go cross in love. Now, sir, I'll tell you a secret to prove it to you. I love Jacob—love him very much, and he does not care for me—I am sure he does not; so you see, sir, you are not the only one—who is—very unhappy;" and Mary commenced sobbing with the Domine.

"Poor thing!" said the Domine; "and thou lovest Jacob? truly is he worthy of thy love. And at thy early age, thou knowest what it is to have thy love unrequited. Truly is this a vale of tears—yet let us be thankful. Guard well thy heart, child, for Jacob may not be for thee; nay, I feel that he will not be."

"And why so, sir?" replied Mary, despondingly.

"Because, maiden—but nay, I must not tell thee; only take my warning, which is meant in kindness and in love. Fare thee well, Mary—fare thee well! I come not here again."

"Good by, sir, and pray forgive me; this will be a warning to me."

"Verily, maiden, it will be a warning to us both. God bless thee!"

I heard, by the sound, that Mary had vouchsafed to the Domine a kiss, and soon afterwards his steps, as he descended the stairs. Not wishing to meet him, I turned round the corner, and went down to the river, thinking over what had passed. I felt pleased with Mary, but I was not in love with her.

The spring was now far advanced, and the weather was delightful. The river was beautiful, and parties of pleasure were constantly to be seen floating up and down with the tide. The West-

minster boys, the Funny club, and other amateurs in their fancy dresses, enlivened the scene, while the races for prize wherries, which occasionally took place, rendered the water one mass of life and motion. How I longed for my apprenticeship to be over, that I might try for a prize! One of my best customers was a young man, who was an actor at one of the theatres, and who, like the M.P., used to rehearse the whole time he was in the boat; but he was a lively, noisy personage, full of humour, and perfectly indifferent as to appearances. He had a quiz and a quirk for every body that passed in another boat, and would stand up and rant at them until they considered him insane. We were on very intimate terms, and I never was more pleased than when he made his appearance, as it was invariably the signal for mirth. The first time I certainly considered him to be a lunatic, for play-house phraseology was quite new to me. "Boat, sir," cried I to him, as he came to the hard.

"My affairs do even drag me homeward. Go on, I'll follow thee," replied he, leaping into the boat. "Our fortune lies upon this jump."

I shoved off the wherry. "Down, sir?"

"Down," replied he, pointing downwards with his finger, as if pushing at something.

"Down, down to h—ll, and say I sent you there."

"Thanky, sir, I'd rather not, if it's all the same to you."

"Our tongue is rough, coz—and my condition is not smooth." We shot the bridge, and went rapidly down with the tide, when he again commenced:

"Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,  
In motion of no less celerity  
Than that of thought."

Then his attention was drawn by a collier's boat, pulled by two men, as black as chimney sweeps, with three women in the stern sheets. They made for the centre of the river, to get into the strength of the tide, and were soon abreast and close to the wherry, pulling with us down the stream.

"There's a dandy young man," said one of the women, with an old straw bonnet and very dirty riband, laughing and pointing to my man.

"Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:  
At Ephesus I am but two hours old,  
As strange unto your town as to your talk."

"Well, he be a reg'lar rum cove, I've a notion," said another of the women, when she witnessed the theatrical airs of the speaker, who immediately commenced—

"The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,  
Burned on the water—the poop was beaten gold:  
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that  
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were  
silver;  
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made  
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,  
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,  
It begged all description."

"Come, I'll be blowed but we've had enough of

that, so just shut up your pan," said one of the women, angrily.

"Her gentlewomen, like the Naiades,  
So many mermaids tend her."

"Mind what you're arter, or your mouth will tend to your mischief, young fellow."

"From the barge  
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense,  
Of the adjacent wharfs."

"Jem, just run him alongside, and break his head with your oar."

"I thinks as how I will, if he don't mend his manners."

"I saw her once  
Hop forty paces through the public streets."

"You lie, you livered face rascal, I never walked the streets in my life; I'm a lawful married woman. Jem, do you call yourself a man, and stand this here?"

"Well now, Sal, but he is a nice young man. Now an't he?" observed one of the other women.

"Away,  
Away, you trifler. Love! I love thee not,  
I care not for thee, Kate; this is no world  
To play with mamrets, and to tilt with lips;  
We must have bloody noses and cracked crowns."

"I've a notion you will, too, my hearty, interrupted one of the colliers. That ere tongue of yours will bring you into disgrace. Bill give her a jerk towards the wherry, and we'll duck him."

"My friend," said the actor, addressing me,

"Let not his unwholesome corpse come between the wind and my nobility."

Let us exount, O. P."

And although I could not understand his phrases, I knew very well what he meant, and pulling smartly, I shoved towards the shore, and a-head. Perceiving this, the men in the boat, at the intimation of the women, who stood up, waving their bonnets, gave chase to us; and my companion appeared not a little alarmed. However, by great exertion on my part, we gained considerably, and they abandoned the pursuit.

"Now, by two-headed Janus," said my companion, as he looked back upon the colliers,

"Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time,  
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,  
And laugh like parrots at a bagpiper,  
And others of such a vinegar aspect,  
That they'll not show their teeth by way of smile,  
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable."

And now," continued he, addressing me, "What's your name, sir? Of what condition are you—and of what place, I pray?"

Amused with what had passed, I replied, "That my name was Jacob—that I was a waterman, and born on the river."

"I find thee apt; but tell me, art thou perfect that our ship hath touched upon the deserts of Bohemia?"

"Do you land at Westminster, sir?"

"No; at Blackfriars—there attend my coming.

"Base is the slave who pays; nevertheless, what is your fare my lad?"

"What money's in my purse?—Seven groats and two-pence."

"By Jove, I am not covetous of gold,  
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost."

"But,

"I can get no remedy for this consumption of the purse."

"Here, my lad, is that enough?"

"Yes, sir, I thank you."

"Remember poor Jack, sir," said the usual attendant at the landing place, catching his arm as he careened the wherry on getting out.

"If he fall in, good night—or sink or swim."

"Jack, there is a penny for you. Jacob, farewell—we meet again;" and away he went, taking three of the stone steps at each spring. This gentleman's name was, as I afterwards found out, Tinfoil, an actor of second-rate merit on the London boards. The Haymarket Theatre was where he principally performed, and as we became better acquainted, he offered to procure me orders to see the play, when I should wish to go there.

One morning he came down to the hard, and, as usual, I expected that he would go down the river. I ran to my boat, and hauled in close.

"No, Jacob, no; this day you will not carry Caesar and his fortunes, but I have an order for you."

"Thank you, sir; what is the play?"

"The play—pooh! no play; but I hope it will prove a farce, nevertheless, before it's over. We are to have a pic-nic party upon one of those little islands up the river by Kew. All sock and buskin, all theatricals; if the wherries upset, the Haymarket may shut up, for it will be '*excunt omnes*' with all its best performers. Look you, Jacob, we shall want three wherries, and I leave you to pick out the other two—oars in each, of course. You must be at Whitehall steps punctually at nine o'clock, and I dare say the ladies won't make you wait more than an hour or two, which for them is tolerably punctual."

Mr. Tinfoil then entered into the arrangement for remuneration, and walked away; and I was conning over in my mind whom I should select from among my brother watermen, and whether I should ask old Stapleton to take the other oar in my boat, when I heard a voice never to be mistaken by me:—

"Life's like a summer's day,  
Warmed by a sunny ray."

"Lower away yet Tom. That'll do, my trump."

"Sometimes a dreary cloud,  
Chill blast or tempest loud."

"Look out for Jacob, Tom," cried the old man, as the head of the lighter, with her mast lowered

down, made its appearance through the arch of Putney Bridge.

"Here he is, father," replied Tom, who was standing forward by the windlass, with the fall in his hand.

I had shoved off, on hearing old Tom's voice, and was alongside almost as soon as the lighter had passed under the bridge, and discovered old Tom at the helm. I sprung on the deck with the chain-painter of the wherry in my hand, made it fast, and went aft to old Tom, who seized my hand.

"This is as it should be, my boy, both on the look out for each other. The heart warms when we know the feeling is on both sides. You're seldom out of our thoughts, boy, and always in our hearts. Now jump forward, for Tom's fretting to greet you, I see, and you may just as well help him to sway up the mast when you are there."

I went forward, shook hands with Tom, and then clapped on the fall, and assisted him to hoist the mast. We then went aft to his father, and communicated every thing of interest which had passed since our last meeting at old Stapleton's.

"And how's Mary?" inquired Tom; "she's a very fine lass, and I've thought of her more than once; but I saw that all you said about her was true. How she did flan that poor old Domine!"

"I have had a few words with her about it, and she has promised to be wiser," replied I; "but as her father says, 'in her, it's human natur,'"

"She's a fine craft," observed old Tom, "and they always be a little ticklish. But, Jacob, you've had some inquiries made after you, and by the women, too."

"Indeed?" replied I.

"Yes; and I have had the honour of being sent for into the parlour. Do you guess now?"

"Yes," said I, a gloom coming over my countenance, "I presume it is Mrs. Drummond and Sarah whom you refer to?"

"Exactly."

Tom then informed me that Mrs. Drummond had sent for him, and asked a great many questions about me, and desired him to say that they were very glad to hear that I was well and comfortable, and hoped that I would call and see her and Sarah when I came that way. Mrs. Drummond then left the room, and Tom was alone with Sarah, who desired him to say, that her father had found out that I had not been wrong; that he had dismissed both the clerks; and that he was very sorry he had been so deceived—and then, said Tom, Miss Sarah told me to say from herself, that she had been very unhappy since you had left them, but that she hoped that you would forgive and forget some day or another, and come back to them; and that I was to give you her love, and call next time we went up the river for something she wanted to send you. So you perceive, Jacob, that you are not forgotten, and justice has been done to you."

"Yes," replied I, "but it has been done too late; so let us say no more about it. I am quite happy as I am."

I then told them of the pic-nic party of the 1st day, upon which Tom volunteered to take the other oar in my boat, as he would not be. How while the barge was at the wharf. Old Tom was his consent, and it was agreed he should be. Cali next morning at day-light.

"I've a notion there'll be some fun, Jacob," said he, "from what you say."

"I think so, too; but you've towed me two miles, and I must be off again, or I shall lose my dinner; so good bye." I selected two other wherries in the course of the afternoon, and then returned home.

It was a lovely morning when Tom and I washed out the boat, and having dressed ourselves in our neatest clothes, we shoved off in company with the two other wherries, and dropped leisurely down the river, with the last of the ebb. When we pulled into the stairs at Whitehall, we found two men waiting for us with three or four hamper, some baskets, an iron sauce-pan, a frying-pan, and a large tin pail, with a cover, full of rough ice to cool the wines. We were directed to put all these articles into one boat, the others to be reserved for the company.

"Jacob," said Tom, "don't let us be kitchen, I'm togged out for the parlour."

This point had just been arranged, and the articles put into the wherry, when the party made their appearance, Mr. Tinfoil acting as master of the ceremonies.

"Fair Titania," said he, to the lady who appeared to demand, and, therefore, received the most attention, "allow me to hand you to your throne."

"Many thanks, good Puck," replied the lady, "we are well placed; but, dear me, I havn't brought, or I've lost, my vinaigrette; I positively cannot go without it. What can my woman have been about?"

"Pease-blossoms and Mustard-seed are much to blame," replied Tinfoil, "but shall I run back for it?"

"Yes," replied the lady, "and be here again, e'er the Leviathan can swim a league."

"I'll put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes," replied the gentleman, stepping out of the boat.

"Won't you be a little out of breath before you come back, sir?" said Tom, joining the conversation.

This remark, far from giving offence, was followed by a general laugh. Before Mr. Tinfoil was out of sight, the lost vinaigrette was dropped out of the lady's handkerchief; he was, therefore, recalled; and the whole of the party being arranged in the two boats, we shoved off; the third boat, in which the provender had been stowed, followed us, and was occupied by the two attendants, a call-boy and scene-shifter, who were addressed by Tinfoil as Caliban and Stephano.

"Is all our company here?" said a pert looking little pug-nosed man, who had taken upon himself the part of Quince, the Carpenter, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. "You Nick Bottom," continued he, addressing another, "are set down for Pyramus."

The party addressed did not, however, appear to enter into the humour. He was a heavy made, rather corpulent, white-faced, personage, dressed in white Jane trousers, white waistcoat, brown coat, and white hat. Whether any thing had put him out of humour, I know not, but it was evident 'at he was the butt of the ladies and most of the ty.

"I'll just thank you," replied this personage, real name was Winterbottom, "to be quiet, stern, for I sha'n't stand any of your non-

... Winterbottom, surely you are not about the seeds of discord so early. Look at the e before you—hear how the birds are singing. merrily the sun shines, and how beautifully

the water sparkles! Who can be cross on such a morning as this?"

"No, miss," replied Mr. Winterbottom, "not at all—not at all—only my name's Winterbottom, and not Bottom. I don't wear an ass's head to please any body—that's all. I won't be *Bottom*—that's *flat*."

"Or round, sir, which?" observed Tom.

"Round or flat, what business have you to shove your oar in?"

"I was hired for that purpose," replied Tom, dipping his oar in the water, and giving a hearty stroke.

"Stick to your own element then—shove your oar into the water, but not into our discourse."

"Well, sir, I won't say another word, if you don't like it."

"But you may to me," said Titania, laughing, "whenever you please."

"And to me, too," said Tinfoil, who was amused with Tom's replies.

Mr. Winterbottom became very wroth, and demanded to be put on shore directly, but the Fairy Queen ordered us to obey him at our peril, and Mr. Winterbottom was carried up the river very much against his inclination.

"Our friend is not himself," said Mr. Tinfoil, producing a key bugle, "but

"Music hath charms to sooth the savage breast,  
To soften rocks, and rend the knotted oak;

and therefore will we try the effect of it upon his senses." Mr. Tinfoil then played the air in *Midas*,

"Pray Goody please to moderate," &c.

during which Mr. Winterbottom looked more sulky than ever. As soon as the air was finished, another party responded with his flute, from the other boat—while Mr. Quince played what he called bass, by snapping his fingers. The sounds of the instruments floated along the flowing and smooth water, reaching the ears and attracting the attention of many, who for a time rested from their labour, or hung listlessly over the gunnels of the vessels, watching the boats, and listening to the harmony. All was mirth and gayety—the wherries kept close to each other, and between the airs the parties kept up a lively and witty conversation, occasionally venting their admiration upon the verdure of the sloping lawns and feathering trees, with which the banks of the noble river is so beautifully adorned; even Mr. Winterbottom had partially recovered his serenity, when he was again irritated by a remark of Quince.

"You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man—a proper man as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely gentleman-like man; therefore, you must needs play Pyramus."

"Take care I don't play the devil with your physiology, Mr. Western," retorted Winterbottom.

Here, Caliban, in the third boat, began playing the fiddle and singing to it,

"Gaffer, Gaffer's son, and his little jackass,  
Were trotting along the road;"

the chorus of which ditty was 'Ec-aw, Ec-aw!' like the braying of a jackass.

"Bless thee, Bottom, bless thee, thou art trans-  
lated," cried Quince, looking at Winterbottom.

"Very well—very well, Mr. Western. I don't want to upset the wherry, and therefore you're safe at present, but the reckoning will come—so I give you warning."

"Slaves of my lamp, do my bidding, I will have no quarrelling here. You, Quince, shut your mouth; you, Winterbottom, draw in your lips, and I, your queen, will charm you with a song," said Titania, waving her little hand. The fiddler ceased playing, and the voice of the fair actress riveted all our attention.

"Wilt thou waken bride of May,  
While flowers are fresh, and sweet bells chime,  
Listen and learn from my roundelay,  
How all life's pilot-boats sailed one day  
A match with Time!"

"Love sat on a lotus-leaf aloft,  
And saw old Time in his loaded boat,  
Slowly he cross'd Life's narrow tide,  
While Love sat clapping his wings, and cried,  
'Who will pass Time?'

"Patience came first, but soon was gone,  
With helm and sail to help Time on;  
Care and Grief could lend an oar,  
And Prudence said, (while he staid on shore,)  
'I wait for Time.'

"Hope filled with flowers her cork-tree bark,  
And lighted its helm with a glowworm's spark;  
Then Love, when he saw his bark fly past,  
Said, 'lingering Time will soon be passed,'  
'Hope outspeeds Time.'

"Wit went nearest Old Time to pass,  
With his diamond oar and boat of glass,  
A feathery dart from his store he drew,  
And shouted, while far and swift it flew,  
'O Mirth kills Time.'

"But Time sent the feathery arrow back,  
Hope's boat of Amaranthus missed its track;  
Then Love bade its butterfly-pilots move,  
And laughing, said, 'They shall see how Love  
Can conquer Time.'

I hardly need say that the song was rapturously applauded, and most deservedly so. Several others were demanded from the ladies and gentlemen of the party, and given without hesitation; but I cannot now recall them to memory. The bugle and the flute played between whiles, and all was laughter and merriment.

"There's a sweet place," said Tinfoil, pointing to a villa on the Thames. "Now, with the fair Titania and ten thousand a year, one could there live happy."

"I'm afraid the fair Titania must go to market without the latter encumbrance," replied the lady; "the gentleman must find the ten thousand a-year, and I must bring as my dowry—"

"Ten thousand charms," interrupted Tinfoil; "that's most true, and pity 'tis too true. Did your fairyship ever hear my epigram on the subject?"

"Let the lads of the East love the maids of Cash-meer,  
Nor affection with interest clash,  
For other idolatry pleases us here,  
We adore but the maids of *Mere Cash*."

"Excellent, good Puck! Have you any more?"

"Not of my own, but you have heard what Winterbottom wrote under the bust of Shakspeare last Jubilee?"

"I knew not that Apollo had ever visited him."  
"You shall hear:

"In this here place the bones of Shakspeare lie,  
But that ere form of his shall never die;  
A speedy end and soon, this world may have,  
But Shakspeare's name shall bloom beyond the grave."

"I'll trouble you, Mr. Tinfoil, not to be so very wittily at my expense," growled out Winterbottom. "I never wrote a line of poetry in my life."

"No one said you did, Winterbottom; but you won't deny that you wrote those lines."

Mr. Winterbottom disdained a reply. Gayly did we pass the variegated banks of the river, swept up with a strong flood tide, and at last arrived at the little island agreed upon as the site of the picnic. The company disembarked, and were busy looking for a convenient spot for their entertainment. Quince making a rapid escape from Winterbottom, the latter remained on the bank. "Jenkins," said he, to the man christened Caliban, "you did not forget the salad?"

"No, sir, I bought it myself. It's on the top of the little hamper."

Mr. Winterbottom, who it appears was extremely partial to salad, was satisfied with the reply, and walked slowly away.

"Well," said Tom to me, wiping the perspiration from his brow with his handkerchief, "I wouldn't have missed this for any thing. I only wish father had been here. I hope that young lady will sing again before we part."

"I think it very likely, and that the fun of the day is only begun," replied I; "but, come, let's lend a hand to get the prog out of the boat."

"Pat! Pat! and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage," cried Quince, addressing the others of the party.

The locality was approved, and now all were busy in preparation. The hampers were unpacked, and cold meats, poultry, pies of various kinds, pastry, &c. appeared in abundance.

"This is not a manager's feast," said Tinfoil; "the fowls are not made of wood, nor is small beer substituted for wine. Don Juan's banquet to the Comendador is a farce to it."

"All the manager's stage banquets are farces, and very sorry jokes in the bargain," replied another.

"I wish old Morris had to eat his own suppers."

"He must get a new set of teeth, or they'll prove *deal* too tough."

"Hiss! turn him out! he's made a *pun*."

The hampers were now emptied; some laid the cloth upon the grass, and arranged the plates, and knives and forks. The ladies were busy as the gentlemen—some were wiping the glasses, others putting salt into the salt-cellars. Titania was preparing the salad. Mr. Winterbottom, who was doing nothing, accosted her: "May I beg as a favour that you do not cut the salad too small? it loses much of its crispness."

"Why, what a Nebuchadnezzar you are! How ever, sir, you shall be obeyed."

"Who can fry fish?" cried Tinfoil. "Here are two pairs of soles and some eels. Where's Caliban?"

"Here am I, sir," replied the man, on his knees,

blowing up a fire which he had kindled. "I have got the soup to mind."

"Where's Stephano?"

"Cooling the wine, sir."

"Who, then, can fry fish, I ask?"

"I can, sir," replied Tom; "but not without butter."

"Butter shalt thou have, thou disturber of the element. Have we not *Hiren* here?"

"I wasn't *hired* as a cook, at all events," replied Tom; "but I'm rather a *dab* at it."

"Then shalt thou have the *place*," replied the actor.

"With all my heart and *soul*," cried Tom, taking out his knife, and commencing the necessary operation of skinning the fish.

In half an hour all was ready: the fair Titania did me the honour to seat herself on my jacket, to ward off any damp from the ground. The other ladies had also taken their respective seats as allotted by the mistress of the revels; the table was covered by many of the good things of this life; the soup was ready in a tureen at one end, and Tom had just placed the fish on the table, while Mr. Quince and Winterbottom, by the commands of Titania, were despatched for the wine and other varieties of potations. When they returned, eyeing one another askance, Winterbottom looking daggers at his opponent, and Quince not quite easy even under the protection of Titania, Tom had just removed the fryingpan from the fire, with its residuary grease still babbling.—Quince having deposited his load, was about to sit down, when a freak came into Tom's head, which, however, he dared not put in execution himself; but "a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse," says the proverb. Winterbottom stood before Tom, and Quince with his back to them.—Tom looked at Winterbottom, pointing slyly to the fryingpan, and then to the hinder parts of Quince. Winterbottom snatched the hint and the fryingpan at the same moment. Quince squatted himself down with a surge, as they say at sea, quoting at the time—"Marry, our play is the most lamentable comedy,"—and was received into the hot fryingpan, inserted underneath him by Winterbottom.

"O Lord! oh! oh!" shrieked Mr. Quince, springing up like lightning, bounding in the air with the pain, clapping his hands behind him mechanically, and instantly removing them, for the fryingpan still adhered. I caught hold of the handle, and I may say, tore it off, for his trousers came with it; and Mr. Quince threw himself on the ground, and rolled with agony, exhibiting his burnt garments to the company.

At the first scream of Mr. Quince, the whole party had been terrified; the idea was that a snake had bitten him, and the greatest alarm prevailed; but when he turned up, and they perceived the cause of the disaster, even his expressions of pain could not prevent their mirth. It was too ludicrous. Still the gentlemen lifted him up, and the ladies condoled with him, but Mr. Quince was not to be reasoned with. He could not sit down, so he walked away to the river side, Mr. Winterbottom slyly enjoying his revenge, for no one but Tom had an idea that it was any thing but an accident. Mr. Quince's party of pleasure was spoiled, but the others did not think it necessary that theirs should be also. A "really very sorry for poor Western," a half dozen "poor fellows!" intermingled with tittering, was all that his misfortune called forth al-

ter his departure, and then they set to, like French falconers. The soup was swallowed, the fish disappeared, joints were cut up, pies delivered up their hidden treasures, fowls were dismembered, like rotten boroughs, corks were drawn, others flew without the trouble, and they did eat and were filled. Mr. Winterbottom kept his eye upon the salad, his favourite condiment, mixed it himself, offered to all, and was glad that no one would spare time to eat it; but Mr. Winterbottom could eat for every body, and he did eat. The fragments were cleared away, and handed over to us. We were very busy, doing as ample justice to them as the party before us, when Mr. Winterbottom was observed to turn very pale, and appeared very uneasy.

"What's the matter?" inquired Mr. Tinfoil.

"I'm—I'm not very well—I—I'm afraid something has disagreed with me. I—I'm very ill," exclaimed Mr. Winterbottom, turning as white as a sheet, and screwing up his mouth with pain.

"It must be the salad," said one of the ladies; "no one has eaten it but yourself, and we are all well."

"I—rather think—it must be—oh—I do—recollect that I thought the oil had a queer taste."

"Why there was no oil in the castors," replied Tinfoil. "I desired Jenkins to get some."

"So did I, particularly," replied Winterbottom. "Oh!—oh, dear—oh, dear!"

"Jenkins," cried Tinfoil; "where did you get the oil for the castors? What oil did you get? are you sure it was right?"

"Yes, sir, quite sure," replied Jenkins. "I brought it here in the bottle, and put it into the castors before dinner."

"Where did you buy it?"

"At the chemist's, sir. Here's the bottle," and Jenkins produced a bottle with *castor oil* in large letters labelled on the side.

The murder was out. Mr. Winterbottom groaned, rose from his seat, for he felt too unwell to remain any longer. The misfortunes of individuals generally add to the general quota of mirth, and Mr. Winterbottom's misfortune had the same effect as that of Mr. Quince. But where was poor Mr. Quince all this time? He had sent for the iron kettle in which the soup had been warmed up, and filling it full of Thames water, had taken his seat upon it, immersing the afflicted parts in the cooling element. There he sat, like "Patience on a monument smiling at Grief," when Mr. Winterbottom made his appearance at the same spot, and Mr. Quince was compelled by witnessing the state of his enemy. Indeed, the sight of Winterbottom's distress did more to soothe Mr. Quince's pain, than all the Thames water in the world. He rose from the kettle, and telling Winterbottom it was at his service, tied a handkerchief behind him to cover deficiencies, and joined the party, who were carousing. He did not sit down, certainly, but he stood and pledged the ladies in succession, till he was more than half tipsy.

In the space of half an hour, Mr. Winterbottom returned, trembling and shivering as if he had been suffering under an ague. A bumper or two of brandy restored him, and before the day closed in, both Winterbottom and Quince, one applying stimulants to his stomach, and the other drowning his sense of pain in repeated libations, were in a state (to say the least of it) of incipient intoxication. But there is a time for all things, and it was time to return. The evening had passed freely,

song had followed song, Tinfoil had tried his bugle, and played not a little out of tune; the flute also neglected the flats and sharps as of no consequence; the ladies thought the gentlemen rather too forward, and, in short, it was time to break up the party. The hampers were repacked, and handed, half empty, into the boat. Of wine there was little left, and by the directions of Titania, the plates, dishes, &c. only were to be returned, and the fragments divided among the boatmen. The company re-embarked in high spirits, and we had the ebb tide to return. Just as we were shoving off, it was remembered that the ice-pail had been left under the tree, besides a basket with sundries. The other wherries had shoved off, and they were in consequence brought into our boat, in which we had the same company as before, with the exception of Mr. Western, *alias* Quince, who preferred the boat which carried the hampers, that he might stretch himself at length, sitting down being rather inconvenient. Mr. Winterbottom soon showed the effects of the remedy he had taken against the effects of the castor oil. He was uproarious, and it was with difficulty that he could be persuaded to sit still in the boat, much to the alarm of Titania and the other ladies. He would make violent love to the fairy queen, and as he constantly shifted his position to address her and throw himself at her feet, there was some danger of the boat being upset. At last Tom proposed to him to sit on the pail before her, as then he could address her with safety; and Winterbottom staggered up to take the seat. As he was seating himself Tom took off the cover, so that he was plunged into the half liquid ice; but Mr. Winterbottom was too drunk to perceive it. He continued to rant and rave, and protest and vow, and even spout for some time, when suddenly the quantity of caloric extracted from him produced its effect.

"I—I—really believe that the night is damp—the dew falls—the seat is damp, fair Titania."

"It's only fancy, Mr. Winterbottom," replied Titania, who was delighted with his situation. "Jean trousers are cool in the evening; it's only an excuse to get away from me, and I never will speak again to you, if you quit your seat."

"The fair Titania, the mistress of my soul—and body too, if she pleases—has—but to command—and her slave obeys."

"I rather think it is a little damp," said Tinfoil, "allow me to throw a little sand upon your seat;" and Tinfoil pulled out a large paper bag full of salt, which he strewed over the ice.

Winterbottom was satisfied and remained; but by the time we had reached Vauxhall Bridge, the refrigeration had become so complete, that he was fixed in the ice, which the application of the salt had made solid. He complained of cold, shivered, attempted to rise, but could not extricate himself; at last his teeth chattered, and he became almost sober; but he was helpless from the effects of the castor oil, his intermediate intoxication, and his present state of numbness. He spoke less and less; at last he was silent, and when we arrived at Whitehall stairs, the ice-pail was as firmly fixed to him as the frying-pan had been to Mr. Western. When released he could not walk, and he was sent home in a hackney coach.

"What's in a name?" said Tinfoil, laughing; "at all events there never was a name better fitted to a man than *Winterbottom's* is to-night."

"It was very cruel to punish him so, Mr. Tinfoil," said Titania.

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"Cruel punishment. Why, yes; a sort of *impairment*," replied Mr. Tinfoil, offering his arm.

The remainder of the party landed and walked home, followed by the two assistants, who took charge of the crockery; and thus ended the pic-nic party, which, as Tom said, was the very funniest day he had ever spent in his life.

*From Blackwood's Magazine.*

MEMOIRS OF MONSIEUR DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

If there be a spell in words to raise high expectation and eager curiosity in the world of letters and politics, it consists in those at the head of this Article. But these Memoirs are *UNPUBLISHED*, AND INTENDED TO BE POSTHUMOUS! How, then, have we got a peep at their contents? In the following manner:—Monsieur de Chateaubriand has but a short time ago regaled a select circle of his friends with the high treat of hearing him read these Memoirs at his retreat in the *Abbaye au Bois*. We need hardly say that they were heard with the liveliest sensations of delight, and moved his audience often even to tears. Of this favoured audience one—doubtless not without the permission of Monsieur de Chateaubriand—has communicated to the *Revue de Paris* certain passages and fragments of the MSS., from *recollection, it is said*. These recollections are most vivid, and have all the appearance of being faithful; but there is often more than recollections—whole extracts from the Memoirs themselves. These we are now about to lay before our readers. But we must not omit previously to notice the "Testamentary Preface" of Monsieur de Chateaubriand, lately published in the *Quotidienne*. This is certainly the most eloquent preface that ever was written; in itself a piece of high biographical interest. If Monsieur de Chateaubriand's name were not alone sufficient, it would serve to show the deep, varied, and *entrainant* interest of the legacy he is to bequeath to posterity. May this bequest be yet long delayed! May the illustrious testator continue long not only to serve his country by his splendid talents, but to adorn humanity by his brilliant example of whatever is high and chaste in enthusiasm, of whatever is pure and lofty in principle! The following is the preface. It is dated August 1, 1832, and has this motto pre-fixed:—

"Sicut nubes, quasi navis, velut umbra."

"As it is impossible for me to foresee the moment of my end—as at my age the days granted to man are days of grace, or rather of rigour, I am about, lest Death should surprise me, to explain the nature of a work whose prolongation is destined to beguile the *ennui* of these last deserted hours, which interest no one, and of which I know not how to dispose.

"The Memoirs, at the head of which this preface will be read, embrace, or will embrace, the entire course of my life. They have been begun since the year 1811, and continued till the present day. I have related in that which is finished, and I shall relate in that which is only planned, my infancy, my education, my early youth, my entrance in the service, my arrival in Paris, my presentation to Louis XVI., the commencement of the Revolution, my travels in America, my return to Europe, my emigration to Germany

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and England, my return to France under the Consulate, my occupations and my works under the Empire, my journey to Jerusalem, my occupations and works under the Restoration; and, finally, the complete history of the Restoration, and its fall.

"I have met almost all the men who, in my time, have played any part, small or great, both in foreign countries and at home, from Washington to Napoleon, from Louis XVIII. to Alexander, from Pious VII. to Gregory XVI.; from Fox, Burke, Pitt, Sheridan, Londonderry, Capo d'Istria, to Malesherbes, Mirabeau, &c. &c.; from Nelson, Bolivar, Mehemet, Pacha of Egypt, to Suffren, Bougainville, La Perouse, Moreau, &c. &c. I have made part of a triumvirate which had never before an example. Three poets, of opposed interests and nations, found themselves nearly at the same time, Ministers of Foreign Affairs—myself in France; Mr. Canning in England; and Martinez de la Rosa, in Spain. I have traversed, successively, the vacant years of my youth, the crowded years of the Republic, the pomps of Napoleon, and the reign of legitimacy.

"I have explored the seas of the Old and New World, and trodden the soil of the four quarters of the globe. After having sheltered under the hut of the Iroquois, under the tent of the Arab, in the wigwams of the Hurons, in the ruins of Athens, of Jerusalem, of Memphis, of Carthage, of Grenada, with the Greek, the Turk, the Moor, among forests and ruins; after having donned the bear-skin casque of the savage, and the silken caftan of the Mameluke; after having suffered poverty, hunger, thirst, and exile, I have sat down minister and ambassador, embroidered with gold, and covered with decorations and ribands at the table of kings, and fetes of princes and princesses, only to fall again into indigence and to experience the prison.

"I have been in relation with a crowd of personages, illustrious in armies, in the church, in politics, in the magistracy, in sciences, and in arts. I possess immense materials, more than four thousand private letters, the diplomatic correspondence of my different embassies, especially some relating to my appointment as Minister of Foreign Affairs, among which are several remarkable pieces concerning particularly myself, hitherto unknown. I have carried the musket of a soldier, the stick of a pedestrian, and the staff of a pilgrim. A navigator, my destines have shifted with the inconstancy of my sails. A water-bird, I have made my nest upon the waves.

"I have been concerned in peace and in war; I have signed treaties and protocols, and published in the midst of them (*chemin faisant*) numerous works. I have been initiated in the secrets of parties of the Court and the State. I have witnessed, not afar off, but near, the greatest reverses, the loftiest fortunes, the most sounding celebrities. I have assisted at sieges, at congresses, at conclaves, at the re-edification and demolition of thrones. I have made essays on history, which I could have written; and my life, solitary, dreamy, and poetic, has traversed this world of catastrophes, tumult, and noise, with the sons of my dreams, Chactas, Rene, Eudore, Abet Hamet; and with the daughters of my fantasy, Atalla, Amelia, Blanca, Velleda, and Cymodocia. On my age, I have exerted, perhaps without wishing it, and without seeking for it, a triple influence, religious, political, and literary.

"I am no longer surrounded but by three or four contemporaries of a long renown; Alfieri, Canova, Monte, have disappeared. Of its brilliant days, Italy preserves only Pindemonte and Manzoni. Pellico has lingered out his best years in the dungeons of

Spielburg; the talents of the country of Dante are condemned to silence, or forced to languish on a foreign shore. Lord Byron and Canning died young. Walter Scott seems about to leave us. Goethe has just quitted us, full of glory and of years. France has almost nothing of her past, so rich in talent. She is commencing a new era; I remain to inter my age, as the old priest in the Beziers, who was to sound the knell to entomb himself after the last citizen had expired.

"When Death shall have let down the curtain between me and the world, my drama will be found to be divided into three acts. From my earliest youth to 1800, I was soldier and traveller; from 1800 to 1814, under the Consulate and Empire, my life has been literary; since the Restoration to the present day, political. In my three successive careers I have proposed to myself a great task; as a traveller, I aspired to the discovery of the Polar world—as an author, to re-establish religion on its ruins; as a statesman, I have striven to show to nations the representative monarchic system, with its several liberties. I have at least aided to attain that which is worth them all, which replaces them, and holds the place of a constitution—the liberty of the press. If I have often failed in my designs, it was a failure of destiny. Foreigners who have succeeded in their designs, were seconded by fortune; they had behind them powerful friends and a tranquil country. I have not had this happiness.

"Of all contemporary modern French authors, I am the only one whose life resembles his works; traveller, soldier, poet, legislist; it is in the woods that I have sung of the woods, in vessels that I have described the sea, in camps that I have spoken of armies, in exile that I learnt of exile, and in courts, in affairs, in assemblies, that I have studied princes, politics, laws, and history. The orators of Greece and Rome were involved in the public cause, and partook of its fate. In Italy and Spain, towards the close of the middle age, the first genius of letters and the arts participated in the social movement. What stormy and splendid lives are those of Dante, of Tasso, of Camoens, of Ercilla, and Cervantes!

"In France, our ancient poets and ancient historians sang and wrote in the midst of pilgrimages and of combats. Thibault, Count of Campagne, Villehardouin Joinville, borrowed the facilities of their style from the adventures of their career. Froissard sought for his history on the high-roads, and learnt it from the knights and abbots whom he met. But from the reign of Francis I., our writers have been isolated individuals, whose talents might be the expression of the mind, but not of the facts of their epoch. If I am destined to live, I will represent in my person—represented in my Memoirs—the principles, the ideas, the events, the catastrophes, the epopeas of my time; and this the more faithfully, as I have seen the world begin and end, and the opposed characters of this beginning and this end are mixed in my opinions. I meet myself, as it were, between two ages, as at a confluence of two streams; I have plunged into the troubled waters, borne with regret from the old bank where I was born, and swimming with hope towards the unknown shore, on which new generations will arise.

"My Memoirs, divided into books and parts, have been written at different dates and in different places. These sections naturally introduce sorts of prologues, which recall the events which have happened since the last dates, and point out the places where I resume the thread of my narration. The varying events and changing forms of my life, thus reciprocally cross each other. It happens sometimes that in my moments of prosperity, I have to speak of my unhappy

days, and that in my days of tribulation I retrace those of my happiness. The different sentiments of the various periods of my life, my youth interpenetrating my age, the gravity of my years of experience saddening my years of gayety; the rays of my sun from its dawn to its sitting, crossing each other and blended together, like the scattered reflex lights of my existence, giving a sort of indefinable unity to my work; my cradle has something of my tomb, my tomb something of my cradle; my sufferings become my pleasures; my pleasures griefs, and one will not be able to discover whether these Memoirs are the work of a head bald or covered with locks.

"I say not this to praise myself, for I know not whether it be good or whether it be bad, but it has so happened, without premeditation, by the inconstancy of the tempests which have been unloosed against my back, and which have often left me only the raft of my shipwreck, to write such or such a fragment of my life.

"I have felt a paternal affection in the composition of these Memoirs. The notes which accompany the text are of three sorts; the first at the end of the volumes, consist of the corroborative pieces, the second, at the bottom of the pages, are of the same epoch as the text; the third, also at the bottom of the pages, have been added since the composition of the text; they bear the date of the time and place in which they were written. A year or two in solitude, in some corner of the earth, will suffice for the accomplishment of my task. I have had no repose but during the nine months that I slept in the bosom of my mother; and it is probable that I shall only regain this ante-natal repose in the bosom of our common mother after death.

"Many of my friends have pressed me to publish at present a part of my history; but I cannot yield to their wish. First, I should be, in spite of myself, less frank and less true; then I have always imagined myself writing from my coffin. The work has hence taken a certain religious character, which I could not divest it of without injury; it would cost me much to stifle this distant voice issuing from the tomb, which is heard throughout the whole course of the recital. It will not be found strange that I preserve some weakness, and that I am anxious about the fate of the poor orphan, destined to remain after me upon the earth. If Minos judges that I have suffered enough upon this earth to be a happy shade in the next, a little light from the Elysian fields, shed over my last picture, will render the defects of the painter less salient. Life sits ill upon me, Death perhaps will sit better."

It is with reluctance that we stop here, previous to giving our readers a foretaste of these Memoirs, which promise to be so splendid and of such fascinating interest—to make a remark upon the apparent egotism of this preface. This must not be confounded with petty vanity, nor still less with selfishness, of which egotism is generally the sign; for there is a class of genius of which a spiritual abstract egotism is the very essence. Of this kind was the genius of Rousseau and Byron; and of this kind, only refined by high moral and religious tendencies, is the genius of Chateaubriand. This class of genius only sympathizes with the outward universe, as it reacts upon its proper identity. It is an acuteness of sensibility which absorbs in itself all the powers of reason and observation, and *individualizes* every thing by making it part and parcel of its own essential being. A genius of this kind will always be the prominent figure in every picture he may design; every other figure would

be to him a nonentity, but for the influence, the lights or shadows it casts upon himself, the reality amidst the shows. He therefore groups all things about himself; he cannot stir out of the circle of self, nor is it to be desired he should, for this *self* reflects humanity. This is the key to the egotism of Monsieur Chateaubriand, which is more or less apparent in all his works. To quarrel with it, is to quarrel with a peculiar character of genius, which, if not of the highest order, has at least the strongest hold upon our sympathies. For our own parts, we love to behold this vivifying principle, not only in his works, but even when it appears more broadly, and takes the semblance (though it may be far removed from it in reality) of vanity. We love to figure to ourselves the chivalrous and enthusiastic old poet and statesman, collecting about him of an evening, in the old aristocratic religious building of the *Abbaye au Bois*, his select circle of friends, and reading aloud the adventures of his youth, and vicissitudes of his life, himself the author, the hero, and the reciter of his narrative. We fancy the enthusiasm with which he relates the story of his juvenile years, (yet retaining their buoyant spirit,) when he found a fairy land in the savage wilds of America, when he roamed its boundless forests, committed himself, a wanderer, with heaven above him and in his heart, to its broad streams, visited in solitude, "*best society*," the appalling Falls of the Niagara, and borne along by ecstatic fancy, and its sudden joys, as it were with wings, lived, as he advanced, unharmed and cherished among successive groups of wild savages, but to him gentle and loving, as the being of his fancy with whom he has peopled their glades. We follow him in all his cadences and elevations, in his bursts of eloquence, and transports of sensibility. We sympathize with the sympathy and admiration of his auditors. We wonder not at the tears of delight which spring to their eyes; and when we look up at the bald head and wrinkled front of the animated reciter, we could hug the old man for his boyish enthusiasm and sensibility, if reverence did not teach us rather to bow to him as the type and model of all that is estimable and admirable in youth, manhood, and old age.

But it is time we should proceed to the narrative. The first volume, then, is devoted to the ancestors, and the father of Monsieur de Chateaubriand, a race of gentlemen of the old *noblesse*, and who lived constantly away from the Court of Louis XIV. One of the most remarkable of this old race was the father of the author. He was poor, as had been his father, and was left alone in the world with his mother. He was scarcely fifteen years of age, when, kneeling before the bed of his mother, he asked her for her blessing, as he had resolved to go and seek his fortune. With his mother's blessing, he embarked at St. Malo. He was twice prisoner, and twice escaped. On his return to St. Malo the last time, he married a young person of noble birth, by whom he had several children. Monsieur de Chateaubriand and his sister, Lucilla, were the two youngest. They were brought up at the chateau of Combourg, the ancient mansion of the Chateaubriands, which his father had repurchased. Of the chateau of Combourg, desolate and abandoned, there is the following description in *Rene*. "I arrived at the chateau by the long avenue of pines. I traversed on foot its deserted courts; I stopped to contemplate the closed and half-broken windows. The

thistles which grew at the foot of the walls, the fallen leaves which gathered about the doors, and the solitary vestibule where I had so often seen my father and his faithful servants. The marble basins were already covered with moss. Yellow weeds grew up between their disjointed and trembling stones. An unknown porter opened to me rudely the gate. Covering for a moment my eyes with my handkerchief, I entered beneath the roof of my ancestors. I traversed the echoing apartments, and heard nothing but the sound of my own steps. The chambers were hardly lighted by the feeble light which penetrated through the closed shutters. I visited the room where my mother had expired, that in which my father used to retire, the one in which I had slept in my cradle, and where friendship had uttered its first vows in the bosom of my sister. Everywhere the halls spread before me in melancholy nakedness, and the spider spun its webs along the abandoned cornices. I quitted these scenes precipitately. I left them with a hurried step, and dared not turn round my head as I departed. How sweet, but how rapid, are the moments which brothers and sisters pass together in the society of their aged parents!" If Monsieur de Chateaubriand had not written those Memoirs of his youth, his character might be found in *Rene*. "My temper was impetuous and unequal, alternately buoyant and joyous, and silent and melancholy. Sometimes I assembled about me my young companions, and then suddenly abandoned them to contemplate a passing cloud, or to listen to the rain falling on the leaves." But that which we find not in *Rene*, we find in his Memoirs; that his respect for his father was mingled with terror. His father was a man of tall stature, of a physiognomy sombre and severe, imposing in all his manners, his step heavy, his voice solemn, his look stern. During the day, young Francois de Chateaubriand would rather make a long circuit than meet his father; but on the fall of night the whole family assembled together in the half-deserted chateau, situated in the midst of woods, and far from all other habitation. In a vast hall they spent their evenings; the mother and the two youngest children sitting within the embrasure of the immense chimney, and the father, enveloped in his cloak, pacing the apartment backwards and forwards in silence. As this lord and master got more distant from the chimney corner, the conversation between the mother and the children became more animated; as his footsteps sounded more distant, the children's voices became louder, but as the old Count returned from the door to the chimney, the conversation lowered; and the more he advanced, the more the voices sank. Sometimes he would stop before the chimney, and not a whisper was heard; but if by chance there were, his stern voice demanding "*who speaks?*" produced again the most profound stillness. Thus were the evenings spent in alternate chatter and silence. At eleven o'clock the old *seigneur* retired to his chamber, then the mother and children would listen till they heard him walking above; his footstep made the old floor groan; as soon as all was silent, the mother, son, and daughter, uttered a cry of joy, and the two children began to play a thousand frolics, or amused themselves in telling ghost stories. Among these stories there is one which Monsieur Chateaubriand relates in his Memoirs. The following is a feeble sketch of this tale:—One night at midnight an old monk in his cell heard a knocking at

his door. A plaintive voice called to him. The monk hesitated to open. At last he rises and opens. It was a pilgrim who demanded hospitality. The monk gave a bed to the pilgrim, and threw himself upon his own. But scarcely was he asleep, when he sees the pilgrim at the side of his bed, signing to him to follow him. They go out together. The door of the church opens and then shuts behind them. The priest at the altar celebrates the holy mysteries. Arrived at the foot of the altar, the pilgrim takes off his cowl, and shows the monk a death's head. "You have given me a place by your side," said the pilgrim, "and in my turn I will give you a place on my bed of ashes." The delightful terrors occasioned by such tales as these, made the brother and sister cling close together. Nothing is more touching than the pages of Monsieur de Chateaubriand when he speaks of his beautiful affectionate sister, Lucilla. All his infancy was passed by her side; they had both the same sorrows, the same pleasures, the same terrors. "Timid," he says, "and under constraint before my father, I only found joy and content in company of my sister; she was a little older than me. We loved to climb the hills together, and together to traverse the woods at the fall of the leaf; the recollection of these walks yet fills my soul with delight. Oh! illusions of infancy and my country! Sometimes we walked in silence, listening to the wailing of the autumn winds, or to the noise of the dried leaves which rustled under our feet; sometimes we pursued with our eyes the swallow in the meadow, or the rainbow upon the cloudy hills, and sometimes we murmured together verses which the spectacle of nature inspired. We had both a strain of sadness in our hearts. This we derived from God and our mother."

We cannot afford to follow Monsieur Chateaubriand through all his school adventures. These require the charms of Monsieur Chateaubriand's style to give them that interest which they no doubt possess in his Memoirs, but which appear a good deal faded in the *recollected narrative* of the *Revue de Paris*. But we must not omit to mention that he was educated at the college of Rennes, and that his favourite studies were *Horace* and the *Confessions of St. Augustin*, which last book seems to have determined the religious character of his genius. From college he entered the army, and became, as far as military drill and duties are concerned, in the language of his colonel, an *accomplished officer*. His new military education being finished, his father determined to send him to Paris, to make his way by his own merits; but before he enters upon this new scene, he once more visits Combourg. Thus he speaks in his *Memoirs* on the occasion of this last visit:—"I have only revisited Combourg three times," (since his first absence we suppose.) "At the death of my father, all the family were assembled in the chateau, to say to each other *adieu*. Two years afterwards I accompanied my mother to Combourg; she went to have the old manor-house furnished, as my brother was about to establish himself there with my sister-in-law; my brother, however, came not into Brittany, and shortly after mounted the scaffold with his young wife, for whom my mother had prepared the nuptial bed. The last time I took the road to Combourg, was on arriving at the port where I was to embark for America. After sixteen years of absence, when

about to quit my native soil for the ruins of Greece,

The lands of Brittany, but I had not courage to undertake the pilgrimage to my paternal fields. It was among the shades of Combourg that I have become what I am. It was there I saw my family united and dispersed. Of ten children only four remained. My mother died of grief, and the ashes of my father were scattered to the winds. If my works survive me, if I should leave behind me a name, the traveller, perhaps, some day, guided by these Memoirs, will stop a moment in the places I have described. He may recognise the chateau, but he will look in vain for the wood; it has been felled; the cradle of my dreams has disappeared like my dreams themselves. Alone remaining upon its rock, the antique dungeon seems to regret the oaks which surrounded it, and protected it from the tempests. Isolated like it, I have seen, like it, the family which embellished my days, and afforded me shelter, fall around me. Thanks to Heaven, my life is not built so solidly upon the earth as the towers in which I passed my youth!"

The scene now changes to Paris. The venerable Monsieur de Malesherbes, the defender of Louis XVI., and whose daughter was married to the elder brother of Chateaubriand, seems to have been the first who appreciated the talents of young François. The following is the sketch which the Memoirs give of this venerable character, who afterwards, in his extreme old age, with his granddaughter and her husband, perished by the guillotine:—"The alliance which united his family to mine procured me often the happiness of approaching him. I seemed to become stronger and freer in my mind when in the presence of this virtuous man, who, in the midst of the corruption of courts, had preserved, in an elevated rank, the integrity and courage of a patriot. I shall long recollect the last interview I had with him: it was in the morning. I found him, by chance, alone with his granddaughter. He spoke of Rousseau with an emotion that I fully partook of. I shall never forget the venerable old man condescending to give me advice, and saying,—"I am wrong to speak of these things with you; I should rather urge you to moderate that warmth of heart which brought so much evil on our friend. I have been like you; injustice revolted me; I have done as much good as I could, without counting on the gratitude of men. You are young; you have many things to see. I have but a short time to live." I suppress what the freedom of intimate conversation, and the indulgence of his character, made him add. The pain which I experienced on quitting him, felt like a presentiment that I should never see him again!

Monsieur de Malesherbes was a man of large stature, but the feebleness of his health prevented him from appearing so. That which was astonishing in him was the energy with which he expressed himself in his extreme old age. If you saw him seated without speaking, with his sunken eyes, his gray eyelashes, and his benevolent air, you would have taken him for one of those august personages painted by Lesueur. But when the sensitive chords were touched, the lightning flashed forth. His eyes immediately opened and expanded. Words of fire came from his mouth; his air, from pensive, became animated, and a young man in all the effervescence of youth seemed before you; but his bald head, his words a little confused, from the defect of his pronunciation, caused by his want of teeth, recalled again the old man. This contrast redoubled the charm found in his conversation, as one

admires those fires which burn in the midst of the snows of winter.

"Monsieur de Malesherbes has filled Europe with his name, but the defender of Louis XVI. was not less admirable at the other epochs of his life than in his last days, which so gloriously crowned it. As a patron of men of letters, the world owes to him the *Emilie* of Rousseau; and it is known, that he was the only man, the Mareschal of Luxembourg excepted, whom Jean Jaques sincerely loved. More than once he has opened the gates of the Bastile; he alone refused to supple his character to the vices of the great, and came out pure from places where so many others had left their virtue behind them. Some have blamed him for giving in to what has been called the *principles of the day*. If by this is meant hatred of abuses, Monsieur de Malesherbes was certainly culpable. For my own part I avow, that if he had been merely a good and loyal gentleman, ready to sacrifice himself for the King his master, and to appeal to his sword rather than to his religion, I should have sincerely esteemed him, but I should have left it to others to write his eulogium."

From the city Monsieur Chateaubriand passes to the Court. To be presented to the King, it was necessary to be military, and of the grade of captain at least. He therefore obtained that rank, and was admitted to the honours of the Court, and saw Louis XVI. face to face. Thus he speaks of this unhappy and amiable monarch and victim:

"Louis XVI. was of an advantageous stature; his shoulders were large, and his belly prominent. His walk was ungainly, rolling, as it were, from one leg to the other; his vision was short; his eyes half shut; his mouth large; his voice hollow and vulgar. He was fond of a hearty laugh; his air announced gayety, —not the gayety, perhaps, of a superior mind, but the cordial joy of an honest man, coming from a conscience without reproach. He was not without knowledge, especially in geography. For the rest, he had his weaknesses like other men. He loved, for example, to play tricks upon his pages, and to spy, at five o'clock in the morning, from the windows of the palace, the movements of the gentlemen of the Court as they left their apartments. If at a hunt one passed between him and the stag, he was subject to sudden fits of anger, as I have experienced myself. One day, when it was excessively hot, an old gentleman of the stables, who had followed the chace, being fatigued, got down from his horse, and, stretching himself on his back, fell asleep in the shade. Louis passed by, perceived him, and thought it a good joke to wake him up. He got down then from his horse, and, without wishing to hurt this ancient servant, he let fall rather a heavy stone on his breast. Awakening up, the old gentleman, in the first moment of pain and anger, called out, —'Ah! I know you well in this trick; you were so from your infancy; you are a tyrant, a cruel man, a ferocious animal!' And he continued to overwhelm the King with insults. His Majesty quickly regained his horse, and half laughing, half sorry that he had hurt man whom he loved much, muttered as he went away, —'Ha, ha! he is angry! he is angry! he is angry!'

But what was Versailles, its Palace, and its Court, to Monsieur Chateaubriand, whilst the Bastile was taking at Paris, and the Revolution, with its mighty events, were in full career of development! What his opinions were at the commencement of the Revolution is not stated, but he had personal acquaintance with all the great disorganizing spirits, who let loose its fierce elements, and were afterwards pulverized and swept from

the scene by its ravaging breath. He seems to have known Mirabeau intimately, dined often with him, and accompanied him to the tavern. One day as they got up together from dinner after a long animated conversation, Mirabeau, laying his two large hands on the shoulders of his young companion, said to him, alluding to their conversation, "They will never pardon me my superiority." But the horrors of the Revolution soon ensued, and whatever illusions the brilliant vision of prospective liberty and regeneration might have cast over the imagination of the young poet, they quickly melted away at the touch of *humanity*. The blood, the crimes, the rant and fury, which early began to blot out and swallow up every fair hope in despair and dread, awakened his uncontrollable indignation; this was too strong to be suppressed in one so ardent and humane; and on one occasion, seeing a head carried on a pike before his hotel, he called out of his window, "Murder, murder! assassins, assassins!" This virtuous ardour and indignation would soon doubtless have brought him to the guillotine, if Monsieur de Malesherbes, compassionating his youth and virtue, and foreseeing, that if he remained in France, he would surely fall a victim to his generous and courageous sentiments, had not persuaded him to make the voyage to America.

"If I were in your place," said Monsieur de Malesherbes, "I would go to America; I would undertake some great enterprise; I would travel for ten years." This idea fired the imagination of young Chateaubriand. He had already a great enterprise in his mind. It is thus he develops in his *Memoirs* the idea of this enterprise:—

"The voyage which I then undertook was only the prelude of another much more important, the plan of which I communicated to Monsieur de Malesherbes on my return. I proposed to myself nothing less than to determine, by land, the grand question of the South Sea passage by the North. It is known, that in spite of the efforts of Captain Cook and other navigators, it has always remained in doubt."

One can hardly help smiling at this project of discovery terminating in those beautiful tales or poems by which Monsieur de Chateaubriand has immortalized his wanderings in America. For our parts, however, we are perfectly contented that it has so terminated. Let others travel and discover, but their travellings and discoveries, however important, will never be to us half so delightful, as contemplating this young enthusiastic "*echappe*" from civilization, this *refugee* from the existence of a Court, fleeing refinement and crime, and plunging into the depths of savage life as into a bath, to cleanse and rejuvenate his spirit, and then to send it forth in all its beautified purity, to explore, to marvel at, to be transported with the springing wonders of nature where man is not. He became, as it were, a playfellow of the forests and mighty streams; all eye, all heart, all ecstasy. But what is most delightful, he humanizes upon every thing he sees. Nothing encounters his sight, even in inanimate nature, nothing is shaped by his fancy, but it immediately vibrates upon some chord of his heart. How different is *humanity* from *civilization*! Compare the scenes which were then going on in Paris, with those which Monsieur de Chateaubriand found in the huts of the wild Indian warriors and huntsmen. This contrast heightens the delight which we feel in accompanying him in his poet's rambles through a new world. But we must proceed with the *Memoirs*.

Monsieur de Chateaubriand embarked for America at St. Malo, on the 6th of May, 1791. The sentiments he experienced on his first arrival, are well described in his "*Genie du Christianisme*."

"I remained for some time with my arms crossed, looking about me with a confusion of feelings and ideas, which I could not disentangle then, and which I cannot at present describe. This continent, unknown by the rest of the world in ancient times, and in the modern for many ages; its first savage destinies, and its fate since the arrival of Christopher Columbus; the domination of the monarchies of Europe shaken off in this new world; their old societies renewed in this young country; a republic of a nature hitherto unknown, announcing a change in the human mind, and in political order; the part which my country had taken in these events; these seas and shores owing partly their independence to French blood; a great man, Washington, arising suddenly in the midst of these discords and deserts, the inhabitant of a flourishing city in the same place, where, a century before, William Penn had bought a slip of ground from some Indians; the United States, sending to France, across the ocean, the revolution and liberty; finally, my own destinies, the discoveries which I aimed at in those native solitudes, which yet extended their vast domains behind the narrow empire of foreign civilization;—these were the reflections which occupied my mind."

Another pointed reflection he makes is—"There is nothing old in America, but the woods, the sons of the earth, and liberty, the mother of all human society."

The recital of his interview with Washington is very pleasing.

"A little house of the English construction, resembling the houses in its neighbourhood, was the palace of the President of the United States. No guards, no valets. I knocked—a young servant-girl opened to me. I asked her if the General was at home. She asked me my name, which being difficult to pronounce in English, she could not retain. But she said, 'Walk in, sir,' and went before me through one of those long and narrow corridors, which serve as a vestibule to English houses. She introduced me into a parlour, and told me the General would attend me. I was not moved; greatness of soul or of fortune never disconcert me. I admire the first, without being humbled by it. The world inspires me with more pity than respect. Never has the face of man troubled me. In a few minutes the General entered. He was a man of large stature, his demeanour calm, rather cold than noble. He resembles his pictures. I presented him my letter in silence; he opened it, turned to the signature, which he read aloud, exclaiming—'Colonel Armand!' It was thus that the Marquis de la Ronverie had signed. We sat down. I explained to him as well as I could the motive of my voyage. He answered me by monosyllables in French or English. He listened to me with astonishment. I approached him, and said with vivacity—'But it is less difficult to discover the North-East passage than to create a people as you have done.' 'Well, well,' said he, 'young man,' stretching to me his hand. He invited me to dine with him on the following day, and we parted.

"I was exact to the rendezvous. We were but five or six guests. The conversation turned almost entirely on the French Revolution. The General showed us the key of the Bastile. These keys were silly toys, which were then distributed in the two worlds. If Washington had seen, like me, the vanquishers of the Bastile in the gutters of Paris, he would have had less faith in his relic. The seriousness and the force of

this revolution was not in its bloody orgies. At the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1685, the same populace of the faubourg St. Antoine demolished the Protestant temple of Charenton with as much zeal as they devastated the church of St. Denis in 1793. Such was my meeting with this man, who has emancipated a whole world. Washington had sunk into the tomb before any fame was attached to my name; I passed before him as the most unknown being. He was in all his splendour, and I in all my obscurity. Perhaps my name did not remain a whole day in his memory.—Happy am I, nevertheless, that his regards have fallen upon me. I have felt myself warmed by them during the rest of my life. There is virtue in the regard of a great man. I have seen since Bonaparte. Thus Providence has shown me two persons, whom it has been pleased to place at the head of the destinies of their age."

Having taken leave of Washington, Monsieur de Chateaubriand pursues his route. The following passage, which will find a place in his *Memoirs*, will show, however, how little his mind was bent on discovery. The fact seems to be, that this project originated in that ardent longing for indefinite enterprise which characterizes genius, before it knows its own nature and quality. Monsieur Chateaubriand soon found the vast and the romantic in his heart and in nature, which had allured him in a project which he only saw in its distance and its consummation, without calculating the severe self-denial which it would impose upon the fancy. The passage we allude to is as follows:—

"I then set out for the country of savages, and embarked in a packet-boat, which ascended the river Hudson from New York to Albany. The society of passengers was numerous and agreeable, consisting of many women, and some American officers. A fresh breeze impelled us gently to our destination. Towards the evening of the first day, we assembled on the deck to take a collation of fruits and milk. The women were seated on benches, and the men placed themselves at their feet. The conversation was not long noisy. I have always remarked that the aspect of a fine scene of nature produces an involuntary silence. Suddenly one of the company cried out, 'It was here where Major Andre was executed.' Immediately all my ideas were scattered. A very pretty American lady was asked to sing a romance made on this unfortunate young man. She yielded to our entreaties, and sung with a voice, timid, but full of softness and emotion. The sun was setting. We were then sailing between two lofty mountains. Here and there, suspended over their abysses, single cabins sometimes appeared and sometimes disappeared, among clouds, partly white, and partly rose-coloured, which floated horizontally at the height of these habitations. The points of rocks, and the bare tops of pine trees, were sometimes seen above these clouds, and looked like little islands floating in the sea. The majestic river, now locked up between two parallel banks, stretched in a straight line before us, and anon turning towards the east, rolled its waves round some mount, which advancing into the stream with all its plants, resembling a great bouquet of verdure bound to the foot of a blue and purple zone. We all kept a profound silence. For my part, I hardly dared to breathe. Nothing interrupted the plaintive song of the young passenger, except the noise which the vessel made in gliding through the water."

His rapture goes on increasing as he advances into the interior—into the virgin forests of America.

"After having passed the Mohawk, I found myself

in woods that had never felt an axe, and fell into a sort of ecstasy. I went from tree to tree, to the right and left indifferently, saying to myself—no more roads to follow—no more cities—no more narrow houses—no more presidents, republics, kings. . . . To try if I had recovered my original rights, I played a thousand wilful freaks, which enraged the big Dutchman, who served me as a guide, and who thought me mad."

This state of rapturous excitement, this intoxication of delight, so pure, so free, so buoyant, awakens all our interest, all our affection, for the young enthusiast. He has experienced, he has enraptured himself, with the *reality* of a poet's dream. We ask not what has become of his passage. How can a thought of civilized life come to disturb his enjoyments? He is among the savages. He accompanies the wild Indian on his hunting parties; he drinks, smokes, and broils his steak in his hut; he is one of his family, dancing and singing with the pretty Indian girls, sharing in their loves, and in the exercises and pastimes of their brothers; or he is in the great forests—free, free! Why should he compel his mind to think on any particular subject? This would be to him slavery. No; let his thoughts and fancies come and go like the airs of heaven. There is room in his breast for their circulation, since he is untrammelled by civilization. Let him cast himself on the lake Erie, and from its banks behold those splendid serpents which inhabit them; let him learn their habits, and call them by their names; or, if you will, he will make them dance to his flute. Sometimes let him stand on the banks of the lake to contemplate the thousand fish that disport on its translucent waves; or let him stop suddenly to listen to the song of strange birds; or, shutting his eyes, hearken to the multitudinous waters of the river as they rush into the sea.

This ecstasy, says an auditor of the *Memoirs*, has no end. Long pages are sometimes only long exclamations, breathing the very essence of contentment and happiness. In one place he says— "I was more than a king. If fate had placed me on a throne, and a revolution hurled me from it, instead of exhibiting my misery through Europe, like Charles and James, I should have said to amateurs: If my place inspires you with so much envy, try it, you will see it is not so good. Cut one another's throats for my old mantle. For my part, I will go and enjoy in the forests of America the liberty you have restored me to."

But this realized dream must end; and this is the manner he was awakened from it.

"Wandering from forest to forest, I approached a new American settlement. One evening, I saw on the banks of a streamlet, a farm-house built of the trunks of trees. I demanded hospitality, and it was granted. The night fell. The habitation was only lighted by the flame of the hearth. I sat down by the corner of the chimney; and whilst my hostess prepared my supper, I amused myself in reading, stooping my head, an English journal which had fallen to the ground. I perceived these letters: 'FLIGHT OF THE KING!' This was an account of the evasion of Louis XVI., and the arrest of the unfortunate monarch at Varennes. The journal also spoke of the increased emigration, and the assembling of nearly all the officers of the army under the banners of the French princes. In this I thought I heard the voice of honour, and I abandoned my projects."

Returned to Philadelphia to embark, the first thing that reminded him he was a civilized man, was his want of money to pay his passage. The

captain, however, consented to take him, trusting to his word for payment. In his passage, he encounters a terrible tempest. The description of this tempest finishes the fourth book. "When a Dutch vessel is assailed by a tempest, officers and sailors shut themselves up in the inside of the vessel; all the port holes are shut; the dog of the vessel is alone left on the deck, who howls at the storm. Meantime the officers and sailors drink and smoke till the storm ceases. When it is over, the dog ceases to bark, and the crew come again on the deck—and I," says he, "I am the dog of the vessel, whom the restoration left on the deck to give warning of the storm, whilst it was under shelter."

As soon as Monsieur de Chateaubriand returns to Paris, he marries and takes obscure lodgings in a little obscure street, behind the church of St. Sulpice. His picture of Paris, at that moment of terror, is said to be magnificent and terrible. Robespierre, Danton, Marat, the Convention, the Jacobin club, the theatres, the cries, the clamours, the atrocious vociferations of the Mountain, of the populace, the street scenes, the tribune, the prisons, every thing which the ravelled up scene of horror, which Paris in '92 presented, has afforded matter for his eloquent pen. But honour and patriotism called him away from these orgies of blood and crime. He emigrates; and the following justification of this step, as it might properly find a place in his *Memoirs*, we here transcribe.

"I put to myself this question when writing the *Siege of Trent*. Why has Thrasylus been raised to the clouds? And why are French emigrants trodden to the dust? Both cases are rigorously the same. The fugitives of the two countries, forced into exile by persecution, took arms in foreign lands in favour of an ancient constitution of their country. Words cannot alter things. Except that the first contended for a democracy, and the latter for a monarchy, the facts are the same.

"An honest foreigner by his fireside, in a tranquil country, sure to rise in the morning as he is laid down at night, in possession of his fortune, his doors well shut, his friend within, and security without, may prove, whilst drinking his glass of wine, that the French emigrants were to blame, and that a citizen should never quit his country. But this honest foreigner is at his ease; no one persecutes him; he can go where he will, without the fear of being insulted or assassinated; his house is not set fire to; he is not hunted like a wild beast, merely because his name is John, and not Peter, and that his grandfather who died forty years ago had a right to sit in a church with three or four harlequins in livery behind him. \* \* \* But it is for misfortune to judge. The vulgar heart of prosperity cannot comprehend the delicate sentiments of misfortune. If one considers without passion what the emigrants suffered in France, who is the man, who, putting his hand to his heart, would dare to say, 'I would not have done as they did!'

Monsieur de Chateaubriand then determines to emigrate, but he has no money; the fortune of his wife consisted only of assignats. At last he gets a notary in the Faubourg St. Honore to advance him 12,000 francs on these assignats. But on returning home he meets with a friend; they walk and talk together, and at last they enter a gambling-house. At that time gaming was perhaps the most innocent amusement that remained. To a gentleman, society was dangerous, and the relaxations of the people were in the clubs and round the scaffold. Whether from curiosity, or

*ennui*, or weakness, Monsieur de Chateaubriand plays, and loses all his money except 1500 francs. With this he departs, gets into a fiacre, and drives home. On arriving, however, when he would hand his portfolio to his wife, he finds it gone. He had left it, with his last 1500 francs, in the hackney-coach. Nevertheless, Monsieur de Chateaubriand had imbibed too much equanimity of soul in the forests and among the savages of America, to be disturbed by this. He sleeps as profoundly and tranquilly as if nothing had happened. In the morning, by great good luck, a young priest comes to him and returns him his portfolio, within which was his name and address, with the money. This priest had hired the hackney-coach immediately after he left it. He now directs his course to Bruxelles, travelling as a wine-merchant, and commissary of the army. Bruxelles was then the general rendezvous of the army of the Princes. The emigration was at that time divided into two parties, the first come and the last come; the first attributed to themselves exclusively the right of restoring the ancient dynasty. Monsieur de Chateaubriand was therefore very ill received, and from captain of cavalry became simple soldier, in one of the Breton companies, which were marching to form the siege of Thionville. With his knapsack on his back, and his musket on his shoulder, he marched gayly forward. One day he met the King of Prussia, Frederick William, on horseback. "Where are you going?" said the monarch, "I am going to fight," replied young Chateaubriand. "I see the French nobleman in that answer," said Frederick, and, saluting him, passed on. Monsieur Chateaubriand had a similar conversation at Bruxelles with Champfort, a man once of celebrity, but whose name is now almost forgotten. "From whence do you come?" asked Champfort. "From Niagara."—"Where are you going to?"—"To where battles are fought." Nevertheless, in spite of this gayety and buoyancy of spirit, he felt sensibly the immense sacrifice he had made to principle, and the very small return of gratitude and consideration it brought with it. "The Bourbons had not need," says he, "that a cadet of Brittany should return from beyond the seas to offer them his obscure devotion: If I had lit the lamp of my hostess with the journal which changed the destinies of my life, and continued my voyage, no one would have perceived my absence, for none knew that I existed. It was a simple question between me and my conscience, which brought me back to the theatre of the world. I might have done as I wished, as I was the only witness of the debate. But of all witnesses this is the one before which I should fear most to blush."

We regret that our limits will not permit us to follow the young soldier through his campaigns, and to give in his own words, for no other words could do them justice, the piquant anecdotes he relates, and to show the sportive happy spirit with which he sustained—enjoyed, we might say—every privation. Sometimes we have him preparing the soup for his company, at others washing his shirt in the stream; but we wonder not at the gayety and serenity of his temper, for at this moment he was writing *Atala*. One day the manuscript of *Atala*, which he carried in his knapsack, was pierced by a ball, and thus saved the poet's life; but he adds, with a smile, "*Atala had still to sustain the fire of the Abbe Morellet.*"

But we had heavier hardships than mere privations to suffer. He receives a wound in the leg,

and is at the same time attacked by the small-pox and the dysentery, which was called the malady of the Prussians. But his courage does not abandon him. He marches as long as he can walk.—When he passed through the towns, the road to the hospital was always pointed out to him, but he passed on. At Namur, a poor woman seeing him tremble with fever, feeling pity for him, threw an old blanket over his shoulders, and he continued his route with this covering. At last he is perfectly exhausted, and falls into a ditch by the roadside. In this state, motionless and senseless, he is picked up by a company of the Prince de Ligne which chanced to pass, and transported in a wagon, to Bruxelles. But there he found every door shut against him; he goes from hotel to hotel, from house to house, in vain. He has no money to pay for his lodgings; and lame, sick, ill, and apparently on the point of death, he is every where refused harbour. When in this abandoned condition, without help and without resource, seeking only a place to lie down and die, a carriage passed him; in this carriage was his brother. He had 1200 francs in his pocket—he gives the half to Francis, and bids him adieu to re-enter France, and to die on the scaffold. Having had his wounds dressed, and recovered a little strength, M. de Chateaubriand determines to go to Jersey, to rejoin the royalists of Brittany. He is conducted to Ostend. "At Ostend," the Memoirs here speak, "I met several Bretons, my compatriots and my comrades, who had formed the same project as myself. We hired a little bark for Jersey, and were shut up during the passage in its hold. The bad weather, the want of air and space, and the motion of the sea, exhausted the little strength I had left; the wind and the tide obliged us to put in at Guernsey. As I was on the point of death, I was carried on shore, and placed against a wall, my face turned to the sun, that I might breathe my last. The wife of a sailor happened to pass; she took compassion on me, called her husband, and aided by two or three other English sailors, transported me into the house of a fisherman, and placed me in a good bed. It is probably to this act of charity that I owe my life. The next day I was re-embarked on board a sloop of Ostend. When we arrived at Jersey, I was completely delirious. I was received by my maternal uncle, the Count de Bedee, and remained several months in a state between life and death. In the spring of 1793, thinking myself sufficiently strong to take arms again, I crossed into England, where I hoped to find the direction of the princes; but my health, instead of mending, continued to decline; my chest was affected, and I could hardly breathe. Some skillful doctors who were consulted, declared that I might linger out some weeks, perhaps for some months, perhaps for some years, but that I must avoid all fatigues, and not count on a long existence.

"Throw open the doors for his Excellency my Lord Viscount de Chateaubriand, Peer of France, Ambassador at London, and Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour, &c.!" It is with this exclamation that Mons. de Chateaubriand breaks off, when the contrast between his first and second sojourn in England presents itself to his mind. His Memoirs are filled with these admirable contrasts and sudden exclamations. We must here break off; indeed there is little more to notice. The Memoirs, so far as they have yet proceeded, terminate nearly in this place. They stop after his first voyage to England. Nevertheless, his last read-

ing was the relation of his journey to the place of exile of Charles the Tenth; so that they are not written consecutively, but are filled up according as his humour dictates. He has made only two copies of them; one in the hands of Madame de Chateaubriand, and the other in those of Madame Recamier. It is said that they are already sold to an English bookseller for £1000 per volume. It is needless to add any comment. Doubtless it will be an invaluable acquisition to have the mighty events which have chequered Mons. de Chateaubriand's life, and the destinies of the world of Europe during its period, exhibited to us, as they have passed through and been coloured by such a mind. He himself in his own person represents a *principle*; the aristocratic and religious principle of society. He represents it in all its splendour, in all its purity, in all its power; a more unexceptionable representative could not be chosen to place it in its happiest light. Mons. de Talleyrand too, we are told, is writing his Memoirs. He also represents a *principle*—the antagonist principle; the principle of popular ascendancy, of unbelief, of expediency. He is equally a most favourable representative, to set his principle in its best point of view, being without violence, without crime, without exaggeration, and sincerely desirous of the good and happiness of mankind. When we have the Memoirs of these two master-minds, we may say we have the picture of the mind of Europe during their epoch, and of the two antagonist principles, whose collision has flooded Europe with blood, and still continues to agitate and threaten it with further revolutions. But how differently will the same events appear, seen through such different optics!

O. D.

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## TO OUR OLD HOUSE CLOCK.

OLD friend! that many a long day through,  
(Dog-days and all,) in brown surtout,  
Hath stood ensconced, with wintriest look,  
U th' warmest side o' the chimney-nook—  
That standeth still i' the self-same place,  
With that same cool composed face,—  
(Few, by the way, 'mid sentient creatures,  
Made up of more expressive features,)  
Nor e'er in all that weary while,  
Hath utter'd plaint of durance vile—  
In that stiff garment all of oak,  
Thy sentry-box—of heat or smoke;  
Of task perpetual—worse than mighty,  
Monotonous—of tedium vita,  
Of false reflections on thy truth,  
From weary age—impatient youth,  
Of Time's deliver'd message, scorned,  
Or heeded not by those thou' st warned.

All these, and other ills in turn  
"That *clocks* are heirs to," has thou borne  
With patience most exemplary—  
No peevish frown, or look awry,  
Marring the polished, placid grace  
Of that broad, smooth, reflecting face.  
That shineth still (example rare  
To mortal dames) as smooth and fair,  
As first, some fourscore years agone,  
To the admiring light it shone.

Yet I, who've known thee long and well,  
Could of some prison secrets tell—

How all unseen by mortal eye,  
In darkness and in mystery,  
When all the house at deep midnight  
Is hushed and still—like tortured sprite,  
Deep hollow murmurs—long-drawn groans  
Thou utterest, and unearthly tones,  
Such as if heard by silly ear  
Of simple Joan, she quakes for fear,  
Shrinks down beneath the bed-clothes deep,  
And pants and prays herself to sleep.

Old friend! I've listened many a night  
To those strange murmurs with affright  
Unmoved, or superstition's dread,  
Yet, as to utterings from the dead—  
Low mystic breathings—sounds of doom  
Deep-voiced, up-issuing from the tomb—  
For these, methought, 'twas *Time's* own tongue,  
Not thine, that solemn dirge that sung.

But Fancy from her loftier range  
Descending soon—a milder change  
Came o'er my spirit, that full fain  
To thy familiar voice again  
Gave ear, discoursing soft and low  
Of things that have been long ago—

Sweet memories of that blissful time,  
Life's dayspring! lovelier than its prime,  
When, with the bird on summer morn  
That caroled earliest from the thorn,  
I was astir, and singing too,  
And gathering wild-flowers wet with dew,  
Till summon'd in, old friend! by thee,  
(Far-sounding through our cowslip lea,)  
To the dear breakfast board, I came  
With scatter'd, curl'd and cheek of flame  
All glowing with the fresh wind's kiss,  
One to receive of purer bliss—  
What was the balmiest morn's caressing  
To that best balm—a Parent's blessing?

And when the winter evening long  
Closed round us, and the cricket's song  
Click'd from the clean-swept hearth, where Di  
Stretch'd yawning out, luxuriously—  
The curtains deeper dropt—thrown on  
The hoarded log—the tea things gone—  
The candles trimmed and bright—and we  
A silent—not *unsocial* three—  
In our warm parlour snug together—  
Little cared we for winter weather.

There sat my Mother—on that chair,  
Intent on book or work; and there,  
Just opposite, my Father sate  
Poring o'er task elaborate,  
All redolent—(his angler's books)—  
Of summer time, green fields, and brooks—  
Arrangement finically nice!  
Snares of all pattern; each device—  
Insects, with such ingenious art  
Copied from nature—every part  
So perfected with curious skill.  
You only wonder'd they were still.

Proud was my Father's little maid,  
His nestling neighbour, when the aid  
Of her small fingers was required—  
(What ministry like Love's unhired?)  
And young sharp eyes, some hair so fine,  
Some feathery filament to twine  
In cunning knot, that quaintly wrought,  
Must be invisible as thought;  
The service done, a kind lip pressed  
Her up-turned brow, and she was blessed;  
And soon, old friend! thy warning tone  
Telling her happy day was done,

Down kneeling at the Mother's knee,  
Hands clasped, and eyes raised reverently,  
The simple prayer was simply said,  
The kiss exchanged—and then—to bed.

Not yet to sleep—for fancies vain  
Crept oft into that busy brain,  
At that lone hour—some light and gay—  
Of birds and flowers—of toys and play—  
Ambitious some—of bold essay  
At lofty rhyme—conceptions grand  
Of giants, dwarfs, and fairy land—  
Or elegy on favourite bird,  
Dormouse or lamb—(first griefs that stirred  
The deep—deep source!)—and some of fear,  
As all in darkness, on the ear  
Smote strangest sounds.—Hark, hark! and then  
How the heart throbbed!—and there aghen!  
What could it be!—a groan—a knock—  
"Oh dear! 'tis only our old Clock."  
Then, witless child, thy simple head,  
With happy sigh sank back in bed,  
And e'er revolved the minute hand,  
Thy soul was in "the dreaming land."  
Oh! days, of all I ever knew  
The happiest—aye, the wisest too,  
In that sweet wisdom of the heart,  
Our fallen nature's better part—  
That lingering of primeval light,  
Not yet all sunk in sin and night.

'Twill be renewed that blessed time!  
'Twill be renewed that loveliest prime;  
Renewed, when we again shall be  
Children around the Father's knee  
Of one immortal family!  
Our portion each—(no more to part)—  
Angelic wisdom—childlike heart.

Ah! wandering thoughts—ye've stolen away  
From your dark prison-house of clay;  
From earth to heaven! a pleasant track!  
Too pleasant to be trodden back  
Without a sigh. But, ancient friend!  
Not here our colloquy must end—  
Thy part therein I freely own  
Subordinate; an undertone  
Of modest bass—But thou art one  
Too sober, serious, and sedate,  
To be much given to idle prate—  
So, to thy grave concerns attend,  
And let me talk. Ah, honest friend!  
Sparing and measured though thy speech,  
What eloquent sermons dost thou preach  
When the heart listens. Wo to me  
If profitless such listening be.

But to thy chronicles.—Full well  
Was thy watch kept, old sentinel!  
Full well thine endless duty done—  
While fluttering on from sun to sun,  
A butterfly among the flowers,  
I noted not the passing hours,  
Till the rain fell—the storm beat sore,  
And that sweet summer dream was o'er.

Then first, old friend! thy voice to me  
Sounded with sad solemnity;  
The tones upon my heart that fell  
Deep mingled with a passing bell.

Since then, through many a chequered scene  
Of good and ill my path hath been—  
The good—a gleam not long to last;  
The evil—widely overcast.  
But still to thee in many a mood,  
By night—by day—in solitude,

Or circled round—in hope or fear,  
Hath turned my care-awaken'd ear  
As to an oracle—that spoke  
More than the time dividing stroke.

Oh! gladsome to my soul, thy sound,  
Heard, wakening first from sleep profound  
(Youth's *deep light slumber*) the first morn,  
After long absence, of return  
To my dear home—Oh, happiness!  
To lie in quiet consciousness  
Of all around—The picture there—  
The books—the flower-glass filled with care  
By a kind hand—And then to know,  
'Twas but to rise, and meet below  
Such a heart's welcome!

Wo is me,  
The sweet and bitter memory  
Of that old time! Of those bright wakings  
Hallowed by some—Ah! sore heart-breakings,  
Leaving a wreck of youthful feeling  
Beyond the reach of Time's own healing.  
But though all powerless evermore  
Life's young illusions to restore—  
(Beautiful dream!) the wise one brought  
In kind exchange, awakened thought,  
Awakened seriousness; and Hope  
That crushed below, took higher scope,  
Yea heavenly—for her after-flight.  
Then, in the watches of the night,  
With mine own heart while commanding,  
Friend: 'twas an awful, pleasant thing  
To hear thee tell how time went on,  
And how another hour was gone.  
The earthly hopeful little care  
To heed how swift Time's pinions are—  
But they attend with willing ear  
Who cannot make their heart's home here.

Yet, faithful watchman! time hath been  
In more than one late after scene,  
That, listening to thy voice, I've said,  
"Oh! would that restless tongue were staid."

I've said so—weak and selfish heart!  
When time drew near that I must part  
With some beloved, whose sojourn here  
Might have made sunshine all the year;  
Whose presence for a little day  
Chased half the wintry clouds away.

I've thought so—weak and sinful heart!  
When some were summoned to depart—  
Called from their labours here to cease,  
The full of days, faith, hope, and peace,  
Who long had lingered here in pain;  
My loss in them, their countless gain—  
Yet with long watching, worn and low,  
Too soul-opprest for tears to flow;  
When the deep hush of night and death  
Was in the house—and every breath  
From those dear lips, the last might be;  
A shuddering ear I've turned from thee,  
Watchman! whose every minute stroke,  
On fever'd nerves o'erstrained, broke  
As if a leaden, pond'rous blow  
Fell on some hollow vault below—  
"Oh! for an hour," I could have prayed,  
"Stern reckoner! that thy tongue were staid."  
These things are past. Of hopes and fears,  
The current now, of lengthening years  
Flows narrowing in a deeper bed,  
No spark of early feeling dead,  
But all subdued and chastened—

Too little yet. The Christian strife  
Can finish but with finished life—

The spirit may be all resigned,  
Yet only bleed—The willing mind  
Too oft may faint—The hopeful eye  
Sink rayless in despondency;  
But one who sees the secret heart  
In all its griefs can take a part—  
Can pity all its weakness too—  
For He who ne'er corruption knew  
Nor sin, hath yet our nature borne  
And hung at woman's breast—  
And He hath said—O! words that calm  
The troubled heart with holiest balm,—  
"Come unto me, ye travel-worn!  
And I will give you rest."

C.

*From Tail's Magazine.*

#### A CHAPTER ON FLOGGING.

BY AN OLD OFFICER.

FROM my earliest childhood I have had an abhorrence for the very sound of the word *flog*. It has, notwithstanding, been my fate to witness this inhuman custom in various forms, and to know experimentally the abominations of birch-rod, ferule, rattans, horsewhips, and that modern substitute for thumbscrews and racks, the cat-o'-nine-tails. I speak feelingly on the subject, when I say that I regard flogging as one of the *sorest evils* under the sun. My memory is singularly tenacious, and I remember every flogging I have received. This may be owing to my natural irritability of skin; for my medical attendant, during a recent attack of erysipelas, seriously assured me that he had never seen an instance of such an irritable epidermis; however, I can aver that I perfectly remember every twinge of my first sound birching. This splendid operation took place on the following occasion—I was sent to a respectable academy, at Rumford, in company with an elder brother, a few days after a celebrated contest for Middlesex between Burdett and Mainwaring, in which my father, being an attache of the Court, had given his vote for the Tory candidate; and when, on arrival in the playground, some of the boys requested to know, in a boyish kind of slang language, what side I was for, alluding to some kind of play, I innocently mistook the question for a challenge as to my politics, and very vehemently shouted aloud "Mainwaring for ever!" A hearty ha! ha! ha! from some twenty urchins, followed this unlucky exhibition of my notions of the fitness of things in Middlesex. And as I was from that time forth dubbed "Mainwaring-for-ever," it is easy to believe that sundry pugilistic encounters followed my unfortunate *début*. In these I was generally successful; but, nevertheless, I was still doomed to hear (what now became an uncouth sound to my ears) the name of the sitting member for Middlesex. At length my brother, having bestowed a drubbing on a boy whose metal was too much for me, the young rascal, in malice, accused him of the heinous offence of employing another boy's towel to wash himself on some occasion; and, though I knew him to be innocent of the crime, he was, to my sincere sorrow, visited with a "sound flogging," as the domine delighted to express himself, when announcing the coming torture. This was one of the cruellest exhibitions, save one, I ever witnessed.

*A Chapter on Flogging.*

The time chosen for the execution of his sentence was after washing, previous to going to bed; when the culprit, as he was termed, was undressed. I perfectly well remember the very corner of the school-room in which I sat trembling and crying for my brother's sufferings, while he was most unmercifully flogged from the shoulders downwards, till his back was one mass of bruises and bleeding wounds. The master was a clergyman, and his favourite text was *anent the sparing not the rod*; at least he preached every day to us boys on the subject; and never did he allow three days to elapse without practising what he preached. I slept with my brother; and when I went to bed, and more closely examined the state of his back, and reflected on the cause of his sufferings, I very strenuously urged him to accompany me in running away from the tyrant. This was decided upon; and the following Sunday morning was fixed for carrying the intention into effect. The reason of that morning being chosen, was the circumstance that the master never made his appearance on a Sunday till we saw him in the pulpit, and the usher indulged longer in bed than usual. As we thought it advisable to divide the attention of the pursuers, who we anticipated, would follow our heels, we advised with another boy, whose grievances were the theme of the school, having been repeatedly and brutally flogged, when we could perceive no cause; and, as his parents resided about four miles out of Epping, in the direction of the forest, it was agreed that we should all take that direction, he being acquainted with the localities. Accordingly, at the usual hour of rising, six o'clock, (it being summer time,) we three took care to be down rather earlier than any of the other boys. But when we had reached the lobby and procured our caps, a difficulty occurred, which nearly discomfited our plan of operations. The chain had not been as yet removed from the door, nor the bolts withdrawn. The key turned readily in the lock; but the bolts made a hideous squeaking noise, and the chain fell from our tremulous hands with a rattle which brought the surly old cook up out of the kitchen. We had the presence of mind, however, to begin pelting each other with our caps,—and she, mistaking the noise she had heard for our play, after a grumble about breaking the Sabbath, descended to her under-ground abode. This untoward incident had completely cowed the big boy, and even my brother voted that it would not do. It must be remembered that they had both been flogged and were under the vile influence of fear; I at that time was intact, and, therefore, perhaps, was more determined. I can only account for my temerity in this manner; for I have since been convinced that flogging is destructive of courage. Finding them hang fire in this manner, I stepped forward, saying that I at least would not stay to be flogged for nothing; and smartly opening the door, which nobody staid to close, soon found myself past the kitchen window, the last source of danger, and in a few minutes we had all cleared the town and passed the turnpike. As we anticipated that we should have but small grace, since we should infallibly be missed at breakfast, if not before, we lost no time in crossing the fields and making towards the forest, which offered ample means of concealment. Accordingly, having reached a rising ground about two miles from the town, which commanded a view of the path for

about half a mile, we established a sentry to look out for the enemy, while the remainder of the party sought for a good hiding-place. About a quarter of an hour had elapsed, when we perceived our friend the usher, accompanied by half-a-dozen of the oldest boys of the school following our track in hot pursuit. A friendly dry ditch, about forty yards from the stile, over which we knew they must pass, enabled us to conceal our noble selves, and in a few minutes we had the satisfaction to perceive our friends safely past, and making their way towards that part of the country where D. lived. Our course was now clear, and in another quarter of an hour we were in the thickest part of Epping forest, and quietly amusing ourselves by observing the deer browsing upon the green-sward.

Having escaped all danger of a recapture, we partook of our breakfasts with a good appetite. We had made provision for this important operation, by preserving some mutton pies, which the school pie-woman had brought for sale on the previous half-holiday; and to these we had added some biscuits and cheese. About ten o'clock, we broke cover; and D. bidding us adieu, made his way homewards, calculating on reaching his father's about noon, when the usher and his pack would be departed: while my brother and I made for the London road. We pursued our course towards the metropolis, not without some occasional misgivings, and reached St. Paul's Church at near four o'clock in the afternoon. Having been educated piously, we thought it right to enter the church and listen to the service; after which, being tolerably rested, we progressed homewards, having still about a dozen miles to travel. At nine o'clock at night, we reached Edmonton church-yard; and calling on an old nurse of mine, who occupied one of the almshouses, she regaled us with tea, and engaged a lad to see us safe home. At length, at about half-past ten o'clock, we arrived safe at home; to the inexpressible joy of my mother and sister, whose apprehension for our safety had thrown them nearly into a fever. The master had driven in his gig to my father's, where he dined, and of course told his own story. My father was, in consequence, prejudiced against us, and utterly refused to see us at all. I believe that this conduct on his part made a strong impression on my brother; as for myself, I was so shocked with its injustice and apparent want of affection, that I can safely aver that *from that hour I have never loved my father*. I have ever respected him, and, I believe, done my duty towards him; but my affection as a child was gone from the moment that my sister informed us that he would not see us, and that, the next morning, we were to be put into a post-chaise, and sent back to school, to be well flogged.

Sore-footed and weary as we both were, after a walk of twenty-five miles by the direct road, besides the extra walk in the forest, which altogether made it near thirty miles, our spirits were not broken, and we unhesitatingly assured my mother that we would again run away, if we should be flogged; but that the next time we would not come towards home. In short, we had both resolved to go down to the river and enter as boys on board some ship; and if my age, for I was only just entered my eleventh year, should be an objection, that then we would join a party of gipsies of apparently happy faces, and certainly free from fears

of flogging and all its abomination. However, my father insisted; and in the morning we were again trundled off to Rumford. My mother accompanied us; and before parting, she extracted a promise from the master that he would pardon us, and in short that we should not be flogged. On the following morning we were paraded before the boys, and my brother, being the eldest, was "soundly flogged" on the back, in despite of the master's promise. My turn came next; and I can assure my readers, that I did not lose any portion of the effects of the stupendous fellow's brutality; for I was unable to crawl for many days.

My brother and I were then handcuffed together for several days; and afterwards, as we both jointly and severally refused to promise that we would not again try to run away, we were, first one, and then the other, chained by the leg to the school-room door. At length I became quite lame from chilblains, and the chain was remitted, as being no longer necessary. Shortly after, the holidays arrived, and we returned home; but being still resolute on the subject, we were sent to another school.

About eighteen months subsequently, I was appointed one of his Majesty's officers, with the very important rank of midshipman. I was now destined to witness my greatest abomination in all its horrors. I had not been many days on board before I heard a hollow sound reverberating round the frigate's decks, and which seemed to bring a shade of gloom over all the faces round me. Again the words were repeated, "All hands, a-hoy!" I eagerly inquired the meaning of this mystery, and was answered by a lad about sixteen years old, "It is all hands to punishment, my boy; you are going to see a man flogged."

The idea of a *man* being flogged at all, or under any possible circumstances, had never before entered my brain. I had as yet no notion that such a degree of brutality could exist; I had indeed known that boys were flogged, but how they could *horse* a man was to me a mystery. My reflections were broken in upon by observing all my mess-mates busily engaged in putting on their cocked-hats, swords, dirks, &c. And as this was the first time I had sported my new dirk, except in play, when I put it on at home to surprise my sister, and to dazzle the brightest eyes in the world, whose owner's name was Caroline, I felt very strange and mingled sensations as I strutted forth on the quarter-deck. The marines were drawn out on the larboard side of the deck, with their bayonets fixed, and their officer with his sword drawn, resting against his shoulder. On the main-deck the seamen had all assembled in a dense crowd about the hatchway, and the said hatchway was ornamented with several gratings fixed up on one end, evidently for some purpose, which I had never yet seen accomplished. The officers in their full uniforms, with swords and cocked-hats, were pacing the deck in great numbers; but all was still and solemn silence. At length the captain, a stern, but yet good-looking man, came forth from his cabin; the marines carrying their arms at the first appearance of his head above the ladder, which led from the cabin-door to the quarter deck. The first-lieutenant, taking off his hat, approached the captain, and reported that "all was ready."

As the captain came up to the gangway he removed his hat; which was followed by all the men

and officers becoming uncovered; and, then, taking from his pocket a printed copy of the articles of war, he read aloud a few lines, which denounced the judgment of a court-martial on any person who should be guilty of some particular offence, the nature of which I did not understand. This done, he ordered Edward Williams to strip; adding, "You have been guilty of neglect of duty, sir, in not laying in off the foretopsail yard, when the first-lieutenant ordered you; and I will give you a d—d good flogging." By this time the poor fellow had taken off his jacket and shirt, which was thrown over his shoulder by the master-at-arms, while two quarter-masters lashed the poor fellow's elbows to the gratings, so that he could not stir beyond an inch or two either way. It was in vain that he begged and besought the captain and first-lieutenant to forgive him; protesting that he did not hear himself called, in consequence of having had a bad cold, which rendered him almost deaf. His entreaties were unheeded; and at the words, "Boatswain's-mate, give him a dozen," a tall, strong fellow came forward with a cat-o'-nine-tails, and having taken off his own jacket, and carefully measured his distance, so as to be able to strike with the full swing of his arm, he flung the tails of the cat round his head, and, with all the energy of his body, brought them down upon the fair, white, plump back of poor Williams. A sudden jerk of the poor fellow almost tore the gratings away from their position; he gave a scream of agony, and again begged the captain, for the sake of Jesus Christ, to let him off. I was horror-struck on seeing nine large welts, as big as my fingers, raised on his back, spreading from his shoulder blades nearly to his loins; but my feelings were doomed to be still more harassed. For, as soon as the tall boatswain's-mate had completed the task of running his fingers through the cords to clear them, and prevent the chance of a single lash being spared the wretched sufferer, he again flung them round his head to repeat the blow. Another slashing sound upon the naked flesh, another shriek and struggle to get free succeeded.—and then another and another, till the complement of twelve agonizing lashes were complete. The back was, by this time, nearly covered with deep red gashes; the skin roughed up and curled in many parts, as it does when a violent blow on the skin causes an extensive abrasion. The poor man looked up with an imploring eye towards the first-lieutenant, and groaned out, "Indeed, sir, as I hope to be saved, I did not hear you call me." The only reply was, on the part of the captain, who gave the word, "Another boatswain's-mate!" "Oh, God, sir, have mercy on me." "Boatswain's-mate, go on; and mind you do your duty!"

The effect of one hundred and eight cuts upon his back had rendered it a fearful sight, but when these had been repeated with all the vigour of a fresh and untried arm, the poor fellow exhibited a sad spectacle. The dark red of the wounds had assumed a livid purple, the flesh stood up in mangled ridges, and the blood trickled here and there like the breaking out of an old wound. The pipes of the boatswain and his mates now sounded, and they called "all hands up anchor!" The gratings were quickly removed, and of all the human beings who had witnessed the cruel torture on the body of poor Edward Williams, not one seemed in the slightest degree affected. All was bustle and activity and apparent merriment as they went to

work to prepare for quitting old England. As for myself I was sad enough, and heartily wished that I had joined the camp of the gypsies, instead of the service of his Majesty. A foul wind, however, compelled us again to anchor; and before we set sail for the Mediterranean, which we did in about a week after the flogging, our captain exchanged into another ship, and we were joined by a very brave and excellent officer, who abominated flogging. For four years I served under his orders, and witnessed no more of the inhuman practice. The men were allowed to go on shore at Malta and other places, sometimes sixty or seventy at a time; and so kindly were they treated, that there was only one instance of desertion during all that period. The captain made a point of visiting the whole crew while at dinner, to see himself that they had everything they required to make them comfortable. This he did every day. The sick were always fed from his own table. The result of this was that our ship was the smartest frigate on the station, and fought the most decidedly glorious action which ever graced the annals of the English navy.

I left the frigate eventually, and joined a man-of-war, where the disgusting boast was made by the captain, that he never kept a midshipman six weeks without flogging him. It was not the custom of the service to flog a midshipman except on the breech; and, accordingly, I received my due share of what Captain S. facetiously termed his "battering in breach." I had sufficient interest to procure a speedy removal from that tyrant's power; and joined another ship, where the mids, at any rate, escaped. I found that my new captain was a most especial saint. He never forgave a first offence, he was wont to say—for if there were no first offence, there could be no second. He seldom flogged for any other crime than profane swearing or drunkenness; these he never by any accident forgave. The result was a flogging match every Monday morning, and very frequently once or twice in the week besides. The crew grew worse and worse under this treatment; and at length there was scarcely a sober seaman or marine on board the ship, though her complement was about 600 men and boys. The more drunken they became, the more he flogged them; but the crime and punishment seemed to re-act on each other; for the ship became at length so very notorious for the cat, that he was joked about it by his brother captains. The men deserted at every opportunity, and had less of the appearance and manners of English seamen than any I ever witnessed.

Captain A. at length applied to the Admiralty to distribute his crew among the fleet, and give him another, for he found those he had incorrigible. Their Lordships kindly granted his request, so far as distributing his crew went; but they also paid off his ship, and he has never commanded another.

While in that ship I witnessed one of those murderous transactions, a *flogging round the fleet*. I call them murderous, because I know that in many instances, death has been the speedy result, and I believe that it is always hastened by them.

**FLOGGING ROUND THE FLEET.**—This most barbarous and wicked custom, is one of those things of which people hear occasionally, but of which those who have not been eye-witnesses have no more perfect idea than the people of China may form of a railway or the Thames Tunnel. It is still in existence, and is evidence that all we hear of the boot and other instruments of torture, the horrors no rowers in the boat. Its crew consisted of the

of the Inquisition, &c., is not mere fiction. I shall endeavour to give the reader an idea of the horrible transaction which, in my seventeenth year, made such a lasting impression on my youthful mind, that it can never be obliterated on this side the grave.

The perpetual flogging on board His Majesty's ship Rhinoceros, had brought the men into such a state of despair, I may call it, that they were continually getting drunk to escape from the reflection of their miserable state. On one occasion, a half-idiot Welshman had been drinking beyond all the bounds of prudence; he was three parts intoxicated, or what sailors would term three sheets in the wind. In this state he was reprimanded by a very violent, bullying master's mate, for helping himself to water without permission. Some degree of insolence marked the tone in which Evan Evans replied; and the officer, (who, by-the-by, was afterwards turned out of the service for a nameless offence,) gave him some hearty cuffs, which so excited the angry feelings of the Welshman, that he instantly took out his knife and stabbed the master's mate twice in the belly. The man was secured, put in irons, and as soon as convenient brought before a court-martial. Everybody knows that in a civil court, the previous provocation by blows would have been taken into consideration, and a much lighter punishment inflicted for the stabbing than if it had been done in cold blood. The court-martial heard evidences of the facts, and they also took the provocation into consideration, and pronounced a less severe sentence than death, which they might have legally visited upon the offender. They sentenced him to receive *five hundred lashes round the fleet*, and afterwards to undergo two years' imprisonment in the Marshalsea.

The unhappy man was taken down to the gunroom of the ship, and again placed with both feet in irons, so that he could take no exercise; and what with this confinement, which from the time of his offence to that of punishment endured three weeks, and the excitement of fear of death, in the first place, and subsequently fear of the dreadful punishment which awaited him, he was wan, and worn, and seemed when he came on deck, on the him, fatal morning, more fit for the hospital than the torture.

It was at a few minutes before eight o'clock in the morning, when the first-lieutenant of the ship ordered me take charge of the launch, and see the punishment carried into effect. Had he given me order to mount the sides of an enemy's frigate, at the head of a launch's crew, it would not have distressed me half so much; as I might have considered that my good luck might bring me a broken head or a lieutenant's commission; but here was a service devoid of honour and full of painful consequences, from which, however, there was no chance of escape. I must needs obey; and the heaviest, bitterest hour of my life was when I stepped into the boat to superintend the infliction of five hundred lashes on the back of poor Evan Evans.

It was on a dull, misty, gloomy morning, towards the end of October, and there were ten line of battle ships and frigates lying in the Downs, alongside of each of which he was to receive fifty lashes with the cat-o'-nine-tails, or 4,500 strokes in all. The launch of a line-of-battle ship is a large wide boat, which may contain easily from thirty to forty men. On this occasion it was to be taken in tow by other boats, and, therefore, there were

steersman, four active seamen, to superintend the rally almost as stiff as wires. As officer of the boat, holding on the boat when alongside the different ships, and to attend to the fastenings which were to be passed round the knees and elbows of the prisoner; also two others, (his own messmates,) to place or remove the blankets around him, as occasion might require, give him water, &c.; also the drummer, who was placed in the bow to beat the rogue's march while passing from ship to ship; the surgeon, to watch the pulse; the master-at-arms, to count the lashes; four marines, with fixed bayonets; and, lastly, myself to command the boat.

The boats from the fleet, one from each ship, with an officer and six or eight seamen, and two or more marines in each, were now assembled round the ship by signal; and exactly at a quarter past eight o'clock, the prisoner, in charge of the master-at-arms, came down the side, and stepped into the boat, in which I had already taken my station. The seats of the boat were covered with gratings, and above them was erected a stage, consisting of two triangles, one at each end of the boat, between which were lashed two strong and long poles. To these poles the knees and arms of the prisoner were fastened with small cords, and he being stripped all but his trousers, was then covered with a blanket tied round his waist, and another thrown over his shoulders.

The men on board were next ordered up to the rigging, so that every person on board might see the whole operation. The captain, taking off his hat, which was followed by all on board, and in the boats which were lying on their oars, within earshot, then proceeded to read the sentence of the court-martial. This effected, the boatswain of the ship appeared in the launch; the blanket was removed from the culprit's shoulders, and, he (the boatswain) inflicted the first twelve lashes. The poor fellow screamed, and groaned, and struggled; but all this, like the struggles of the dying sheep under the knife of the butcher, passed unheeded. The boatswain returned on board, and two boatswain's mates came down and completed the number of fifty lashes. The blanket was immediately thrown over his shoulders, the people were piped down out of the rigging,—I gave the word of command to shove off, and the boats which took the launch in tow began to row towards the Admiral's ship, the drummer striking up the rogue's march. The origin of this idea of having music in the boat was no doubt to drown the groans of the sufferer, lest the ordinary feelings of humanity should revolt against the barbarous practice of so mutilating the body of a fellow creature.

A quarter of an hour elapsed, during which the poor Welshman's groans mixed with the vile sounds of the drum, and we were again alongside of a large two-decked ship, the men of which exhibited themselves in the rigging on our approach. The towing boats lay on their oars: we hooked on to the ship, and three stout fellows jumped into the launch, with each a new cat-o'-nine-tails ready in his hand, prepared to expend his strength on the back of the sufferer. The first-lieutenant of the ship came to the gangway. I handed him a copy of the sentence, which he read aloud to the crew, and the boatswain's mates removed their jackets ready for the infliction. The cats, as I have just observed, were new; their lashes or tails were made of strong white cord, just the thickness of a common quill; and the glue or size, which is worked into the cord, had not been removed by soaking in water: they curled up, and were like-

the poor man; others were procured, which had been well worn, and told many a tale of suffering. He looked at me gratefully, and said, in a weak voice, "Thank ye, sir."

The blanket was removed, and I observed the poor fellow shudder, as the cold air struck the bleeding sore on his flesh. The next moment a heavy lash fell on it, and his screams were agonizing. He received a dozen lashes, and then began to cry out for water. The punishment was stopped till he had taken some. He told me, that at this period, the thirst he felt became intense; and that each lash caused a violent burning pain at his heart, and seemed to fall like the blows of a large stick on his body; but that the flesh was too dead to feel that stinging smart he felt at first and when the flogging was renewed.

The same scene was repeated alongside two other ships, with the like interval of misery to the sufferer, and of disgust and vexation to myself for ever becoming one of the many unfeeling wretches, who were so seriously occupied in torturing this poor wretch. Perhaps many others felt as disgusted as I did. Two hundred lashes had now been inflicted with a cat-o'-nine-tails, or eighteen hundred strokes with a cord of the thickness of a quill. The flesh, from the nape of the neck to below the shoulder-blades, was one deep purple mass, from which the blood oozed slowly. At every stroke a low groan escaped, and the flesh quivered with a sort of convulsive twitch; the eyes were closed, and the poor man began to faint. Water was administered, and pungent salts applied to his nostrils, which presently revived him in a slight degree.

At this period I gave the doctor a hint, by asking the master-at-arms, in a loud tone, how many lashes the prisoner had received. "Two hundred lashes exactly, sir," was the reply. I knew this very well; but it answered the purpose; for I saw the doctor look at me, and then order him to be taken down. This was instantly done, and I ordered a fast boat in the vicinity to take him on board. The poor fellow was laid on some blankets in the stern sheets, the sail hoisted, and in a quarter of an hour he was in his hammock in the sick berth, and the doctors were engaged dressing his wounds. Five weeks after this, I was again compelled to superintend a farther mutilation of the back of poor Evans. This time he looked more miserable than ever; his frame was shrunken and his cheeks fallen; and when his shirt was removed, I observed that the wounds were barely healed over, and that all about the sides of them there were dark discolourations, which indicated a state of disease. I was surprised that the medical men allowed him to be again taken out for punishment. The first six lashes, given by the arm of an Herculean Irishman, brought the blood spouting out from the old wounds, and then almost every blow brought away morsels of skin and flesh.

It would be disgusting the reader to detail again the minutiae of this second flogging. Suffice it to say, that the poor fellow fainted when he had received another 150 lashes; but the surgeon, deeming him still capable of a little more punishment, another thirty-three were inflicted. A second faint and a convulsive action of the eyes put an end to his torture; he was removed to the guard-ship; and having taken 383 lashes, the remaining 117 were remitted by order of the Admiral. The ship

sailed for a cruise in the North Sea; and some months after, we heard that poor Evan Evans had been sent to the prison at Marshalsea, where he fell into a consumption and ended his days. This was just what I had expected; for it was clear that the first flogging had given the death-blow to the unfortunate Welshman.

I think that any argument against the system of torturing our seamen would have little effect with those readers whose minds are not made up to condemn it after perusing the above account, which is not in the slightest degree exaggerated; and I have no observation to make to those, who have, like myself, already determined that it is as offensive to humanity, as it is contrary to good policy. How, indeed, can we expect seamen to enter the service, or willingly to remain in it, when they know that they have no protection from such cruel tortures? If it be asserted that discipline demands it, I deny the assertion, on the experience of half a century; and I point to the fact of the strictest discipline being maintained in the Coast Guard service, where no cruelty of the kind is permitted by the law.

Let not the indignation of the humane public, however, fall upon the officers of the Navy for practising the inhumanity; the law too frequently compels them thereto. Let the law-makers then be blamed; let the members of Parliament wince, for they are the chief culprits. The articles of war are part and parcel of an Act of Parliament. Why do not the public, with one voice, demand the repeal of that brutal law?

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From *Fraser's Magazine*.

MISS HARRIET MARTINEAU.

[The insolence with which the subject of this portrait is treated by *Fraser's Magazine*, would induce us to omit the article, were it not a part of a regular series. We again protest against any supposed agreement in opinion with the writer. *Ed. Mus.*]

MOORE has lately expended some verses on this lady, which, though not particularly good, will in all probability outlive the productions of Miss Martineau herself; and the future commentator on the Moorish poetry of Tom Browne the Younger will be somewhat puzzled to tell who was the lady summoned by the bard in the verses beginning with

"Come, live with me, and be my blue."

We will assist him,—for, doubtless, one of the first works the literary antiquary of future centuries will consult must be *FRASER'S MAGAZINE*,—by the delineation of her countenance, figure, posture, and occupation, which will be found on the opposite plate. He will readily agree with us, after proper inspection, that it is no great wonder that the lady should be pro-Malthusian; and that not even the Irish beau, suggested to her by a *Tory* songster, is likely to attempt the seduction of the fair philosopher from the doctrines of no-population.

She is, of course, the idol of the *Westminster Review*, and other oracles of that peculiar party; which, by all persons but themselves, is held to be the most nauseous mixture of the absurd and the

abominable that ever existed. Some of them, we forget which, in an article which we dissected, glorified England as a land of wonders, in consequence of having had the merit of producing a young lady capable of writing on the effects of a fish diet upon population; and we agree with them so far as to say, that it was indeed a wonder that such themes should occupy the pen of any lady, old or young, without exciting a disgust nearly approaching to horror. Mother Woolstonecroft, in some of her shameless books—books which we seriously consider to be in their tendency (a tendency only marred by their stupidity) more mischievous and degrading than the professedly obscene works which are smuggled into clandestine circulation, under the terrors of outraged law—boasts that she spoke of the anatomical secrets of nature among anatomists "as man speaks to man." Disgusting this, no doubt; but far less disgusting than when we find the more mystical topics of generation, its impulses and consequences—which the common consent of society, even the ordinary practice of language (a little philological or etymological consideration will explain to the cognoscent reader what we mean,) has veiled with the decent covering of silence, or left to be examined only with philosophical abstraction—brought daily, weekly, monthly, before the public eye, as the leading subjects, the very foundation-thoughts, of essays, articles, treatises, novels! tales! romances!—to be disseminated into all hands, to lie on the breakfast-tables of the young and the fair, and to afford them matter of meditation. We wish that Miss Martineau would sit down in her study, and calmly endeavour to depict to herself what is the precise and physical meaning of the words used by her school—what is preventive check—what is moral check—what it is they are intended to check—and then ask herself, if she is or is not properly qualified to write a commentary on the most celebrated numbers of Mr. Carlyle's *Republican*; or to refute the arguments addressed by the learned Panurge to the Dame de Paris, as founded upon false notions of philosophy.

We are sorry, for many reasons, to write this—sorry that we should have to speak in censure of a lady for any thing—sorry that the cause of our censure should be of such a kind—sorry that our pages should be soiled by any allusions to such subjects at all; and we shall therefore escape, as soon as possible, to the refuge of the picture before us. Here is Miss Harriet in the full enjoyment of economical philosophy; her tea-things, her ink-bottle, her skillet, her scuttle, her chair, are all of the Utilitarian model; and the cat, on whom she bestows her kindest caresses, is a cat who has been trained to the utmost propriety of manners by that process of instructions which we should think the most efficient on all occasions. There she sits cooking—

—“rows  
Of chubby duodecimos,”

certain of applause from those whose praise is ruin, and of the regret of all who feel respect for the female sex, and sorrow for perverted talent, or, at least, industry; doomed to wither in the cold approbation of political economists; and, after ghosting it about for their hour,

—“thence  
Be buried at the Row's expense.”

From Tail's Magazine.

LIFE OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

BY HIS BROTHER, MR. JAMES CARRICK MOORE.

"CAIN, Cain! where is thy brother?" We take up this cry, though in a milder tone, where the *Edinburgh Review* has left it off. In an article in the last number of that journal, the Memoir of Sir John Moore, or rather the author of that Memoir, is treated with freedom and severity, rare in the modern mealy-mouthed periodicals. The review, or the attack and exposure, appears to be written by a fiery and fierce Radical,—an enthusiastic admirer, brother officer, and fervent personal friend of Sir John Moore, who understood his character, enjoyed his confidence and venerated his opinions,—and who is, accordingly, roused to generous, if somewhat excessive, indignation and scorn, at the "counterfeit presentment" given of that illustrious man to the world by his brother. The greatest marvel about the article is how any thing so "refreshing" should have found a way into the *Edinburgh Review*. We shall marvel more if it be not made the ground of careful explanation and apology. Though we respect the writer's motives, and acknowledge the necessity of the unpleasant office he has assumed in exposing and branding the omissions, suppressions, and virtual misrepresentations of the biographer of Moore, we are not able to persuade ourselves that Mr. James Moore really feels spite or jealousy to his brother's memory, or that he would wilfully sacrifice the character of Moore to subserve his own paltry prejudices as a violent Tory. On the contrary, there is ample evidence that, like all his kindred, Mr. James Carrick Moore feels a high and justifiable pride in the fame and talents of the ornament of his family. But he appears a man of a cold and timid nature, strongly warped by the meanest and narrowest spirit of party, just in his intentions, though utterly incapable of appreciating, in its noblest points, the character of his brother. Reading the Memoir, without the gloss subsequently furnished by the reviewer, we had set it down as the cold, flat, tame, and somewhat sneaking production of a frigid and very cautious person, incapable of warm or enlarged sympathy with the subject of his delineation, but honest withal; and it vindicates the propriety of the review to say that the book gave us an unpleasant and rather derogatory impression of the character of Sir John Moore, inasmuch as it tended to dispel those seeming illusions which had hallowed the memory of Moore as a good and also a *great man*. This original impression derived from the work, we have no doubt would have been the general one, save for the blistering antidote so promptly, though unceremoniously administered. Still we could have largely indulged Mr. James Carrick Moore in venting many of his favourite notions and nostrums, had he not, to favour his own commentaries, suppressed the opinions of his more enlightened and liberal brother. With this he is distinctly charged, and the case is one of pregnant suspicion. By the author's admission, General Moore, from an early period of his professional life, kept a Journal of the public events in which he bore a part, or which were passing around him. This Journal is described by the reviewer in terms which whets curiosity, and enormously increases the weight of the biographer's sins of omission, in having furnished the public with such meagre and comparatively uninteresting extracts.

In censuring some of the details given, with which, however, we have no quarrel, the reviewer by

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thus adverts to what England wants. "She wants the nervous thoughts, the penetrating views, the sagacious anticipations, the careful arrangements, the prompt and daring execution of the consummate Captain . . . . . We protest against this monstrous injustice. We protest against it as Englishmen and as friends of Sir John Moore. We protest against it, because we know the whole extent of the injustice—because we know that his Journal alone would make more than two thick volumes; and that, in simplicity of style and gravity of matter, that Journal may almost vie with Caesar's Commentaries; that it treats of nothing mean or irrelevant to great affairs; that it embraces the transactions of many years, ending only within a few days of his death,—and yet seems, from the unity of moral feelings, to have been written in one day; that it exhibits, and in the most natural manner, the thoughts, the feelings, the views, the intentions, and the opinions of a good and great man; and that, from the first word to the last, nothing unworthy of his high spirit is there to be found. Why, then, is this Journal suppressed or garbled? We will inform our readers:—*The hatred of oppression, the contempt for folly and weakness in power, the frank and bold opinions, the noble sentiments therein contained, would have rendered his biographer's political prejudices and petty sentiments so ridiculous by the contrast, that he could not, for very shame, have permitted them to stand.*" These are sorry reasons for suppression; and this description of the rich materials for his work, of which the biographer, to execute his task faithfully and satisfactorily, had only to permit the appearance, leaves him wholly without apology. From what we see of General Moore's correspondence, we can gather that his father had urged him to keep this important Journal, of which his brother has made such scanty if not perverting use. Here the case rests between Mr. James Carrick Moore and the public, and here it may probably remain. He may, perhaps, claim "the right of doing what he likes with his own;" or he may be piqued, in vindication of himself, to do that justice to his brother's memory, to which he is so boldly challenged. In the meantime, it is but fair to say, that the accuser has either entirely overlooked, or scornfully undervalued, whatever merit the work does possess. That merit lies chiefly in the glimpses we obtain of the amiable and prepossessing domestic character of General Moore; his generous and steadily kind feelings to all his relatives and personal friends, and especially his affectionate devotion, from childhood to his dying hour, to his mother; whose pride in her son became at last a feeling of overpowering and almost painful solicitude. Nor, we must confess, are the intrepidity, gallantry, and quick sense of honour, which distinguish Moore, the soldier, wanting in his brother's portrait of his darling hero of Scotland.

It is, somehow, with a certain feeling of national appropriation, that all natives of this country think or speak of Sir John Moore. In the most eventful period of European history, when her sons were not backward in any field, General Moore was pre-eminently her *SOLDIER—sans peur et sans reproche*; beloved for those engaging and amiable qualities of heart and disposition by which he was early distinguished, as much as he was admired for talents and military accomplishments, and the unspotted honour, and chivalrous gallantry of the hero of heroic times. The singular train of misfortune, marked out, as it almost seemed, by a resistless fatality, which attended his last

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campaign, and his premature and glorious death, sealed and consecrated his memory and his fame in the heart of Scotland; and far be it from us to check the warm flow of generous national feeling, or blame it as excessive. Even the vain efforts of envious and jealous detractors, enhanced his distinguishing merits. We are not meaning to class with his enemies the few sanguine and generous, though rash, spirits, who censured Sir John Moore in honesty, feeling impatient of his mistrust of the patriotism, the energy, and high-heart of the Spanish people. Yet those headlong, impulsive, and somewhat poetical personages, who are only required to marshal hosts on paper, and do battle in bold guesses, should have remembered that Britain had not intrusted to them immense interests and the safety of a great army. And neither was it the people of Spain whom Sir John Moore mistrusted. He had found much that was good, and noble, and hopeful, among the insurrectionary negroes of St. Lucia, and the rebels of Ireland. The objects of his distrust were the incapable men in power, the treacherous, the faltering, and the truckling, in all their grades and complexions, whom he had ever in moments of national peril, found most ripe among the corrupt aristocracy of all countries, however true and sound, and full of glowing patriotism and the high sense of national honour, the heart of the people might be. In few military leaders were "blood and judgment so well commingled." His failure was not his fault. It was the unavoidable misfortune of a position of complicated difficulty. It was his fortune to bear the brunt of the contest, where others came off safely and reaped the honours. In that ever-memorable Spanish campaign he seemed a marked victim, struggling with a blind, resistless destiny. We have heard officers, who served in the early Peninsular campaigns, contrast the military *luck*—call it by the plain and superstitious name of soldiers—of Sir John Moore with the *luck* of Sir Arthur Wellesley, in their respective openings of the war. Against the universal favourite of the British army, whose military judgment was as much respected as his general character was enthusiastically admired, every event appeared to conspire, while the stars in their courses seemed to fight for his more *lucky*, successor. It is at least certain, that no human foresight or sagacity, no possible calculation, could, in the peculiar circumstances, have averted the train of disasters which overtook, and, for a season, overwhelmed the one chief, and, by a concurrence of fortuitous events, contributed powerfully at the outset, to the slow and sure successes of the other. But our object is to gratify our readers with a brief account of the life of one whose very misfortunes make him the more affectionately remembered and profoundly revered.

Sir John Moore was a native of Glasgow—a proud city, if being the birthplace of modern Scottish heroes and worthies may reckon for honour. To the inhabitants of Glasgow Mr. James Carrick Moore has, with equal good feeling and propriety, dedicated the Memoir of his brother—his fellow-citizens having erected a monument to the memory of Sir John Moore, their noble townsmen.\* Moore was born on the 13th November, 1761.—

\*Unless some Radical earthquake, or democratic whirlwind, shall sweep along George's Street, what a mortifying contrast will Glasgow afford in the eyes of posterity in its public monuments, to our boasted metropolis? In the one, the monuments of Sir John Moore and James Watt,—in the other those of Henry Dundas, the first Lord Melville, Pitt, and the Fourth George!

He was the eldest of the surviving children of a numerous family. His father, Dr. Moore, then a practising physician in Glasgow, is nearly as well known as his son. It is amusingly characteristic of the grave and precise nature of Mr. James Carrick Moore, that he describes his father as "a physician and *moral* writer." He would not class him with Goldsmith, Fielding, Smollett, and Scott, as that equivocal or undignified literary character a—*novelist*.

The mother of Sir John Moore was the daughter of Professor Simeon, of the Glasgow University, and the niece of the celebrated geometrician of that name. There are, moreover, claims to "gentle blood," on the other side of the house, with which, as the biographer is not very certain himself, we shall not interfere. Young Moore was educated at the High School of Glasgow, and had for one of his school-fellows Sir Thomas Monro. Dr. Moore who was not without the common and laudable, though not the highest strain of ambition, that of *getting on* in the world, undertook to accompany the young Duke of Hamilton to the continent, as medical adviser and travelling tutor. Their absence was to be for several years; and to soften the sacrifice, he was allowed to take his eldest son, then a boy of eleven, along with him.—For this mode of life, singular in a settled practising physician with a large family, he pleaded the interests of that family, and exhorted his wife to keep up her spirits. That she might be enabled to do so, he sent her, from time to time, such mother-charming histories of her eldest son as the following:—

"You may enjoy all the pleasure that a mother ought to feel in the certitude of having a most promising son. Jack is really a pretty youth; his face is of a manly beauty, his person is strong and his figure very elegant. He dances, fences, and rides with uncommon address. His mind begins to expand, and he shows a great deal of vivacity, tempered with good sense and benevolence. He is of a daring and intrepid temper, and of an obliging disposition."

In the Memoir we are informed that personal accomplishments were not wanting to complete the favourite hero of the Scottish people. "His figure was tall and graceful, his features were regular, his eyes were hazel, his hair brown." The portrait prefixed to the work, which is very well engraved by Finden, from a painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, shows a face delightful in expression,—mild, serene, cheerful, and benign, full of a gracious sweetness, and without a single trait of the *moustache* or the camp. As it is, we will confess that we were charmed with the portrait of what we saw was the *young* Moore; but here steps in the stern reviewer to mar this pleasing, if false, impression. The portrait he denounces as quite as faulty as the Memoir. In a word, "It is not Moore. It is not the warrior Moore. We miss the keen dark eye, the strongly-compacted forehead, the bold and flexible brow, the brown weather-beaten soldier's cheek, the lean jaw, the firm decided chin, the concentrated, the awful look of mental power and energy which distinguished the General, whom shouting thousands hailed on the field of battle." This is perhaps unreasonable. Mr. James Carrick Moore certainly took the best picture the family possessed in shadowing forth his brother.

Those who are familiar with the travelling sketches of Dr. Moore, during his protracted residence on the continent, already know fully as much as can be collected here of the early circumstances

of his son; yet the following new anecdotes will possess at all times the able and valuable instructions of his father. In France, he had acquired the French language; and he studied German where it is best spoken. He was skilled in all personal accomplishments. His father appears to have awakened and encouraged his inclination for the military profession, which decidedly broke out while young Moore attended the reviews and splendid military shows of Ferdinand II.

They had hardly reached Paris, when a mischance occurred, which might have had serious consequences. John, having been left alone, began, with childish curiosity, to examine the locks of a pair of loaded pistols. Being ignorant of their mechanism, he accidentally snapt one of them; the ball pierced through the wainscot, and wounded a maid-servant in the adjoining chamber, who screamed aloud. The doctor, alarmed, ran in, but found his son safe, and the servant's hurt very slight. John was deeply affected at having so nearly killed this poor girl; and his father observed, that he was thenceforth less heedless.

Not long after this, the Duke of Hamilton, though five years older, played a similar prank. It was the custom of the times to wear swords, and the duke happened to have on a small hanger. In an idle humour he drew it, and began to amuse himself by fencing at young Moore; and laughed as he forced him to skip from side to side to shun false thrusts. The duke continued this sport until Moore unluckily started in the line of the sword, and received it in his flank. On feeling himself wounded he exclaimed, "Ha!" and looked the duke in the face, who, struck with horror, dropped the sword, and rushed out of the room for Dr. Moore. The father on entering saw blood flowing from his son's side; he stript him, and found that the broad blade of the hanger had pierced the skin, and glanced on the outside of the ribs, without penetrating inwardly; the wound was consequently exempt from danger. His agony being relieved, he calmed the terror of the duke. After this event, a warm friendship between the duke and Moore ensued, which only terminated by death. The wound was scarcely closed, when an incident occurred of a less formidable kind. Dr. Moore took his son to walk in the garden of the Tuilleries, and while he was looking at some of the statues, John strayed aside to gaze at some French boys whose dress diverted him. French children in those days were wont to be equipped in full formal suits, like little gentlemen; their hair was powdered, frizzled, and curled on both sides, and a bag hung behind; whereas Moore's dress was simple according to the custom in England, so the contrast to each seemed preposterous. The French boys stared, smiled, and chattered to each other, while Moore, not understanding a word of French, could only express his displeasure by gestures. Mutual offence was taken, and the parties proceeded to hostilities; but as French boys know nothing of boxing, they were thrown to the ground one across the other. Dr. Moore, hearing the outcry, hastened to the scene; he raised up the discomfited, and endeavoured to appease their rage. Then he reprimanded his son for his unmannerly rudeness, and led him back to the hotel.

The travellers resided for a considerable time at Geneva, and afterwards made a long tour of Germany. At Carlsruhe, young Moore achieved a *bon mot* which might have graced the entrance upon life of Master Walter Raleigh, or a playful forward court page, who ever rose to be a Minister of State.

At this court the Dowager Margravine of Bayreuth, niece to Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, took great notice of young Moore. She often questioned him. "You were at Strasbourg, did you see Marshal Contade?" "Yes," said Jack, "I had the honour to dine with him?" "And what did you say to him?" He replied, "I did not say one word to him of the battle of Minden, nor of the Prince of Brunswick." The Margravine was delighted with this answer, and often repeated it.

At Geneva, young Moore had studied geometry and engineering. In history, and polite letters, he

possessed at all times the able and valuable instructions of his father. In France, he had acquired the French language; and he studied German where it is best spoken. He was skilled in all personal accomplishments. His father appears to have awakened and encouraged his inclination for the military profession, which decidedly broke out while young Moore attended the reviews and splendid military shows of Ferdinand II.

The travellers visited Italy; and while at Naples, Moore received the welcome intelligence that through the influence of the Duke of Argyle, who was the stepfather of the Duke of Hamilton, an ensigncy had been obtained for him in the 51st regiment. He left his father at Geneva, to fly to his home in Glasgow, from which his extreme youth and long absence had not in the least estranged his warm affections.

"I still," says his biographer, "recollect his mother's transports on embracing her eldest son, who had left her when a wild schoolboy, and had returned an accomplished youth. Absence had stamped filial and fraternal love deeper in his heart. We, his brethren, looked with surprise at the alteration years had produced; and wondered that our brother should already wear a sword."

What happiness did he then bring to his mother! What a reverse when she lost him!

After a short visit of two months, Ensign Moore joined his regiment at Minorca. His prudence, cheerfulness, and happy and manful disposition, were very early conspicuous. He was superior to the foppishness of many young officers, who deviate in dress as much as they dare from the precise uniform, and love to display a false spirit by disobeying orders whenever they believe they will escape detection.

In a letter to his mother, he observes, "I am very intimate with two or three of the officers, and I am upon a bad footing with none of them. I never have had the misfortune to have a quarrel with any body since I joined the regiment; so never was I happier in my life, save those seven weeks I passed with you, dear mother! in Glasgow."

The American Revolutionary War was now at the height. The young Duke of Hamilton raised a regiment, and in it Moore obtained the rank of Lieutenant, with the appointment of paymaster. This regiment was commanded by Brigadier-General MacLean, a veteran spoken of in high terms. Moore distinguished himself under this excellent officer, at the attacks on Penobscot where his mettle was first fairly tried.

The British, who were only recruits, saw the great superiority of the numbers of the enemy; they fired a volley, and ran back in disorder. Lieutenant Moore called to his small party, "Will the Hamilton men leave me? Come back, and behave like soldiers." They obeyed, and recommenced firing. The Americans returned the fire, without venturing to advance into the wood. Moore observed their commanding officer flourishing his sword, and encouraging his men. He levelled his piece, for subalterns then carried fusils, and he believed that he could have killed him; but he replaced his firelock on his shoulder without discharging it. While this resistance was persevered in on the left, the rest of the detachment reached the fort, and the captain reported to the general, that the enemy had landed in great numbers, and forced the picket to retreat. "But where is Moore?" said General MacLean: "He is, I fear, cut off. What then is the firing I still hear?" "He could not tell." The General then commanded Captain Dunlop with his company to march to the shore and repel the enemy, or

bring off Lieutenant Moore. Moore was found by Captain Dunlop at his post, still holding the Americans at bay. \* \* In a letter to his father, Moore wrote, "I was upon picket the morning the rebels landed. I got some little credit, by chance, for my behaviour during the engagement. To tell you the truth, not for any thing that deserved it, but because I was the only officer who did not leave his post *too soon*. I confess that at the first fire they gave us, which was within thirty yards, I was a good deal startled, but I think this went gradually off afterwards."

Moore was speedily promoted to the rank of Captain. His brother, the distinguished naval officer, was now entered a midshipman, and the author of this Memoir was a surgeon in the navy.—He had the delight of tracing, in after years, the following adventure:—"On returning from Virginia, I landed late at night at New York, in a very melancholy mood, as I did not imagine that there was a single individual in that city who knew me. I went to a coffee-house to seek a bed for the night, where, to my astonishment, I found my beloved brother John.

"O, qui complexus et gaudia quanta fuerunt!"

My vexations were now reversed. We lived together, first at New York, and after a few weeks at a Dutch farmer's house on Long Island, while eventful public occurrences were proceeding.—The brothers returned together to England. "Next day he continues, "we anchored in Falmouth harbour, and my brother and I posted to London. Our father was then busily engaged in writing Zelucco, and our mother, who knew we were on the seas, was listening day and night to every gust of wind that blew. When she saw us both rush into the house, she could hardly trust to her dazzled sight. Except Graham, who was cruising on the Western Ocean, the family were all again assembled. The re-union of the dispersed members of an affectionate family creates heartfelt emotions never experienced by insulated individuals."

After the peace, Captain Moore was brought into Parliament, by the Duke of Hamilton, for a cluster of western Scottish boroughs, and "unfeathered." We have our own opinion as to the entire independence of any Member so brought in, though neutrality might be permitted. He generally, we are informed, supported Mr. Pitt, but was no violent party-man. "He was acquainted with persons of opposite political opinions; and being in the heyday of youth, lived gaily, and in good company."\* According to his humble-spirited biographer, it crowned Captain Moore's happiness, this season, "that he even had the felicity of becoming acquainted with the Duke of York, a Prince ever constant to his friends," though unfortunately not so punctual with his creditors.

The promotion of Moore was rapid, though not indecently so. In 1787, he was appointed Major to the 51st, his original regiment, which he found lying at Cork, and in a miserable state of discipline. "Every attempt or suggestion he threw out for its improvement was thwarted or disapproved of by the Lieutenant-Colonel, from jealousy of interference. On perceiving this, he neither spoke nor entered into any cabal, against his commanding

\*The lovers of a touch of romance, as a necessary ingredient in the heroic character, giving the last grace and finish, might here long for something of that old story of "the true love" of Lady Hester Stanhope; but not a word transpires from Mr. James Carrick Moore, unless the ingenuous reader can extract any thing from the above sentence.

officer, but relinquished all hope of ameliorating the state of the regiment. He performed his own duty *precisely* and by living in the mess on familiar terms with the officers, he had the opportunity of discovering their respective talents and defects. Ensign Anderson, who afterwards became his inseparable companion, was among them. \*\* Ireland was in a state of tolerable tranquillity and contentment, as the caballers of that period had not decided on rebellion. The frank hospitality and diverting humours of the Irish gentlemen, and the beauty and lively manners of the ladies, were exceedingly agreeable to Major Moore. Jollity and revelry abounded, in which he joined freely, not being much impeded by regimental affairs; for, to avoid giving offence, he took little share in them."

Prudence was certainly a first-rate virtue with Sir John Moore; and though it never was permitted to trench on his independence of character, he was disposed to its observance, alike by natural disposition, and early discipline. Instead of contending with obstinate and intractable superiors, he lay by for opportunities of working out his own designs with better effect.

We are now to view Moore as a disciplinarian, in which aspect his firmness and intelligence show him to high advantage. The regiment being ordered on foreign service, the jealous Lieutenant-Colonel retired, and Moore obtained his commission by purchase, and set himself in earnest to sweeping reforms.

He immediately commenced rectifying the discipline; but in the execution difficulties were necessarily encountered; for the British youth, being less accustomed to restraint than those of other countries, yield more reluctantly to subordination, which is indispensable in an army. To overcome this repugnance, without exciting animosity, requires considerable address. Some commanding officers, by too great familiarity with those subordinate to them, lose their authority; others by arrogance stir up hatred and opposition. It requires propriety combined with dignity of manners, to enable a commander to live on amicable terms with his officers, and enforce strict military regulations. Moore, who was bent on forming the regiment for every military duty, inspired his officers with the same desire; and gradually rendered the soldiers dexterous in the use of arms, and rapid in their evolutions. In all points of discipline which are useful on service he was rigid; but in other matters, being desirous of gratifying the soldiers, and of increasing their comforts, he was indulgent, and even disposed to overlook slight neglects. At that time the practice of excessive drinking was prevalent in the army, and even among the officers. This he resolved to abolish in the regiment without delay. He signified in very strong terms his determination on this subject to his officers, who expressed their approbation, and assured him of their concurrence. Yet one intractable Lieutenant, in spite of warnings, appeared on the parade staggering from intoxication. He was compelled immediately to quit the service, and no more examples of that kind were requisite. There were, however, a few others accustomed to relaxed discipline, who did not relish the change of system. These successively exchanged into other corps, and were replaced by young gentlemen of superior energy.

The character which the 51st regiment attained, and the spirit it afterwards displayed in a long war, on a variety of perilous occasions, were proofs of excellent training.

England was by this time plunged into the Revolutionary war with France, and Lieutenant-Colonel Moore found opportunities of distinguishing

himself in various capacities, though Corsica was the scene of his principal operations at this period. He assisted at the sieges of Bastia and Calvi.—This episode in the mighty drama afterwards developed, has sunk into comparative insignificance, though among the actors in it were Nelson and Moore. Sir Charles Stuart arrived from Gibraltar to take the command, previous to the siege of Calvi. We cannot pass this occurrence. "On July 10th, another battery, two hundred yards in advance, was erected, which silenced the guns of the Mozello; a brisk fire, *en ricochet*, however, opened from the town. One ball struck some stones, a splinter of which knocked down Moore's bat-man standing at his side, and some rubbish was dashed upon Captain Nelson's face, by which unfortunately he lost the vision of one eye. \* \* \*

In the Government despatches relative to the surrender of Calvi, the list of killed and wounded given in by the superintending surgeon was subjoined; but Captain Nelson's name was accidentally left out, as he had gone aboard his ship to be treated for his hurt by his own surgeon. Some weeks afterwards, when he read the printed gazette, he was highly offended at this trivial omission, but consoled himself by saying that 'One day he would have a gazette of his own.' This prophecy was frequently and gloriously fulfilled."

As we have space for few of the military adventures of Moore, we select the following from the narration of the siege of Calvi, as it is more individualized than many of his other exploits.

On the 18th of July it appeared that the canon had made an assailable opening in the rampart of the Mozello fort, and the following day was fixed upon for the storm. The troops were assembled at one in the morning, and arranged in three columns. The reserve was to assault the Mozello, a second column a work on the left, and the third to follow in the rear to give support wherever wanted. At dawn, Moore, at the head of the grenadiers of the reserve, marched to the breach under a heavy fire of cannon and musketry. They advanced with steady bravery to the palisades, which some hastened to cut down. But before this could be effected, Moore and Captain Macdonald got through an opening which had been made by shot, some soldiers followed, and giving a cheer, ran up to the breach. They were opposed by shot, by hand grenades, and by lighted shells rolled over from the rampart, which burst among the assailants. A fragment of one of these struck Moore on the head; he was whirled round, and for a minute stunned. On recovering his senses, he mounted the breach along with the grenadiers.

When Sir Charles Stuart, who watched the event with intense anxiety, saw the shells rolled down, and heard their explosion, he was much alarmed. But, on describing the storming party, with charged bayonets, rushing into the fort, his trouble was changed into gladness. He ran towards the breach, climbed over the rubbish, and seeing Moore whose face streamed with blood, surrounded by the grenadiers, buzzing at having chased out the French, he caught him in his arms, and could hardly utter his fervid congratulations.

The moderation, judgment, and coolness, by which Moore was distinguished, could not protect him against those misunderstandings and jealousies inevitable in military operations. Sir Gilbert Elliot was, at this time, Viceroy of Corsica. He does not appear to have had any adequate understanding either of the duties or difficulties of his position, or of the character of the islanders; and the mode by which they were to be conciliated by their English allies or conquerors. With the na-

tives, Moore became a very great favourite. He understood their character, and admired their heroic leader, the unfortunate Paoli,\* whom he visited. His conduct gave offence to the British Viceroy, who had made a retrograde progress in the good graces of the Corsicans; and he obtained an order from England to dismiss Colonel Moore from the Island, for opposing his measures. Moore returned to England under these unpleasant circumstances, and on his way, wrote thus to his father:

"Florence, 13th October, 1795.

"My dear Father,—If you have received the letter which I wrote to you from Bastia some days ago, it will prevent your surprise at the date of this. I have reason, however, to doubt if you will receive it.

"In consequence of a representation from Sir Gilbert Elliot to the Secretary of State, that I had taken a part in the politics of Corsica hostile to him, I received the King's order to return home; there to receive his Majesty's further pleasure. I left Bastia accordingly upon the 9th, landed at Leghorn on the 10th, and arrived here yesterday. I hope the day after to-morrow to be able to proceed to Cuxhaven, and expect to be in London the first or second week in November.

"I can enter into no particulars in a letter which goes by post. Endeavour to be quiet till I see you. Do not commit me, for my line is already determined on. I do not think in my life I ever did an action unworthy of you or of myself, and least of all does my conscience tell me that I deserve blame in the affair which occasions my return. I can say no more. Remember me affectionately to my mother, &c."

The writer, in the review, blames Mr. James Moore, for giving a mutilated representation of the transactions in Corsica. Moore's first visit was to Mr. Pitt, on whom his energy and spirit made the requisite impression, though the minister, at first, received him haughtily. He was not less successful in other quarters; and, in atonement of his recall, he was suddenly advanced to the rank of Brigadier-General, in the West Indies, where Sir Ralph Abercrombie then commanded.

We cannot follow the adventures of General Moore, throughout this trying and difficult period of service. After the Island of St. Lucia was captured, to which event his gallantry in service contributed not a little, he was made its Governor. We shall give but one anecdote illustrative of the prudence and magnanimity of Moore, at this time, when it is to be remembered, that although a Brigadier-General, he was still comparatively a young man. The Commander-in-Chief,

\*How ill-fitted military men often are to use any weapons, save those with which they are familiar, is shown in the following anecdote. The English Viceroy had summoned a Parliament to meet in a place which suited himself only; and the members of it, by acclamation, chose Paoli for their president. The old man resigned this honour, to avoid giving offence to the jealous Viceroy. The Viceroy one day directed a native battalion to clean the streets. The proud islanders were affronted. They threw down their shovels in anger. "They were soldiers not scavengers." A ball was to be given in the hall of the municipality of Ajaccio, to the Viceroy. The hall was decorated with a bust of Paoli. "What business has that old charlatan here?" said a British aid-de-camp, and he pulled down the bust, threw it into a closet, and broke it. The insult to their revered and venerable chief, was soon reported over all the Island. In this manner has British insolence and stupidity often raised up the most formidable barrier to British dominion.

Sir Ralph Abercrombie, was particularly desirous of gaining possession of a fortified neck of land, named the Vijie, which commanded the principal anchorage ground. The assaulting party had been repulsed and fled in great confusion, and the place was to be attempted a second time. Moore found that, with all his vigilance, he could not sufficiently superintend the various posts, working parties, and nightly watches under his direction: he, therefore, signified to Sir Ralph's aid-de-camp, that he wished General Knox to be appointed to take a part of the duty. Sir Ralph went up, took Moore aside, and told him that he had never thought of sending any one to supersede him, and he was much surprised to learn that he had applied for an officer his senior in rank. To this Moore answered, "I have asked for another General, because another is requisite for the numerous duties. I ventured to propose General Knox, because he is a man of good sense and an excellent officer; for it is of the utmost importance that the service should be well conducted, but of none which of us commands." The novelty of this sentiment surprised Sir Ralph, and when it was divulged to the army, it excited amazement. Next day, however, General Knox was put in orders, and he and Moore acted in perfect harmony.

While Governor of the Island, General Moore carried on a desultory war with the interior, and those places on the coast not yet subdued. In the history of these transactions, or the spirit in which they were conducted by Moore, we find the reviewer so fiercely at issue with the fraternal biographer, that we must leave them to speak for themselves. Mr. James Carrick Moore has certainly considerably over-stepped the ordinary limits of a biographer, in favouring the world with his private opinions of the state of the West India Islands, at the convulsed period alluded to; and the reviewer resents General Moore being, by implication, made a party to those opinions, and to unmeasured denunciation of the blacks, then in insurrection for freedom. "Were we," he says, "to take our notion of Sir John Moore's proceedings in St. Lucia, from the present narrative, over-loaded as it is by such observations as the above, we should inevitably conclude, that the General saw, in the negroes and brigands, but a horde of dreadful villains, who had wantonly attacked those most inoffensive and gentle people, the slave masters; and who, for their crimes and the absence of all human feelings within them, ought to be swept from the face of the earth; finally that their horrible despotism was not more the effect of a degenerate nature than of republicanism. We should imagine, we say, that such false and foolish notions had entered Sir John Moore's head, and that with a soldier's recklessness, he shot and hanged these wretches indifferent to aught but the military question, of whether they were enemies or friends; soothing his conscience with commonplace proclamations about a justice which was all on one side. But a notion, more injurious to his penetration, impartiality, and humanity, could not be entertained. With a heart resolute to do his duty, he possessed a head to distinguish causes as well as effects. He abhorred the cruelty of punishment, and deplored the necessity of it; and while he inflicted it reluctantly, he did justice to the heroic qualities of those very brigands whom Mr. Moore paints in such unmigated blackness. He warred against them, and punished their crimes, but he admired their courage; and he despised, and reproached, and re-

strained the whites, whose tyranny had first sown in the poor negroes' heart, the seeds of that ferocity, which it was his painful duty to repress." The reviewer goes on to produce his proofs, and we rejoice to adopt, in his amended statement, one so much more in accordance with all our previous notions of the humane, upright, and liberal character of Moore, who "never stooped to be the pitiful slave of prejudices, where men's rights were before him." From memory, and partly from notes, he cites the real opinions of Moore, expressed in his journal, in which he speaks with contempt and indignation, of the emigres in St. Lucia, and the proprietors of slaves. Why has Mr. Carrick Moore suppressed or garbled a passage like the following, to which every honest and humane heart will thrill in accordance?

"Why?" he exclaims, is a man to be treated harshly because he is not *white*? All men are entitled to justice; and from me they shall meet it, whether they be white or black, royalist or republican." "This language," he says in another part, "was not agreeable to his auditors, especially the emigres; but he had no preference for them, and wished to curb their insolence; because, instead of profiting by their misfortunes, they had only whetted their prejudices, and thirsted to gratify their revenge, and to oppress their fellow-creatures: *coquins, canaille, betes*, were expressions they habitually used towards every person of the lower classes." Now here is nothing to indicate that he judged all the villainy of the day to attach to the republicans and blacks. The fact is, that whilst he in no manner mitigates his censure of the emigres, he speaks highly of the spirit of the brigands, and the fine qualities of the negroes."

We should conceive that we participated in the sins of Mr. James Moore, were we to pass these most important corrections of his narrative unnoticed. In withholding such opinions as the above coming to mankind with the sanction of his brother, he has withheld warning from the oppressor, incitement from the benevolent, and defrauded humanity of its rights in the powerful advocacy of Sir John Moore.

In St. Lucia, Moore, in spite of his hardy constitution and strict regularity and temperance, was at last attacked by the yellow fever. He was twice seized; and the second attack almost invariably proves fatal. The malady being infectious, he was shunned by all, except by his faithful friend Anderson, and a trusty servant. Every remedy failed; he sunk into a state of insensibility; and in this last extremity, his medical attendant not being at hand, Anderson went in search of another physician, who refused to visit the Governor, when his case was hopeless, on the plea that he ought to have been sent for sooner. Anderson returned, and from the appearances doubted whether his friend had not breathed his last. But finding some warmth in the body, he poured down a little wine, and continued administering more and more, from observing that the breathing became perceptible, and that animation seemed to revive. The attendant-surgeon then came in, who was astonished at finding him still alive.

He returned to England; and, speedily recovering his health, was shortly afterwards actively engaged in suppressing the Irish Rebellion of 1798. The appointment of General Moore to Ireland tempts his brother into a history of the troubles of that unhappy country, which leads him farther astray than ever in the mists of malignant Toryism, and sets him in more direct collision with the

enlarged and generous sentiments of the man pediton, what would be his fate; on that, however, he whose life and actions he records. We are at the outset treated to a furious history of the causes of the Rebellion, which are, however, traced no farther back than to some "perfidious Irishmen," who had commenced a correspondence with the French Government, and had urged an invasion of their country. That there were such Irishmen we shall not deny. Nor could we give a more conclusive illustration of the complete opposition in sentiment and political opinion of the two brothers Moore, than their respective ideas of the celebrated Irish Rebel leader, Theobald Wolfe Tone. Mr. James Moore speaks for himself: the uncongenial opinions of his brother are conveyed to us by the reviewer.

Among the prisoners who were taken, says Mr. James Moore, was Wolfe Tone, the prime fomentor of the Irish Rebellion. This man had once before been arrested for treason; but, by dissembled repentence, his forfeited life had been spared by Government. On this occasion he tried to escape by legal chicanery, which failing, with his own hand he finished his pernicious life.

Now, what was General Moore's conduct, and what his opinions of this brave and unfortunate, though far from faultless man? His sentiments, we are assured by the reviewer, are given in his own words:—

The day before I left Dublin, Mr. Theobald Wolfe Tone was brought in prisoner, taken on board the *Hoche*, in the action of the 12th October. I endeavoured to see him, but he was conveyed to the Prevost prison before I reached the castle. He is said to have been one of the principal and first framers of the United Irish. He is the son of a coachmaker in Dublin, but was educated at the college for a lawyer; and, by some writings which are said to be his, he appears to be a man of considerable talent. He was tried by a court-martial at the barracks, the day after his arrival, where I understand he conducted himself with great firmness and manliness. He had prepared a speech, part of which only he was permitted to deliver, the rest being conceived inflammatory. By that part which he delivered, he discovers a superiority of mind, which must gain to him a degree of sympathy beyond what is given to ordinary criminals.

He began by stating, that from his infancy he had been bred up in an honourable poverty, and since the first dawn of his reason he had been an enthusiast to the love of his country. The progress of an academic and classical education confirmed him still stronger in those principles, and spurred him on to support by actions what he had so strongly conceived in theory; that British connexion was, in his opinion, the bane of his country's prosperity; it was his object to destroy this connexion; and, in the event of his exertions, he had succeeded in rousing three millions of his countrymen to a sense of their national debasement. Here he was interrupted by the Court; and afterwards going on with something similar, he was again interrupted. He then said, he should not take up the time of the Court by any subterfuge to which the forms of the law might entitle him. He admitted the charge of coming in arms as the leader of a French force, to invade Ireland; but said it was as a man banished, amputated from all natural and political connexion with his own country, and a naturalized subject of France, bearing a commission of the French Republic, under which it was his duty implicitly to obey the commands of his military superiors. He produced his commission, constituting him adjutant-general in the French service, his orders, &c. &c. He said he knew, from what had already occurred to the officers, natives of Ireland, who had been made prisoners on this ex-

pedition, what would be his fate; on that, however, he had made up his mind. He was satisfied that every liberal man, who knew his mind and principles, would be convinced, in whatever enterprise he engaged for the good of his country, it was impossible he could ever have been combined in approbation or aid to the fanatical and sanguinary atrocities perpetrated by many of the persons engaged in the recent conflict. He hoped the Court would do him the justice to believe, that from his soul he abhorred such abominable conduct. He had, in every public proceeding of his life, been actuated by the motives of love to his country; and it was the highest ambition of his soul to tread the glorious paths chalked out by the examples of Washington in America, and Kosciusko in Poland. In such arduous and critical pursuits, success was the criterion of merit and fame. It was his lot to fail, and he was resigned to his fate. Personal considerations he had none; the sooner he met the fate that awaited him, the more agreeable to his feelings; but he could not repress his anxiety for the honour of the nation whose uniform he wore, and the dignity of that commission he bore as adjutant-general in the French service. As to the sentence of the Court, which he so fully anticipated, he had but one wish, that it might be inflicted within one hour; but the only request he had to solicit the Court was, that the mode of his death might not degrade the honour of a soldier. The French army did not feel it contrary to the dignity or etiquette of arms to grant similar favours to emigrant officers taken on returning, under British command, to invade their native country. He recollects two instances of this, in the cases of Charette and Sombreuil, who had obtained their request of being shot by files of grenadiers. A similar fate was the only favour he had to ask; and he trusted that men, susceptible of the nice feelings of a soldier's honour, would not refuse his request. As to the rest, he was perfectly reconciled.

Next morning it was found that he had endeavoured to avoid public execution, by an attempt to kill himself. He was discovered with his windpipe cut across. His execution was necessarily postponed. A motion has since been made in the Court of King's Bench by Mr. Curran for a *Habeas Corpus*, directed to the Keeper of the Prevost Marshalsea, to bring the body of T. W. Tone, with the cause of his detention. This is so far fortunate, as it is to stop for the future all trials by court-martial for civil offences, and things are to revert to their former and usual channel.

We gave the biographer the advantage of taking his statement first.

So violently Orange are the propensities of Mr. James Moore, that Sir Ralph Abercrombie does not escape his censure; but we must once more cite the reviewer.

But we have not yet done; we must descend to particulars; we must look a little closely into what passes under the general term of violence; we must examine what was the nature of that paternal government, which so captivated the senses of Mr. James Moore, that he forgets everything, but the opportunity of venting his anger against those who could be so madly foolish as to dislike it. The military claim precedence. What manner of soldiers were thus let loose upon the wretched districts which the ascendancy-men were pleased to call disaffected? They were men, to use the venerable Abercrombie's words, who were "formidable to every body but the enemy." We ourselves were young at the time; yet, being connected with the army, we were continually amongst the soldiers, listening with boyish eagerness to their conversations,—and we well remember, and with horror, to this day, the tales of lust, and blood, and pillage, the records of their own actions against the miserable *peasantry*, which they

used to relate. But even the venerable Abercrombie, that soul of honour, that star of England's glory, cannot escape the sneer of the author before us. "He had no political circumspection, and so resigned his office"—which, rightly interpreted, means, that he disdained to lend himself to pillage, cruelty and devastation. No, truly, he had none of that "political circumspection;" he would not sell his soul for the smiles of power; he would not stain his white hairs with innocent blood; he reserved himself to sustain the reputation of his country by deeds of a different nature; he lived an honest man, and died a hero; and what is more to our present purpose, his conduct in Ireland—that conduct which Mr. James Moore calls "devoid of political circumspection"—was so fully approved by Sir John Moore, that he would have resigned also; and was only persuaded not to do so by Sir Ralph, who feared it would give to an act of conscience and political dignity, the appearance of party-spirit. And it is Sir John Moore's brother that, after lapse of thirty-five years, casts this sneer upon the venerable and upright man!

Such was the military power. Let us now take an example of the civil power's proceedings in Ireland at that unhappy period; let us look closely at the introduction of the English constitution, the benefits of which the lawless Irish reject; and here again we will make our sketch from our recollection of Sir John Moore's picture, pledging ourselves, as before, for the general truth of the facts. Being on the march from Fermoy, he entered the town of Clogheen, where in the street he saw a man tied up, and under the lash, while the street itself was lined with country people on their knees, with their hats off. He was informed that the High Sheriff, Mr. Fitzgerald, was making great discoveries, and that he had already flogged the truth out of many respectable persons. His rule was, "to flog each person till he told the truth;" that is, until he confessed himself a rebel, "and gave the names of other rebels; and then the persons so accused, were sent for and flogged until they also confessed, and also swelled the list of the proscribed!" Oh, most glorious constitution! most paternal government! Oh, calumniated Inquisition!

Mr. Moore, speaking of his brother's services in the county of Wicklow, says, page 206, "But, as in the hot bed of civil war, vices multiply and attain maturity, there still remained hordes of irreclaimable rebels meditating vengeance. Many of these lay in wait, in the mountains of Wicklow, and in boggy places, from whence they issued to plunder and burn property, murder the farmers and proprietors, and wage a cruel desultory war." And at page 209, "Lord Cornwallis was well aware of the evil disposition and thirst for revenge, which prevailed through the country so recently subjected." But what says Sir John Moore himself, the man who was employed to suppress this remnant of the rebellion in that very county of Wicklow? Why, that moderate treatment by the generals, and the preventing of the troops from pillaging and molesting the people, would soon restore tranquillity; that the latter would certainly be quiet, if the gentlemen and yeomen would only behave with tolerable decency, and not seek to gratify their ill humour and revenge upon the poor; nay, that he judged their harshness and violence had originally driven the farmers and peasants to revolt, and that they were as ready as ever to renew their former ill usage of them! Again, we ask, why is all this suppressed? Is this author afraid to give currency to that accusation which the Protestant loyalists so loudly made at the time, that Sir John Moore was himself a rebel? Alas! poor man! He cannot understand that justice and humanity are not derogatory to power. Everywhere this feeling is apparent.

At page 226, it is said, "The defeat of the French invaders, and the punishment of the rebels, pacified Ireland. But this temporary benefit was procured by a British army, which put an end to a calamitous insurrection raised on the fallacious plea of liberty." Now, the writer of this passage was himself in Ireland, in the camp of Lord Cornwallis, at the time, and therefore cannot be ignorant that the rebellion was quelled, not by punishments, but mildness—by Lord Cornwallis's lenity, by his amnesty, by his humane interference between the suffering people and their ferocious persecutors. Alas! the author knows all this, but it does not suit his prejudices to acknowledge it.

Never, never, could we have forgiven ourselves, if with this commentary on the written life of Moore lying before us, we had struck to the letter and neglected the spirit.

What follows is as curious as history, as it is just in feeling:—

At page 211, we find it asserted, that, in the action at Castlebar, the troops, who were almost all Irish militia, did, after slight resistance, to the great astonishment of General Lake, take to flight, and no efforts "could stop them;" and farther, that the defeat "manifested disaffection" amongst them. But the truth is, that General Lake and Lord Hutchinson were both in the town of Castlebar, and, it is said, in bed, whilst the battle took place a mile outside. Wherefore, no efforts were or could be made, by them, to stop the flight, which did not arise from disaffection, but from a very natural cause. For the troops were placed in a narrow contracted position; they were confusedly drawn up on an open slope of ground, about half-musket shot from a hedge and ditch, which the enemy's skirmishers were allowed to occupy without resistance, while their columns turned both flanks. There were no generals present to direct, and nothing but disorder could ensue: some militia officers of superior rank fled the first, and so disgracefully, that a squib was published at the time, entitled, "The Castlebar Races," in which the appearance of the supposed horses and their performances, and some of the latter were very wonderful, were set forth with genuine Irish humour. The soldiers were not to blame; but the poor men were Irishmen, and are therefore obnoxious to our author. Mere Irishmen—"quit them down, Bardolph, as you would a shove shilling." And yet in the last of Sir John Moore's fields, the Irishmen of the 50th regiment were the foremost to charge at his voice, and went the farthest. How the blind mole works!

The next campaign of General Moore was in Holland, where Sir Ralph Abercrombie was superseded in the chief command by the Duke of York, with those well-known disastrous, if not disgraceful consequences to the British arms, which need not be recapitulated. It is amusing to note the very cautious style in which Mr. James Moore ventures to hint censures of the appointment of his Royal Highness. "It was," he finds courage to say, "an unfortunate measure, to send a young prince, though endowed with a warm and benevolent heart, together with a good understanding, to take the chief command from Sir Ralph Abercrombie, who had been trained to arms from early life. The position of the army, on a hostile shore, opposed to a skilful French General, required a leader of consummate experience to foresee and overcome all the obstacles and stratagems which were to be expected. The King's partiality to his gallant son was natural; but the cabinet council being unprepossessed, instead of appointing this ambitious youth to the superintendence, ought assuredly to have placed him under the guidance of the veteran General."

Now this delicate *youngling*, "this ambitious youth," happened to be just by twenty-one months the junior of General Moore, who had already served with distinction in different quarters of the globe. His Royal Highness, however unfit for command, was not then so mere a child in years. He was *rising* exactly thirty-seven.

In the battle, or running fight of Alkmaer, General Moore was wounded by a shot in the thigh; but he still kept the field.

For five hours he continued advancing and repelling successive corps of the enemy, who defended fiercely every inch of ground. Towards the evening, after having his horse killed under him, and being lame from his wound, he approached the village of Egmont op Zee, still driving the enemy before him. By this time, his troops, greatly reduced, in number, were exhausted with the fatigue of fighting and marching over rugged ground and sinking sand. Many overcome with lassitude had fallen behind, and the rest were scattered and out of order. In this emergency the French reserve, in a long compact line, moved up against him. Moore tried in vain to make his men charge them; when, seeing they were too few to resist this numerous fresh corps, he despatched his aide-de-camp, Anderson, to bring up the Gordon Highlanders, the regiment nearest at hand. But before their arrival, the enemy came on boldly; they nearly surrounded his thinned ranks, and discharged upon them a destructive fire, which was faintly returned. He saw his men falling fast around him, and on the point of giving way, when he was struck by a ball, which entered the cheek, and came out behind the ear. He fell to the ground stunned, and felt as if the side of his head had been carried off. He concluded that he was mortally wounded, and lay without either the power or inclination to stir, glad to find it was so easy to die. He soon heard a soldier say, "There is our General, let us carry him with us," and he was raised from the ground. He then opened his eyes, and saw that the enemy were close upon him; on which he made a strong effort, and by the help of a soldier, was hurried to the rear, passing through the advancing line of Highlanders. His retiring troops rallied around this reinforcement, and returned to the charge with renewed spirit.

From the field of battle, Abercrombie, who personally had suffered severely from over-exertion and fatigue, dictated the following gracious and considerate letter to the family of Moore.

"Egmond-on-the-Sea, Oct. 4th.

"My dear Sir,—Although your son is wounded in the thigh, and in the cheek, I can assure you he is in no sort of danger; both wounds are slight. The public and myself are the greatest sufferers by these accidents.

"The General is a hero, with more sense than many others of that description. In that he is an ornament to his family, and to his profession. I hope Mrs. Moore and his sister will be easy on his account, and that you are proud of such a son—Yours,

"RALPH ABERCROMBIE."

As soon as General Moore was sufficiently recovered to be removed, he once more came home to be nursed by his mother.

Mr. James Moore, who thinks, correctly, that man not unprofitably employed who records the worthy actions of heroes, which may animate others to imitate the virtues he describes, also believes that the constitution of Britain is defective in some points, and especially in the division of power. It is not only injurious that military and naval commanders may act independently of each other, and that "Admirals, Generals, and Ministers, are all accountable to the King;" (to which

he, however, cannot surely seriously object) but also that they are "responsible to the furious cabals in Parliament, and exposed to the *libellous rage of the press.*"

Sir John Moore was engaged in the abortive expeditions to Genoa and Cadiz, and afterwards accompanied Sir Ralph Abercrombie to Egypt. We have a very amiable and affectionate letter written to his mother from Malta, while the expedition was detained by contrary winds; and the following extract from the MS. Journal—

"I landed at Jaffa on the 9th of January; the first thing I heard was the death of Brigadier-General Koehler, who died of a putrid fever, on the 29th December, after three days' illness. I immediately proceeded to the Vizir's camp, which was about a mile from the town, and I communicated to Major Holloway, the senior British officer since poor Koehler's death, the object of my mission. He took me first to the Reis Effendi, and then to the Vizir; their tents are very fine; they were seated cross-legged on sotas, with numerous attendants standing on each side. We were presented with pipes, then coffee, and then chocolate; each of which are stages of compliment, which are served out according to the rank of the visiter, or the respect they wish to show him. The Reis Effendi was four years secretary to the embassy in England, and he speaks French, which is uncommon for a Turk. The conversation, generally, is carried on by means of a Drogman or interpreter. The first visit was confined to compliment; an hour was fixed in the evening for business. I had expressed to the Reis Effendi, that my business was of a nature not to be trusted to the common interpreter; I found in the evening with the Vizir, only two persons, the Reis Effendi and Kaia Beg, the former of whom interpreted. I stayed with them near three hours, and had an opportunity to explain fully the plan proposed by Sir Ralph, and every thing contained in my instructions. They talked a great deal in Turkish; the Vizir made a few objections, not very important, which I answered; upon the whole, he seemed much pleased, and said he should be happy that the operations should commence soon.

"I wrote next morning the heads of a plan, such as I thought met the Vizir's wishes, without deviating from the spirit of Sir Ralph's instructions. I carried it to the Reis Effendi, and begged he would show it to the Vizir: if he approved of it, I should draw it out for his Highness and me to sign. It was agreed that I should return in the evening. When I did so, he told me the Vizir was indisposed and could not see me, but he would send to me in the course of next day. In the meantime I lived with Major Holloway and the British officers of the mission. A very good tent was found me, and a dinner from the Vizir's kitchen every day. I employed myself in observing the Turkish camp, their soldiery, and manners, so different from every thing I had seen before. The death of General Koehler was particularly unfortunate at this time, as he certainly knew something of the state of the magazines, the administration of the Turkish army, and its organization. Major Holloway did not; and as I could not altogether depend upon what either the Reis Effendi or Vizir asserted in conversation on these subjects, I applied in writing to the Vizir for information, both with respect to the effective force under his command, the extent of his magazines, the means he had of forwarding them as the army advanced, and the measures he had taken to keep them complete. I applied, also, in the same manner, for the information he had received respecting the intentions of the enemy. In a conference I had with the Vizir in consequence of this application, he told me that at Jaffa and El Alrich he had sufficient supplies of ammunition and biscuit for his army; but that he had no barley for the cavalry or

beasts of the army; without which it would be impossible for him to pass the desert; and that he had long ago taken steps to provide a sufficient quantity, and was looking hourly for the arrival of the ships that were to bring it. He stated his force at seven thousand five hundred cavalry, and the same number of infantry, with fifty pieces of field-artillery. I desired that he might send me in writing these answers to my letter.

"By the Vizir's confession, the advance of his army depended on the arrival of barley. But, upon further inquiry, I had every reason to believe that the quantity even of biscuit was by no means sufficient to enable his army to act, if he was detained any time upon the frontier of Egypt. From a view of his troops, and from every thing I could learn or observe of their composition and discipline, I could not think they were other than a wild, ungovernable mob, incapable of being directed to any useful purpose. And as they were destitute of every thing that is required in an army, and their chief, the Vizir, was a weak-minded old man, without talent, or any military knowledge, it was in vain to expect any co-operation from them. At any rate, the prospect of assistance from them was not sufficient to make it advisable to change any plan, merely upon their account, which in other respects might be preferred. This is the opinion I formed, and which I gave to Sir Ralph upon my return. The Vizir, however, signed the plan I first proposed, after detaining me five days for that, and for the answers to the different questions I have mentioned.

"I got from him little or no information respecting the French in Egypt; for though the communication from Cairo is open, and persons are frequently coming from thence, they bring no information: they seem equally ignorant of its importance, and of the means of obtaining it.

"The plague is always in their camp; it rages with sometimes more, sometimes less violence; a great many persons died of it when I was there. The Vizir's family, in particular, were very sickly, nine of them were buried in one day,—and the loss in the camp was estimated one day at two hundred persons.

"The Turks are so extremely careless, that the clothes of the persons who die of the plague are sold publicly at auction; are generally worn by those who buy them, without ever being washed.

"Their army has lost six thousand persons by the plague, within these seven months.

"Upon taking leave of the Vizir, it is customary to receive the present of a pelisse, which he throws over your shoulders. It is not proper to refuse this present; but I requested it might be sent to me, not wishing to run the risk of catching the plague by wearing it before it was fumigated."

Moore had here a type of the same kind of difficulties which he afterwards encountered, under worse circumstances, in Spain.

Of the memorable battle of Alexandria we have an account taken *verbally* from the MS. Journal, which we shall, for this reason, extract, as the most complete specimen of Moore's composition with which we are favoured. But first this slight notice of the critical position of the army, and its brave and venerable commander:—"On the 20th March, Sir Ralph visited Moore, and laid open to him his most inward thoughts. His mind was troubled with the difficulties he had to encounter, but he resolved to persevere with dauntless resolution, and concluded by saying, 'That as soon as the heavy cannon were got up, and entrenching tools forwarded, he thought it incumbent on them to make an effort. His plan was to endeavour in the night to push forward the artillery, and form the troops under such cover as he could find; and at daylight advance to the attack of both the ene-

my's flanks. If they failed they could still return to their present position, and maintain it until another could be prepared in the rear to favour a retreat, and, finally, their re-embarkation. He regretted the throwing away so fine an army; and added that he believed nobody could envy him in his situation."

The plans of Sir Ralph were after this slightly changed, by a movement ordered by the French commander, Menou, who arriving from Grand Cairo with a reinforcement, ordered the army to leave its strong defensive entrenchments, and march down into the plain. On the 20th of March, observing the form and position of the British right wing, he resolved to attack it and the centre with his greatest force, and to make a feigned attack on the left wing. After defeating the right wing, his whole force was directed to rush on and drive the British into Lake Maadie. It is now, in General Moore's own words, we give the history of the day:—

#### BATTLE OF ALEXANDRIA.

On the 20th March, "I was the general of the day, and after visiting all the advanced posts, remained with the left picket of the reserve until four in the morning of the 21st. The enemy had been perfectly quiet during the night; nothing had been observed from them but some rockets, which it was not uncommon for them to throw up. Conceiving every thing quiet, I left orders with the field-officer to retire his posts at daylight, and I rode towards the left, to give similar orders to the other pickets as I went along. When I reached the picket of the guards, I heard a fire of musketry on the left, but every thing continuing quiet on the right, and from the style of the firing, I suspected it was a false alarm.

\* \* \* I was trotting towards the left, when a firing commenced from the pickets of the reserve; I immediately turned to my aid-de-camp, Captain Sewell, and said, 'This is the real attack; let us gallop to the redoubt.' I met, as I returned, all the pickets falling back, and by the time I reached the redoubt, in which the 28th regiment was posted, I found it warmly attacked. The day was not yet broken, and the darkness was made greater by the smoke of the guns and small arms. My arrangement in case of an attack had been made beforehand. I had agreed with General Onkes, that the redoubt, and the old ruin in front of the right of the army, in which I had posted the 28th and 55th regiments, must be supported, and was the ground for the reserve to fight upon. In fact, if those posts were carried by the enemy, it would have been impossible for our army to remain in their position. The general orders were for the troops to stand to their arms an hour before daylight, and fortunately they had fallen in before the attack commenced. Colonel Page, with the 28th, manned the redoubt, and had two companies in reserve, which he formed on the left of it, as the redoubt was open in the rear.

"The 55th regiment lined the old ruins which were retired twenty or thirty yards behind the right flank of the redoubt, and swept the ground between it and the sea. Agreeable to what had been concerted, General Onkes, upon the attack commencing, brought down the left wing of the 42d (Highlanders) to the left, and I sent Captain Anderson for the right wing, with orders to the 23d regiment, and four flank companies of the 40th, to support the ruins. We could feel the effect of the enemy's fire, but it was impossible as yet to see what he was about; his drums were beating the charge, and they were with their voices encouraging one another to advance. My horse was shot in the face, and became so unmanageable that I was obliged to dismount. Colonel Page, whilst I was speaking to him on the platform of the redoubt, received a shot

in the neck, which knocked him down. He said he was killed, and I thought so; he, however, recovered a little, and was put upon his horse.

"About this time, the left wing of the 42d arrived on the left. Some person told me at that moment, that a column of French had turned our left. I thought that in the dark they had mistaken the 42d for the French, and said so. I could distinguish them forming exactly where I had ordered them. But Colonel Parget, who had not yet retired, rode up to me, and said; 'I assure you that the French have turned us, and are moving towards the ruins.' I looked to where he pointed, and accordingly saw a battalion of French in column, completely in our rear. The right wing of the 42d arrived at this instant; I ran to them, ordered them to face to the right about, and showed them the French completely in their power. They drove them into the ruins, and not a man of these French escaped being killed, wounded, or taken. The instant this was done, I led the regiment back to the redoubt; we met another column of the French, which had also penetrated. We attacked them, and I received a shot in my leg. At this time, I met Sir Ralph, and told him what had passed at the ruins. The 42d, and part of the 28th drove this other column, but pursuing too far, got into disorder, and were attacked suddenly by cavalry. I had difficulty, from the wound in my leg, in walking, and Major Honeyman lent me his horse. The French cavalry were completely amongst us, but our men, though in disorder, rallied, and brought down with their fire so many men and horses, that the rest were glad to get off. The great object of the French was to gain the redoubt: ours to defend it. We could now see pretty well about us.

"They made another effort with a line of infantry to attack the redoubt in front and on both flanks. The 58th regiment, in the ruins, allowed them to approach within sixty yards, and then gave their fire so effectually as to knock down a great number of them; the rest went off. Upon the left, the 42d and 28th repulsed what was in their front, but were again charged by a large body of cavalry, who penetrated, got into the redoubt, and behind us. Sir Ralph was actually taken by a French dragoon, but a soldier of the 42d shot the man. I was obliged to put spurs to my horse to get clear, and I galloped to the ruins, to bring up some of the troops from thence, which I knew were formed, and in good order. The 28th regiment, who were lining the parapet of the redoubt, without quitting their posts, turned round, and killed the dragoons who had penetrated there. The 42d regiment, though broken, were individually fighting; and I ordered the flank companies of the 40th from the ruins, to pour in a couple of volleys, though at the risk of hurting some of our own people. The field was instantly covered with men and horses; horses galloping without riders; in short, the cavalry were destroyed. Every attack the French had made had been repulsed with slaughter. In the dark some confusion was unavoidable; but our men, whenever the French appeared, had gone boldly up to them. Even the cavalry breaking in had not dismayed them. As the day broke, the foreign brigade, under Brigadier-General Stuart, came from the second line to our support; shared in the latter part of the action, and behaved with spirit. Our cartridges were expended, and our guns, for want of ammunition, had not fired for some time. Daylight enabled us to get our men into order; and as the enemy's artillery was galling us, I got as many men under the cover of the redoubt as I could. We were for an hour without a cartridge. The enemy during the time were pounding us with shot and shells, and distant musketry. Our artillery could not return a shot, and had their infantry again advanced, we must have repelled them with the bayonet. Our fellows would

have done it, I never saw men more determined to do their duty; but the French had suffered so severely that they could not get their men to make another attempt. They continued in our front, until ammunition for our guns was brought up. They then very soon retreated. The great effort of the French was against our right, opposite to the reserve; another column had also attacked the Guards, who were upon the left of the reserve, it was repulsed with loss. The rest of the army was not engaged. Letters were found from Menou to a general officer, by which it appears that the whole (disposable) French force in Egypt had been concentrated for this attack. Menou as well as all his army, had been quite confident of success. The prisoners say, their numbers were from twelve to fourteen thousand. They add that they had never been fought till now; that the actions in Italy were nothing compared to those they have fought since we landed. Our loss is not yet ascertained; I hope it will not be found to exceed seven or eight hundred; that of the French must be, I think, from two to three thousand. I never saw a field so strewn with dead. Our effective force was not more than ten thousand. Sir Ralph received a shot in the thigh, but remained in the field until the action was over, and was then conveyed to the Foudroyant. Amongst the last shots which were fired, a ball killed the horse Major Honeyman had lent me. The wound in my leg, which I received in the beginning of the action, had become painful and stiff towards nine o'clock when the affair ended.

"General Oakes was also wounded about the same time, and nearly in the same part of the leg that I was; but we had both been able to continue to do our duty."

Some more particulars written subsequently, respecting the heroic Abercrombie, shall not be omitted.

"Sir Ralph had always been accused of exposing his person too much; I never knew him carry this so far as in this action. When it was so dark that I could scarcely distinguish, I saw him close in the rear of the 42d regiment, without any of his family. He was afterwards joined by General Hope. When the French cavalry charged us the second time, and our men were disordered, I called and waved with my hand to him to retire, but he was instantly surrounded by the hussars. He received a cut from a sabre in the breast, which pierced through his clothes, but only grazed the flesh. He must have been taken or killed, if a soldier had not shot the hussar."

Either before or after this encounter, Sir Ralph received a shot in the thigh, which he concealed, and remained on the field till the battle was won; then growing faint from the loss of blood, he was conveyed on board of Lord Keith's ship. Moore being taken into another ship, on account of his own wound, never again saw his friend, who in a few days expired. On the day following this mournful event, Moore, when suffering from grief and pain, wrote in his journal as follows:—

"Sir Ralph was a truly upright, honourable, and judicious man; his great sagacity, which had been pointed all his life to military matters, made him an excellent officer. The disadvantage he laboured under was being extremely short-sighted. He, therefore, stood in need of good executive Generals under him. It was impossible, knowing him as I did, not to have the greatest respect and friendship for him. He had ever treated me with marked kindness. The only consolation I feel, is, that his death has been nearly that which he himself wished; and his country, grateful to his memory, will hand down his name to posterity with the admiration it deserves."

In this battle Sir John Moore received, as is noticed, a gun-shot wound in the leg, from which he suffered severely. Soon after this, the capitulation

of Menou, and the abandonment of Egypt by the French, enabled him to return to England, in which he arrived upon the conclusion of the Peace of Amiens.

Shortly after his return to England, General Moore lost his father, whose last moments were soothed by his presence and his filial attentions. He from this time had the satisfaction of eking out the slender jointure of his mother by an annuity.

The failure of the Peace of Amiens, and the panic fear of invasion, led to the array of the volunteer force, and the immediate increase, and improved organization of the British army, and in all the plans of improvement Moore actively co-operated. He, as commander-in-chief, was encamped with the troops for a considerable time at Shornecliff, near which the "Army of England" was expected to land. Of Napoleon entertaining any serious purpose of invading England, General Moore never appears to have believed, or for no long interval.

In the history of the encampment we find nothing so interesting as the following letters. Mrs. Moore and his sister had recently visited the General at Sandgate.

"Sandgate, Oct. 2, 1803.

"My dear mother, I am glad you arrived safe, and found every thing so comfortable. The day you left us, we had an alarm, which I am glad you escaped. The signal officer at Folkestone mistook a signal, which was, that the enemy's boats were out of Calais; and hoisted one which signified that the enemy's ships and transports from Ostend were steering west; which, as the wind was, would have brought them to us in a few hours. All was bustle, and an express, with the above information, and that the brigade was under arms, found me at Dungeness Point.

"My horse suffered; I galloped him the whole way back. The Volunteers, Sea Fencibles, and all, were turned out, and very cheerful—not at all dismayed at the prospect of meeting the French; as for the brigade, they were in high spirits. By the time I reached camp, the mistake was discovered.

"Government are, however, much more apprehensive of the invasion than they were some time ago. I am glad, therefore, you are at home. Three more regiments are coming to me on Tuesday. Sir David Dundas is this instant come to me: I must therefore conclude. Love to Jane, &c. I am quite well.

"Yours ever, my dear Mother, affectionately,

"JOHN MOORE."

As winter advanced the sea became too boisterous for an invasion by boats; so the army was dismissed into barracks, as is noticed in another letter.

"Sandgate, Thursday night.

"My dear mother, I despair of an opportunity of writing to you in the forenoon, so I shall seize one before I go to bed, when it is not very likely that I shall be interrupted.

"I am very sorry for poor Jane: I was in hopes she had laid in a stock of health for one season at least. I look not to the departure of either you or her for many years, so do not think of it. When these wars are over, remember I have no home but yours, so do not deprive me of it. I have got Sir John Shaw's house for three guineas a week during the winter months; in summer it will of course be at least double. Every soul has left this. In Shornecliff Barrack, which is the only one nearer to me than Hythe, there is but a small regiment. I have no prospect of society. I have therefore sent for my books. My mornings will be occupied as usual, but in the long evenings, the books will be my sole resource.

\* \* \*

I consider invasion over for this winter, and therefore,

probably over for ever; but with the winds I now witness, a naval expedition cannot be undertaken; therefore send me your receipt for minced pies; yours, to my taste, are the best I meet with. Kind remembrance to Jane. Good night, my dear mother. Believe me, ever affectionately,

"JOHN MOORE."

In the following year, the preparations for invasion were augmented, and Moore, who was in readiness to encounter it, wrote in February to his mother, that he did not expect the French before April: "And even then, the expedition is so replete with difficulties, and leaves such little hope of success, that I shall always doubt their intention until we see it actually attempted.

"The collection at Boulogne can only mean this part of the coast, and I am pleased with the prospect of seeing the first of it. If we beat the French handsomely in the first instance, the house at Marshgate will not hold you."

In the following year General Moore obtained an honour which he seems to have estimated so exactly at its true value, that we are rather surprised Mr. James Moore has favoured the world with the subjoined cavalier notice of its reception. Moore writes thus to his mother of his impending honouring:

"This mark of attention to me, and the manner in which it is conferred, will no doubt be pleasing to you. I accept as it is meant; though I should have had no objection to have been distinguished by the want of the Order. Sir John, and a riband, seem not in character with me—but so it is. You will wait mentioning this subject, until you see me in the Gazette, and, indeed, until I have been invested."

Sir John Moore's next theatre of action was Sicily. The Neapolitan Court, the French having overrun Italy, had been forced to retire to Palermo, where the King was engaged in his usual business of shooting partridges, the Queen in all manner of intrigues. Britain had an army of 12,000 on the island, ready to support her imbecile ally; and to the penetration and firmness of Moore it is owing, in no small degree, that this army was not immolated by the combined weakness and treachery of the Queen and her favourites. General Fox, the brother of Charles James Fox, had succeeded Sir John Stuart in the chief command, immediately on the accession of the Fox administration; and as an arrangement of convenience, was also appointed Minister. He was, in his difficult position, largely indebted to the wisdom and penetration of Moore, with whom he always advised,—wise enough to attend to his counsels.

Though the reviewer makes the transactions in Sicily no exception to his general censure of the manner in which this *Memoir* is written, and to his blame of its grievous omissions, we must, in justice to the cautious biographer, notice, that he shows more courage and freedom in censuring the conduct of Mr. Drummond, and the rash and extravagant policy of Mr. Windham, than is usual with him. There is even resentment—and we admit the entire justice of the feeling—in the tone in which he alludes to Mr. Drummond's subsequent disputes with Moore. The new British Resident—for Drummond succeeded General Fox on the Tories coming in—is even accused of interfering with military affairs, for which he had no authority, and of urging an expedition to Naples, which he well knew would be ruinous to the British army; because, "being of an intriguing character, he probably wished to ingratiate himself with the Queen, that her approbation might be transmitted by her Minister to England;" that Queen who, he had himself previously informed Moore, "had been negotiating for a corps of Russians to be sent to Sicily; and who, through Spain, had opened a negotiation with Bonaparte, and is now actually betraying us." The Prince of Hesse

Philipstadt at this time commanded the Sicilian troops, an inert undisciplined mass; but his staff were French emigrants, whom the Prince thought all traitors alike, together with the Queen's lover, M. St. Clair, who was at their head. In St. Lucia, and especially at this period, Sir John Moore imbibed an honest prejudice against this class of persons, which he had not conquered at his memorable interview with Mr. Frere's emigrant friend, Colonel or M. Charmilly. Of the Queen, placed by her vices and her passions so completely under the influence of a class of adventurers, obnoxious to a man of honour and integrity, Sir John Moore, after visiting Palermo himself, for the benefit of a closer inspection of affairs, writes,—“She detests the English, and gives her confidence to Frenchmen, and to men sold to France:—in other words, to Napoleon.” How did Mr. James Moore find spirit to add, —“Yet the British Government was bestowing an annual subsidy on his Sicilian Majesty, and employing an army and navy in the defence of his dominions.”

During a period of leisure, Moore, with a few of his officers made a tour through Sicily. The reviewer complains that we hear nothing of his sentiments on the wretched political and social condition of the people, and of their spirit, which, amid the effervescence of Europe, was not all dead. That such opinions were expressed in the journal of this tour we may gather from this sentence: “Moore, though much amused with the excursion, felt a melancholy impression at the fallen state of this most beautiful island, on which nature has lavished whatever is requisite for the happiness of the inhabitants.”

We are also informed by the reviewer,—and the fact is most important,—that besides avoiding the snares for the destruction of the British, laid by French influence, operating through the imbecility of the King, and the guilt of the Queen, “Italy, which he was so pressed to invade, he never would invade, *until he could offer the Italians something better to fight for than the oppressions and abuses of the Sicilian Court.*” And this much is even admitted in the extract of a letter written by Moore, to Lord Castlereagh, in which, after describing the abject Court and its head, the Queen, as completely under the influence of the French emigrants, who flattered and betrayed her, he says, “To do any thing in Italy, our force should be much larger; and by shaking ourselves for a time free from the shackles of this Court, we should endeavour to give ourselves the aid of public opinion. In this manner I should not doubt of making a glorious campaign in Italy, and of forming such an establishment there, as Bonaparte should not find it easy to overturn.” Doctrines so bold and revolutionary, as laying aside the Court, to ally our arms, and identify our cause with the people, could not be expected to find much favour with the person to whom they were addressed. Lord Castlereagh, throughout the remainder of Moore's career, thwarted and injured him.

Sir John Moore was suddenly recalled from Sicily, ostensibly to take the command of the expedition in aid of Portugal, then about to be abandoned by the reigning family; but his conduct in Sicily had not been of the kind that conciliates a Tory Cabinet. He was accused of having acted with “violence” to the Court at Palermo; and he was now allowed to lie for a time, and was afterwards ordered to Sweden, while the Portuguese expedition was about to be despatched under Sir Arthur Wellesley.

The conduct of Moore on the Swedish expedition, is perhaps the event in his public life most distinguished by coolness, sagacity, and firmness. His situation was one of unprecedented difficulty. His path was beset with dangers, if not with snares. All the secret motives and movements connected with that infatuated expedition we do not even yet pretend to penetrate.

The British army, consisting of eleven thousand men, were to act *independently* in assisting the King of Sweden against his combined enemies; but when that army reached Gottenburgh, the troops were not even permitted to land! In brief, the King of Sweden was mad, and the British Government imbecile, presumptuous, ignorant, and intriguing. We can hardly go the length of the reviewer in believing them so thoroughly wicked as he would insinuate. Yet the passage in which this affair is spoken of, is so remarkable that we are compelled to notice it.

This expedition to Sweden was one of the most impudent and criminal actions ever committed by a faction in power; the design and the execution were alike scandalous and stupid; and had the troops been committed to the charge of a less able, resolute, and prompt man, ten thousand of the finest soldiers of England would have been sacrificed. The contradictory instructions given by the Ministers, and the silence observed by them when Moore represented the real state of affairs, were proofs of their bad intentions, and bad faith, as well as of their absurdity; and if any doubt could be entertained upon this head, the orders which reached Sir James Saumarez three days after Moore's departure from Gottenburg,—orders prescribing the employment of the army to bring off the Spaniards under Romana, from Holstein,—would have set that doubt aside. But how can any impartial person entertain a doubt, that both folly and faction were at work, when it is considered, that had the King of Sweden been only one degree less insane than he was, the English Ministers would have deliberately commenced campaigns—commenced regular military operations by land, against Russia in one extremity of Europe, and against Napoleon in the other extremity, at one and the same time! The absurdity is apparent; and the personally insolent treatment Moore received from the Ministers upon his return to England,—treatment which his biographer scarcely seems to be conscious of,—sufficiently disclosed their secret anger, that he had, by his prompt return, baffled their plots.

Were there then, plots?

While perplexed by obscure, contradictory, or, according to the reviewer's belief, ensnaring orders from London, and placed in a singular dilemma by the mad conduct of the King of Sweden, Sir John Moore took the prompt resolution of going from Gottenburg to Stockholm, and at once getting, as is said, to his wits end. The results of this expedition are given in the following letter to his mother.

“Gottenburg Roads,

“H. M. S. Victory, 2d July, 1808.

“My dear mother,—This campaign in Sweden has proved the most painful to me I ever served; it is, however, now nearly over. I shall sail, wind and other things permitting, to-morrow, on my return with the troops to England. My conferences with the King of Sweden ended in his arresting me. He did not put me in confinement, nor put sentries at my room-door, but in the middle of the night he sent me an order by his Adjutant-General, not to quit Stockholm; and thus prevented the Commander of a British force from returning to the station in which he was placed by his own Sovereign. You will naturally conclude that I must have done something very strange to force the King of Sweden to an act so insulting to the King of the British nation. I know nothing, however, that I did that could have given a reasonable Prince the slightest offence, or that I was not justified and obliged to do, by the instructions of my Government. My proceedings have from time to time been fairly transmitted to England. It is by my own acts I must be judged. I wish to stand or fall by them. I have nothing either to palliate or conceal, and neither have, nor shall condescend to any justification. If, when every thing is laid before the King he thinks me wrong, he will order me to be punished as I shall deserve. If he thinks me right, he will say so, and continue to me his countenance and sup-

port. In the meantime, my own conscience tells me I have nothing to fear.

"When I see you, which will I hope, be soon, I shall explain to you all that has passed. The original fault of government in sending me here without any knowledge of the state of things, and the folly of his Swedish Majesty, which surpasses every thing I had before witnessed, has been the cause of all my trouble. As to his arrest, when I saw no hope of his retracting it, I determined to free myself from it. My continuance in Sweden could answer no end; on the contrary, by withdrawing myself, I left England more at liberty to act as she thought best, without consideration for my safety.

As I was exposed to, and probably would have met with personal insult, it was my duty to make an effort to return to the post the King of England had placed me in. These considerations determined both Mr. Thornton (the British Minister) and myself in the propriety of attempting to escape, which I did in the forenoon of the 27th day of June, and reached the Victory in the afternoon of the 29th. I have had no time to explain circumstances, or give any details to either of my brothers, but my communications to government have been ample.

Farewell. Always, my dear Mother, affectionately,

"JOHN MOORE."

The reception Moore obtained from the Cabinet, on his return to London, after extricating the fine army which the Government plans had placed in such imminent jeopardy, was so far from gracious, that he felt it insulting. He who had shown himself obdurate to the entreaties of the Queen of Naples, had given a fresh proof of his impracticable temper to the frantic Majesty of Sweden. Great blame would have been the consequence of his submission to the maniac im- portunities of the King of Sweden; but no merit could be allowed in resisting or eluding his frantic orders.

The troops, who would have been sacrificed in Sweden, save for the wisdom and resolute fortitude of their commander, were instantly ordered to Spain, to follow up Sir Arthur Wellesley's expedition, then about to sail from Cork; and, as Moore's conduct had made enemies in the Cabinet, of those who were either incapable of understanding his character, or so mean in their feelings, and so much the enemies of their country, as to be jealous of his services, it was indirectly notified to him, that he was to be placed under Sir Hew Dalrymple, after holding the chief command in Sicily and Sweden. Though he could not forget that his first duty was to his country and the public service, he was far from being insensible to this unworthy and most unjustifiable treatment. He had, on reaching England, been requested by the Duke of York, to confer with Lord Castlereagh, and directed to make arrangements for an instant departure. At that interview, the implied disgrace was hinted to him. His reply is memorable.

He spoke as follows:—"My Lord, a post-chaise is at my door, and upon leaving this I shall proceed to Portsmouth to join the troops. It may, perhaps, be my lot never to see your Lordship again, (this prophecy was fulfilled,) I therefore think it right to express to you my feelings of the unhandsome treatment I have received."

Lord Castlereagh broke in saying, "I am not sensible of what treatment you allude to."

Sir John continued to this effect: "Since my arrival from the Downs, if I had been an ensign, I could hardly have been treated with less ceremony. It is only by inference that I know how I am to be employed; for your Lordship has never told me in plain terms that I am appointed to serve in an army under Sir Hew Dalrymple. And coming from a chief command, if it was intended to employ me in an inferior station, I might expect that something explanatory should be said."

"You have told me that my conduct in Sweden was approved of, but from your conduct I should have concluded the reverse."

"His Majesty's ministers have a right to employ what

officers they please; and had they on this occasion given the command to the youngest General in the army, I should neither have felt nor expressed that the least injury was done me. But I have a right, in common with all officers who have served zealously, to expect to be treated with attention; and when employment is offered, that some regard should be paid to my former services."

Lord Castlereagh said little in reply, but that he was not sensible of having given him any cause of complaint.

Moore on his journey to Portsmouth, drove to the country-house of his revered mother; and his sudden appearance cast a blissful gleam on her clouded heart. Through the evening he cheered her and his sister with his conversation; but next morning at his departure they shed abundance of tears; knowing that he was going again to encounter the perils of war, and perhaps feeling some despairing bodings of what afterwards befell.

His filial piety was remarkable: one short specimen shall be given of the constant correspondence he held with his mother.

"Portsmouth, Friday.

"My Dear Mother,—I got here on Wednesday night about eleven o'clock. The fleet with the troops had come to an anchor at Spithead that afternoon. All is going on briskly, and I dare say we shall be ready on Monday to proceed. I have received a letter from Jane this morning, and find you had a visit after my departure, which, perhaps, just then, you would have been glad to have dispensed with. I am glad I was off. The treatment I have received gives me no longer uneasiness. The actions of others I am not responsible for; it is only my own, if they were unworthy, that can mortify me.

"I am going on the service of my country, and shall hope to acquit myself as becomes me of whatever part is allotted to me. God bless you, my dear mother! I shall write to you whilst I continue here and hope for the time when I shall be allowed to pass the rest of my days quietly with you, my brothers, and Jane.

"Always, my dear Mother,  
"Affectionately, JOHN MOORE."

Immediately after the memorable blunders of Sir Hugh Dalrymple in Spain, Sir Arthur Wellesley—who stood much higher in the fair graces of the Cabinet than Sir John Moore ever did,—though only slightly acquainted with the latter, volunteered his services in effecting a reconciliation that might pave the way for Moore's instant assumption of the chief command in Spain, which was now felt to be necessary to the successful prosecution of the campaign. Sir Arthur wished to be empowered to carry an *apology* to England, whither he was returning; but to this Moore refused to accede. He said he "had learned nothing from any individual connected with the government since he had left England; and as no opening had been made by the Minister, he could not with propriety enter on the subject with them." He had been aware of the consequence of speaking as he had done to a Minister; and could not, for the sake of obtaining any situation, make a submission, or any thing that tended to it, which he thought unbecoming.

Sir Arthur was anxious to obtain fuller powers of concession ("to be empowered to make a greater advance to the Minister") than Moore thought he could in honour make; but promised to say no more than he was authorized.

It is saying all, in a word, to notice, that it was Moore, right, and nobly right, in judgment and in personal and national feeling as in conduct, who was expected to submit to Lord Castlereagh, and to apologize for having been slighted and injured.

Before Sir Arthur Wellesley reached England, the Minister, too conceited to own his fatal blunder, had nevertheless seen it, and Moore, unfortunately for himself, had been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the

army in Spain. The events of that campaign of mingled glory and disaster, are probably more familiarly known in Britain than any recent portion of European history. It has been written many times, and by men of all shades of opinion, but ever even by the most prejudiced, with honour, and tolerable fairness to the main actor. Mr. James Moore's relation of this, the glorious final campaign of his illustrious brother, is, on public grounds, the least objectionable portion of his narrative. It is full, and yet succinct; temperate, certainly, even to coldness; but not without marks of spirit and right feeling. With the last painful, but ever interesting scene, the close of the brief and honourable career of Moore, we may end this notice. When we have again to recur to the Life of Moore, we trust it may be in that journal in which his own hand has recorded his own sentiments. This is a work, that having once heard of, the world will not willingly lose.

#### THE BATTLE OF CORUNNA.

We may premise, that the distressing retreat to Corunna, on the details of which we have not fortitude to enter, was just accomplished when—

Moore, quitting the reserve, rode on briskly to precede the army, and make arrangements at Corunna.—When he came in sight of the harbour, he saw that the fleet of transports, which had been ordered from Vigo, was not arrived; contrary and tempestuous gales having arisen, the ships were wind-bound,—as fortune continued to thwart him. But no adverse events disturbed his equanimity, discomposed his judgment, or abated his exertions. He examined the site, the fortifications, and haven of Corunna. He quartered a portion of the troops in the town, and the remainder in the neighbouring villages; and made the disposition that appeared to him best for defence against the enemy.

In this pressing exigence no council of war was called; yet several general officers of distinguished merit, seeing that the ground was very unfavourable for defence, the enemy superior, and that the shipping had not arrived, deemed the state of affairs almost desperate; they therefore proffered voluntarily this advice to Sir John Moore, that he should send a flag of truce to Marshal Soult, and open a negotiation to permit the embarkation of the army on terms. Moore's undaunted soul rejected this counsel. He relied on his own powers for the preservation of the army, and for extricating it, in defiance of the enemy, from its perilous position with honour. The generals yielded obediently to his resolution.

On the 13th of January he wrote his last despatch to Government, in which he related briefly the events which had passed, and the danger he was in; and then adds, "When I have more leisure, I shall write more correctly. In the meantime, I rely on general Stuart [The present Marquis of Londonderry] for giving your Lordship the information and detail which I have omitted. I should regret his absence, for his services have been very distinguished; but the state of his eyes makes it impossible for him to serve, and this country is not one in which cavalry can be of much use."

Moore's sole concern was then to withdraw the army from their present danger; and he judged it expedient to return, if practicable, to England, where the regiments, worn down by fatigue, sickness, and fighting, could be recruited, and re-organized, and might afterwards be transported to whatever places their services might be required by the exigencies of the war.

The war-worn British obtained shelter, warm food, and a short repose at Corunna. Their bent and rusted arms were exchanged for new firelocks. They were furnished with fresh ammunition, and the officers were all busily occupied in restoring discipline.

It was on the 13th of January that the French, whose distresses had retarded them, began to appear in front, on which Sir David Baird's division was ordered to march from the town to occupy the ground allotted for it on the right, and to remain out all night. Next day the French, having partially repaired the

bridge at El Burgo, two divisions were passed over, and the British reserve retreated. But a smart cannonade opened on the French, to their detriment, as they advanced. On the evening of the 14th the transports from Vigo anchored at Corunna; and during the following days the stores, the artillery, the dismounted cavalry, together with the sick and wounded, were all safely embarked. While this was actively proceeding, on the 15th, the British outposts were assailed by light troops, who were bravely repulsed. Yet warm skirmishing continued through the whole day, but the enemy made no very serious attack.

Early on the morning of the 16th, Moore, as usual, rode out to reconnoitre the enemy's camp, and to visit his own. The enemy appeared tranquil, and he had the satisfaction to find his own troops in good spirits, and in excellent order. He gave his final instructions to his Generals, recommended all to be in readiness for action, and returned to his quarters.

He was then engaged in regulating the preparations for the embarkation of the army.

The troops, well appointed, were at their assigned posts on the field. The two divisions commanded by Generals Baird and Hope, were formed nearly in one line, the first towards the right, and the second on the left; the right wing being the weakest point. General Fraser's division was posted at a short distance in the rear of it; and the reserve commanded by General Paget, was placed behind the centre. Both were prepared to move with promptitude in whatever direction they should be ordered.

Cavalry being useless in this enclosed country, the men were all embarked; and the whole effective force of infantry now remaining did not amount to fifteen thousand. So great a diminution of the original strength of the army had occurred from the killed and wounded in the various engagements; from extreme sickness, especially the typhus fever, and from stragglings to which is to be added the absence of the cavalry, and of the great detachment sent to Vigo.

The ground, defective as a station in many respects, was particularly so for cannon; yet twelve guns were placed along the line, where they could be most useful.

The French army now assembled on the impending hills was twenty thousand strong; and their cannon, planted on the commanding heights, were more numerous, and of a larger calibre than the British guns.

As they had only skirmished since their arrival, it seemed probable that Soult did not intend to risk a general attack until the embarkation should commence. But at two o'clock, General Hope sent a message that the French army was getting under arms. At this intelligence, implying that Soult was about to attack him, Moore expressed to Colonel Graham [Lord Lyne doch] the joy which sparkled in his eyes. He only regretted the lateness of the hour, lest daylight should fail before he could sufficiently profit by the victory which he anticipated. Then, fired with eagerness for the fight, he struck spurs into his horse, and galloped into the field.

The action commenced by a sudden cannonade from a masked battery planted on a height, which plunged down upon the British; then four solid French columns descended impetuously from the hill, and drove back in disorder the British pickets. They quickly carried the village of Elvina, and continued to advance daringly. Sir John Moore saw the enemy charging onwards, but danger only excited his judgment to discern at once what was to be done. In an instant he despatched all his staff-officers with orders to the generals. Fraser was hastened up, and Paget was commanded to support the right wing, against which Soult had pointed his principal masses. These outflanked the British, and a part had moved round to charge their rear. Moore, who was close at hand, observing this, ordered the half of the 4th regiment on the extremity of the line, to wheel back, and form an angle with the other half.—The smoke hindered the French from seeing this manœuvre; who, continuing to push on, were unexpectedly saluted with a dreadful volley, which killed many,

and threw the rest into disorder. On which Moore called out, "That was exactly what I wanted to be done." General Paget, with the reserve, soon came up, and the assault on that wing was gallantly repelled.

Moore then turned to where the fiftieth regiment, commanded by Major Charles Napier and Stanhope, was warmly engaged. They leaped over an enclosure, and charged the enemy, Moore exclaiming, "Well done the fiftieth! well done my Major!" The French were driven out of the village of Elvins with great slaughter; but Major Stanhope was killed, and Major Napier, advancing too far, was wounded and made prisoner.

The contiguous regiment was the 42d, to whom Moore called loudly, "Highlanders! remember Egypt!" They heard his voice, and rushed forward, bearing down every thing before them, until stopped by a wall, over which they poured their shot. He accompanied them in this charge, and told the soldiers he was well pleased with their conduct. Then he sent Captain Hardinge to order up the Guards to the left of the Highlanders.

This order was misunderstood by the captain of the Highland light company, whose ammunition, from being early engaged, was expended. He conceived that the Guards were to relieve his men, and was withdrawing them when the General apprized of the mistake, rectified it by saying, "My brave 42d, join your comrades, ammunition is coming, and you still have your bayonets." They instantly obeyed.

The French having brought up reserves, the battle raged fiercely: fire flashing amidst the smoke, and shot flying from the adverse guns; when Hardinge rode up and reported that the guards were coming quickly. As he spoke Sir John Moore was struck to the ground by a cannon-ball, which lacerated his left shoulder and chest.

He had half-raised himself, when Hardinge having dismounted, caught his hand, and the General grasped his strongly, and gazed with anxiety at the Highlanders, who were fighting courageously; and when Hardinge said, "They are advancing," his countenance lightened.

Colonel Graham now came up, and imagined from the composure of the General's features, that he had only fallen accidentally, until he saw blood welling from his wound. Shocked at the sight, he rode off for surgeons. Hardinge tried in vain to stop the effusion of blood with his sash: then, by the help of some Highlanders and Guardsmen, he placed the General upon a blanket. In lifting him his sword became entangled, and Hardinge endeavoured to unbuckle the belt to take it off; when he said with soldierly feelings, "It is as well as it is; I had rather it should go out of the field with me."

His serenity was so striking, that Hardinge began to hope the wound was not mortal; he expressed this opinion, and said, that he trusted the surgeons would confirm it, and that he would still be spared to them.

Sir John turned his head, and cast his eyes steadily on the wounded part, and then replied, "No Hardinge, I feel that to be impossible. You need not go with me; report to General Hope, that I am wounded and carried to the rear." He was then raised from the ground by a Highland sergeant and three soldiers, and slowly conveyed to Corunna.

Meanwhile the action continued with relentless fury, and was conducted by General Hope with skill and resolution. Soulé, seeing the miscarriage of the attack on the British right wing, made a vigorous effort with his masses against the centre. But some pieces of cannon, judiciously planted, furrowed his columns, which were received steadily by the British line, and forced back in confusion.

On the left the ground was disadvantageous for the enemy, and their resistance there was feeble. For a village occupied by them was attacked and carried, which exposed that flank; while Paget, who had turned the other, was intrepidly pressing forward, and the enemy's centre was also driven back. For the movements which had been concerted were, without a failure, correctly and courageously executed; and the

French, defeated on all sides, sought refuge on the high ridge of hills from which they had descended.—Night put a stop to their pursuit by the victorious British.

It is now necessary to resume the melancholy recital, which I had broken off willingly.

The soldiers had not carried Sir John Moore far, when two surgeons came running to his aid. They had been employed in dressing the shattered arm of Sir David Baird; who, hearing of the disaster which had occurred to the commander, generously ordered them to desist, and hasten to give him help. But Moore, who was bleeding fast, said to them, "You can be of no service to me; go to the wounded soldiers, to whom you may be useful;" and he ordered the bearers to move on. But as they proceeded, he repeatedly made them turn round to view the battle, and to listen to the firing; the sound of which becoming gradually fainter, indicated that the French were retreating.

Before he reached Corunna, it was almost dark, and Colonel Anderson met him who, seeing his General borne from the field of battle for the third and last time, and steeped in blood, became speechless with anguish. Moore pressed his hand, and said in a low tone, "Anderson, don't leave me." As he was carried into the house, his faithful servant Francois came out, and stood aghast with horror; but his master to console him, said smiling, "My friend, this is nothing."

He was then placed on a mattress on the floor, and supported by Anderson, who had saved his life at St. Lucia; and some of the gentlemen of his staff came into the room by turns. He asked each, as they entered, if the French were beaten, and was answered affirmatively. They stood around; and the pain of his wound became excessive, and deadly paleness overspread his fine features; yet, with unsubdued fortitude, he said, at intervals, "Anderson you know that I have always wished to die this way. I hope the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice!"

"Anderson, you will see my friends as soon as you can. Tell them—every thing.—Say to my mother—" Here his voice faltered, he became excessively agitated, and not being able to proceed changed the subject.

"Hope!—Hope! I have much to say to him—but cannot get it out. Are Colonel Graham, and all my aids-de-camp, safe?" (At this question, Anderson, who knew the warm regard of the General towards the officers of his staff, made a private sign not to mention that Captain Burrard was mortally wounded.) He then continued, "I have made my will, and have remembered my servants. Colborne has my will, and all my papers." As he spoke these words, Major Colborne, his military secretary, entered the room. He addressed him with his wonted kindness; then, turning to Anderson, said, "Remember you go to Willoughby Gordon, and tell him it is my request, and that I expect he will give a Lieutenant-Colonelcy to Major Colborne;—he has been long with me—and I know him to be most worthy of it."

He then asked the Major, who had come last from the field, "Have the French been beaten?" He assured him they had on every point. "It's a great satisfaction," he said, "for me to know that we have beat the French. Is Paget in the room?" on being told he was not, he resumed, "Remember me to him; he is a fine fellow."

Though visibly sinking, he then said, "I feel myself so strong—I fear I shall be long dying.—It's great uneasiness—it's great pain!"

"Every thing Francois says is right—I have great confidence in him." He thanked the surgeons for their attendance. Then seeing Captains Percy and Stanhope, two of his aids-de-camp, enter, he spoke to them kindly, and repeated to them the question, "If all his aids-de-camp were safe;" and was pleased on being told they were.

After a pause, Stanhope caught his eye, and he said to him, "Stanhope! remember me to your sister." He then became silent. Death, undreaded, approached; and the spirit departed; leaving the bleeding body an oblation offered up to his country. To this deeply affecting narrative we cannot add one other word.

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Sir John turned his head, and cast his eyes steadily on the wounded part, and then replied, "No Hardinge, I feel that to be impossible. You need not go with me; report to General Hope, that I am wounded and carried to the rear." He was then raised from the ground by a Highland sergeant and three soldiers, and slowly conveyed to Corunna.

Meanwhile the action continued with relentless fury, and was conducted by General Hope with skill and resolution. Soulé, seeing the miscarriage of the attack on the British right wing, made a vigorous effort with his masses against the centre. But some pieces of cannon, judiciously planted, farrowed his columns, which were received steadily by the British line, and forced back in confusion.

On the left the ground was disadvantageous for the enemy, and their resistance there was feeble. For a village occupied by them was attacked and carried, which exposed that flank; while Paget, who had turned the other, was intrepidly pressing forward, and the enemy's centre was also driven back. For the movements which had been concerted were, without a failure, correctly and courageously executed; and the feinting narrative we cannot add one other word.

French, defeated on all sides, sought refuge on the high ridge of hills from which they had descended.—Night put a stop to their pursuit by the victorious British.

It is now necessary to resume the melancholy recital, which I had broken off willingly.

The soldiers had not carried Sir John Moore far, when two surgeons came running to his aid. They had been employed in dressing the shattered arm of Sir David Baird; who, hearing of the disaster which had occurred to the commander, generously ordered them to desist, and hasten to give him help. But Moore, who was bleeding fast, said to them, "You can be of no service to me; go to the wounded soldiers, to whom you may be useful;" and he ordered the bearers to move on. But as they proceeded, he repeatedly made them turn round to view the battle, and to listen to the firing; the sound of which becoming gradually fainter, indicated that the French were retreating.

Before he reached Corunna, it was almost dark, and Colonel Anderson met him; who, seeing his General borne from the field of battle for the third and last time, and steeped in blood, became speechless with anguish. Moore pressed his hand, and said in a low tone, "Anderson, don't leave me." As he was carried into the house, his faithful servant Francois came out, and stood aghast with horror; but his master to console him said smiling, "My friend, this is nothing."

He was then placed on a mattress on the floor, and supported by Anderson, who had saved his life at St. Lucia; and some of the gentlemen of his staff came into the room by turns. He asked each, as they entered, if the French were beaten, and was answered affirmatively. They stood around; the pain of his wound became excessive, and deadly paleness overspread his fine features yet, with unsubdued fortitude, he said, at intervals, "Anderson you know that I have always wished to die this way. I hope the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice!"

"Anderson, you will see my friends as soon as you can. Tell them—every thing. Say to my mother—" Here his voice faltered, he became excessively agitated, and not being able to proceed changed the subject.

"Hope!—Hope! I have much to say to him—but cannot get it out. Are Colonel Graham, and all my aids-de-camp, safe?" (At this question, Anderson, who knew the warm regard of the General towards the officers of his staff, made a private sign not to mention that Captain Burrard was mortally wounded.) He then continued, "I have made my will, and have remembered my servants. Colborne has my will, and all my papers." As he spoke these words, Major Colborne, his military secretary, entered the room. He addressed him with his wonted kindness; then, turning to Anderson, said, "Remember you go to Willoughby Gordon, and tell him it is my request, and that I expect he will give a Lieutenant-Colonelcy to Major Colborne—he has been long with me—and I know him to be most worthy of it."

He then asked the Major, who had come last from the field, "Have the French been beaten?" He assured him they had on every point. "It's a great satisfaction," he said, "for me to know that we have beat the French. Is Paget in the room?" on being told he was not, he resumed, "Remember me to him; he is a fine fellow."

Though very sinking, he then said, "I feel myself so strong—I fear I shall be long dying.—It's great uneventfulness—it's great pain!"

"Everything Francois says is right—I have great confidence in him." He thanked the surgeons for their attendance. Then seeing Captains Percy and Stanhope, two of his aids-de-camp, enter, he spoke to them kindly, and repeated to them the question, "If all his aids-de-camp were safe?" and was pleased on being told they were.

After a pause, Stanhope caught his eye, and he said to him, "Stanhope! remember me to your sister." He then became silent. Death, undreaded, approached; and the spirit departed; leaving the bleeding body an oblation offered up to his country. To this deeply affecting narrative we cannot add one other word.

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Chas. B. Ulmer.